Od Slatrom Ekil

Cry, O, Does You're done with fortune Mean deeds did steal Your need to be free Dry and close your wandering fountains and be with me as I slip trough Your dreams Think about the Young boy He's so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own Think about the young girl she's so eager to be loved and understood Think about the young boy, He's becoming a man Cry, O, Doves You're done with fortune New dreams did free Your need to be real Try, O, Moles in Your sunly torture to dream of me as You creep trough the trees Think about the Young boy He's so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own Think about the young girl she?s so eager to be loved and understood Think about the young boy, He's becoming a man Broken is the wind Broken is his fellow his name is Angro-Diti and his voice is very mellow /and he sings/ "So twice five miles of fertile ground with walls and towers were girdled `round and there were gardens bright with sinous rills were blossomed many an incense-bearing tree" He sings of wuthering wilderness and how it once was tamed He sings of God?s boredom in the days of no names Cry, O, Doves You're done with fortune New dreams did free Your need to be real

Try, O, Moles in Your sunly torture to dream of me as You creep through the trees Think about the Young boy He's so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own Think about the young girl she's so eager to be loved and understood Think about the Young boy He's so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own Oh, when worlds collide it's like thunder in the head and fire in the mind So, think about the young boy He?s becoming a man