

In pencil lines of ages past  
Idea maps were being drawn  
Over the world

Storytime in your wildest mind  
What a wonderful  
Magic animal

Mother to child  
Singing a long song

Set sail, seaworthy vessels  
Fill your holds with the sounds  
Of daughters and sons  
Wagging their tongues

Written down in ink so clear  
Voices of a yesteryear  
Dreams are whispered in an ear