

## Forest Dweller

Enslaved

In the time before time, I was fighting  
The desperation, the grief, and the pain

The weapon of time I was yielding  
So the kin wouldn't vanish in vain

I held out my hand, befriended the slave  
He gave me hospitality and trust  
Blind to the ways of the flickering kind  
His reward was my treacherous lust

The soldier bid me welcome, I bowed in awe  
I told him the ways of my house  
He beheld the son of sense and lust  
In the morning the awareness aroused  
Smugly I entered the realm of the king  
As a herald of time and of space  
We carved the runes, we drank and sang  
To mankind, to gods and their grace

The tree set ablaze at the end of my days  
Awaiting my deserved death yell  
Long forgotten, no one whispers my name  
In the mountains and the forests, I'll dwell