

A Thing To Forget (Interlude)

Kshmr

I've crossed that great field
And a lion lives there

And when the boy heard this
It made him upset
And he put down the field
As a thing to forget.

But when he went back
To the birds he was watched
He had found he's forgot
Had told him to a thought
And the thought toward dream
As the days carry it on
He imagined that field
Or the lion beyond