

Lyriel, Symmetry Of Disfiguration

They arrived at home, the land
where they were born
The woods are all away,
around them loneliness
The age of trees was older
than their roots
The puddle to his right,
that was their little fresh brook

And he remember, the fathertree
Where he were born and where he felt free
In his protection he ever found
The symmetry of disfiguration

And I, I think of you and mean:
So nice was the time
That time could be so long,
Oh I don't know if you're
alive or dead
You know the children need you,
And I love you
And we all wait for you
We know, you will, come back

So much time has to pass this place
Our little children, they will never see
The paradise where generations lived
Of the wild wolfriderfolk,
Where generations lived

And he remember, the fathertree
Where he were born and where he felt free
In his protection he ever found
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