

Akira Yamaoka, Cradle of Forest (from game Silent Hill 4)

There deep, deep in forest night children dance the waltz
They laugh whispering hand in hand, just like children like to do
Their eyes, what are they looking for, white dress flutters the beat
Their song starting to make some sense, but only if you're listening
Dance, dance like butterflies, shadows appeal right before my eyes
Sound echo the absurd, hard to explain something that I heard
Now, hear the forest talking insects and birds
Does the scent of soil and beast bring the life in to the animal you hide
It's a great illusion one never knows
When you think you're really alone, feel the eyes of someone looking in on you
Again see how the children play, red moon colours the trees
Their feet, innocense rustling sounds, oh, playful dream-like fantasy
Dance, dance like butterflies, yeah yeah, shadows appeal right before my eyes
Sound echo the absurd, yeah, hard to explain something that I heard
Now, hear the forest talking insects and birds
Does the scent of soil and beast bring the life in to the animal you hide
It's a great illusion one never knows
When you think you're really alone, feel the eyes of someone looking in on you
Now, hear the forest talking insects and birds
Does the scent of soil and beast bring the life in to the animal you hide
It's a great illusion one never knows
When you think you're really alone, feel the eyes of someone looking in on you
Hear the forest talking insects and birds
Does the scent of soil and beast bring the life in to the animal you hide
It's a great illusion one never knows
When you think you're really alone, feel the eyes of someone looking in on you