

Lykathea Aflame, An Old Man and a Child

On the high hill sits an old man
his eyes are staring down... his mind is calm.
His sight he will soon turn to the sky in the while
when the last page of that strange book he has finished reading.

In the distance he hears the clear and ringing laughter of a child.
He knows child well, better than its mother.
Child knows him as well,
their hearts have elected shared path.

Old man and child - old man and child.
Both they are the elements of one life

Yet their sights have never met
and won't ever meet,
as rough waters can never be the calm ones at the same time.

In that land that I was given to keep they live
their lives being teachers one to another.

Celestial orchestra will begin to play when
my mouth begins to speak to you by their joint language,
as mother speaks to her child
and then your tears shall be wiped...
...you tear-stained ones...