

# Pale Forest, Mother Cocoon

Nestled up inside  
chrysalis is warm  
Feeding in my hive, soon I will be gone

But, years have gone by  
and the walls are still so strong  
Embraced in claustrophobic care

Safe, and with my belly full  
I face each day with glee  
cause this will be the day when she might set me free

And when the walls still won't give in  
I slowly start to dread  
that for another night or two  
cocoon must be my bed

Squirming worms inside  
Chrysalis is worn  
old man in his hive, permanent unborn

The walls are cracked, the egg is hacked  
but now I am so weak  
I can't get out through paper walls

Safe, and with my belly full  
each day I twist and bend  
cause this will be the day when everything will end