

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 too 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 too 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