

Pristina, World Without End

Once that tree was small *sigh*
Going his own way... but not

Every broken one
Will be new again
Every broken one
Really new again

There are many directions
When you're walking alone
Now we see one not conquered by
The multitude of the small
How do you get there with nothing at all?

Every broken one
Really new again

And when the moment is right
Even one capable will be
A world without end