## The Ark, Od Slatrom Ekil

Cry, O, Does Youre done with fortune Mean deeds did steal Your need to be free Dry and close your wandering fountains and be with me as I slip trough Your dreams

Think about the Young boy Hes so eager to be loved to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own

Think about the young girl shes so eager to be loved and understood Think about the young boy, Hes becoming a man

Cry, O, Doves Youre done with fortune New dreams did free Your need to be real

Try, O, Moles in Your sunly torture to dream of me as You creep trough the trees

Think about the Young boy Hes so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own

Think about the young girl shes so eager to be loved and understood Think about the young boy, Hes becoming a man

Broken is the wind
Broken is his fellow
his name is Angro-Diti
and his voice is very mellow
/and he sings/
"So twice five miles of fertile ground
with walls and towers were
girdled 'round
and there were gardens
bright with sinous rills
were blossomed many an
incense-bearing tree"

He sings of wuthering wilderness and how it once was tamed He sings of Gods boredom in the days of no names

Cry, O, Doves Youre done with fortune New dreams did free Your need to be real Try, O, Moles in Your sunly torture to dream of me as You

## creep through the trees

Think about the Young boy Hes so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own

Think about the young girl shes so eager to be loved and understood Think about the Young boy Hes so eager to be loved, to understand getting his hair cut like a boy watching the sun set on his own

Oh, when worlds collide its like thunder in the head and fire in the mind So, think about the young boy Hes becoming a man.