

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

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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.