

Ark, The "Od Slatrom Ekil"

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Cry, O moles, you're 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 through your dreams

Think about the young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to understand
Getting his hair cut like a boy
Watching the sunset on his own

Think about the young girl
She's so eager to be loved and understand
Think about the young boy,
He's becoming a man...

Cry, O doves, you're done with fortune
New dreams did steal your need to be free
Try, O moles, in your sun-lit torture
To dream of me as you creep through the trees

Think about the young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to understand
Getting his hair cut like a boy
Watching the sunset on his own

Think about the young girl
She's so eager to be loved, to understand
Think about the young boy,
He's becoming a man...

Cry...doves

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 where blossomed
many an incense-bearing tree"

He sings of wuthering wilderness
And how it once got tamed
He sings of God's boredom
In the days of no names

Cry, O doves you're done with fortune
Mean deeds did free your need to be real
Try, O moles, in your sun-lit torture
To dream of me as you creep through the trees

Think about the young boy
He's so eager to be loved, to understand
Getting his hair cut like a boy
Watching the sunset on his own

Think about the young girl
She's so eager to be loved, to understand
Think about the young boy,
He's so eager to be loved and understand
Getting his hair cut like a boy
Watching the sunset on his own

Oh, when worlds collide
It's like thunder in the head
And fire in the mind
So, think about the young boy
He's becoming a man...

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