

Hin Onde

"In The Forest Of Mourning"

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In the old forest again
The whistling sound that confused him
Prevented him from sleeping and even from thinking
Suddenly halted
Silence had never before
Sounded so sweet to his ears

But vulnerable he was in his dreamy state
For mistresses of the forest to seduce him
And when he awoke to his full conscience again
He realized that he was seized by an old tree
With the mightiest weapon of all he would be
Forever imprisoned in a tree

And when his cries of distress accompanies the myriad
Of other lamentating sounds
In the forest of the mourning
He realized where the whistle that drove him insane
Had derived from

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