

In The Woods... "Child Of Universal Tongue"

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It's so strange, and yet so simple
Written on a piece of paper aeons ago
And in years to come,
I will be someone else
But still the same ever changing

This burden will always be present, leaving
stains of pride within your mind
A pride you will bare of your shoulders
until death ... do you ... part

The entirety I am yearning, I urge for
Where sense is
I passed it a thousand times, left it all behind

In search for more
Like children wandering childhoods meadows
Evolving stronger and still
Behaving like fools
For the sun shall shine upon you
Child of universal Tongue

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