

## **Lykathea Aflame**

### **"An Old Man And A Child"**

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On the high hill sits an old man  
His eyes are staring down... his mind is calm.  
His sight he will soon turn ot the sky in the while  
When the last page of that strange book he has  
finished reading.

In the distance he hears the clear and ringing laughter  
of a child.  
He knows child well, better than it's mother.  
Child knows him as well,  
Their hearts have elected shared path.

Old man and child - old man and child.  
Both they are the elements of one life

Yet their sights have never met  
And won't ever meet,  
As rough waters can never be the calm ones at the  
same time.

In that land that I was given to keep they live  
Their lives being teachers one to another.

Celestial orchestra will begin to play when  
My mouth begins to speakto you by their joint  
language,  
As mother speaks to her child  
And then your tears shall be wiped...  
...you tear-stained ones...

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