

## **Ronderlin**

# **"Time For Farming Soon"**

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Cold moon tonight curtained with her hair  
Black wind tonight can only startle my heart  
Tired of being ill and friends who never come  
Sitting all alone I know she'll steal my heart  
She takes me away, takes me to some place else  
And I'll cut my hair to remind her of someone else  
Someone she knew, death by an old stone well  
How many days and how deep in years can a memory  
last?

As long as eyes shed tears?  
Will her memory last as long as her eyes shed tears?

The garden is bright, the scenery is lovely  
Our thoughts, swiftly they rise  
We carve our names on rocks and stones  
It's time for farming soon  
For evening sun brings deepest blackness  
It's time for farming soon

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