

# Like Statues in the Garden of Dreaming

## Arcana

Behind the leafs I can see your face,  
so filled with pain.  
The wings of yours are of no use,  
thy fethers are now stone.  
Your hands are reached out for no good,  
thy hands can not feel warmth.  
Your mouth are opened,  
ready to scream.  
But then, can anyone hear you...

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