

Song of the Winds

Project Pitchfork

distruccion [?] in the north
exploitation in the south
chaos in the east
greed in the west
where should we let our children dance
let them play, let them fool around
let them explore their borders
let them free, my love ones fly now
be a thunderstorm in the north
be a hurricane in the south
be a typhoon in the east
be a tornado in the west
born out of my breath
grown up to a gust
you've seen the world
you've seen the seas
you've built up waves
you've roamed the woods, you've played with leaves
where should we let our children dance
let them play, let them fool around
summon your strength
and now fulfil your task
my little cherubim

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