

Song for Obol

Arborea

When we dream of leaves and queens
And of sheep in fields of green
When the eagle hears our feet
Can we sleep less in fear

There's a needle in this wheel
There's a needle
Prophet speaks through stone and bone
Free from courts of shifting tone
I will come for you alone
Can we sleep less and wait?

There's a needle in this wheel
There's a needle

In the wild a hand of man
Lines the trees to face the West
We did fall between the span
Of the roots and the thorns

There's a needle in this wheel
There's a needle
This will come to pass again
In the dark a raining fire
In the quiet a gathering
Will we rise now in time

Theres a needle in this wheel
Theres a needle in this wheel
We're all needles

Lyrics

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