

# Deus Ex Machina

## Mythos

Deus ex machina...After ten rainy summers  
And nine destructive winters  
There was hardly nothing leftBut a bare and sore ground  
Lite a stripped and dried out soul  
Without body and skinAnd the cold wind blew the hazel trees  
And the cold wind blew the hazel trees  
Reminding them of how old they areSuddenly a force from above  
Silenced the elegy  
It was at the end of the dayIt was at the end of the day  
Although the beginning of a new and bright tomorrowDeus ex machina...After ten rainy summers  
And nine destructive wintersThere was a last sudden gust of wind  
Before the life and freshness again  
Touched every heart, mind and soulAnd the comfortable summer breeze  
Played with the green leaves of the hazel treesReminding them of how young  
And beautiful they areEchoing a sorrowless future to come  
They thought about their lives  
How satisfying they wereAnd they spoke with happy childlike voicesAfter ten rainy summers  
And nine destructive wintersDeus ex machina...

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