

# 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

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Lyrics submitted by Buck Curran.

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