The Wilderness

Northaunt

The word is told, now
Word is said
Word is old, now
And the stone is bread
Heart is bone, now
The heart is flesh
The heart is known, now
And the no is yes
And all we hold
Is only in the past

Song is cold, now
The song is spent
The song is sold, now
And the thought is rent
Bird is flown, now
The bird is fled
The bird is gone, now
And the wind is fed
And all we hold
Is only in the past

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