

## Old Old Wood

Elysian Fields

We belong to an old old wood No one's ever understood These knots are eyes to an odyssey Beyond the rings Of the cypress tree  
But if you're very very quiet You just might Come in, come in Come in to the light How to forge a path Through the thickets and the vines How to find a way Beyond what's left behind The fallen ones The crushing tons It's getting thicker all the time We belong to an old old wood Can't say that it's done much good But you could meet With a rain owl's gaze And drink from a stream Where the starlight plays But if you're very very quiet You just might Come in come in Come in to the light It might appear, was never here The tendrils creep, they never sleep And if you're very very quiet You just might Very very quiet Come in come in Come in to the light