

The Mourner's Oak

Morgion

Here, they shall gather among it's bows and hither.
In the spring or summer sun, bright are the voices they carry.
Deep in the
Earth, it's roots doth run. Long has it been, how long shall it
be. Vast does it's reach extend...season after season been. Hi
s
Feet no longer travel, his mind now steps his bounds. The fores
t now his flesh, his bones to the earth in dust. Nothing, nothi
ng
But time to keep him restless. Slowly, slowly aware of his suff
ering.