

# Nemoralia

Patrick Wolf

There passed a summer  
Where our children went to war  
Of conviction without cause  
Furnaces in the borough I was born  
Dreaming echelons  
Above my station

These corners I walk in  
I waited and watched  
On the corners  
I dreamt on in my youth  
In my youth

Heartless  
Heartless

Now I dream of Orion  
Sword by side  
Sword by side  
Protect the night

Heartless  
Heartless

Sans Coeur  
Tout sans Coeur