

Forgotten, cast down were your temples by time
Forever forgotten
Forgotten your face, forgotten your name
Forgotten your service to man.
The strands are released, the pattern is gone
Where the fabric was firm, it is torn. It is gone.
But now come the weavers, the weavers of time
To gather the unravelled skein.
No piece is too small, no fragment too broken
The forfeited form to regain.
Out of dust, out of ashes
Out of crumbling stone
Your cities and dreams are reborn.
The wisdom of sages, the laughter of children
Are the leaves in a field of new corn.