

The Ballade of Puppets : In a New World, Gods will Descend

In grief, Nue will sing.

When I look back,

Flowers will fall away.

The heart of solace having withered.

In a new world, Gods will descend,

The dawn will break and Nue will sing.

Flowers in bloom pray to Gods,

Lamenting over their being in this world of life,

Their dreams having faded away.

Lamenting over their being in this world of life,

Their dreams having faded away,

Flowers grieve and fall.