

The Ballade of Puppets : Flowers Grieve and Fall

Through day and night, the moon not coming,

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,

Flowers grieve and fall.