

# The Search

## The four Giants

Von Minuel

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In forlorn hope we have searched for their place,  
to shelter our people from this grotesque grimace.  
In firm believe the folk prayed ever since old age,  
but the last-ditch attempt was futilely at the wrong stage.

So the moon watches us in our wake,  
it must have been a serious mistake!  
They have strived to reconstruct their goal,  
but the fallen are black as coal.

The sanctuary is closed - he'll crush our heads,  
though he isn't interested in the trail of deads.  
And with the happy shine tailing after us,  
the oddness above certainly seemed to be curious.

The fits of laughter aren't yet within the butterfly's dream,  
blessedly you could trust the cat to keep the cream!  
It never lasts too long to settle down,  
but lingered enough to let one feel like a clown.

Then we gained permission to enter his land,  
there we only found questions but also the end.  
As of now they are scattered to the four winds,  
but wherever - they bear the kid in their minds.