

# Pristina, World Without End

Once that tree was small \*sigh\*  
Going his own way... but not

Every broken one  
Will be new again  
Every broken one  
Really new again

There are many directions  
When you're walking alone  
Now we see one not conquered by  
The multitude of the small  
How do you get there with nothing at all?

Every broken one  
Really new again

And when the moment is right  
Even one capable will be  
A world without end