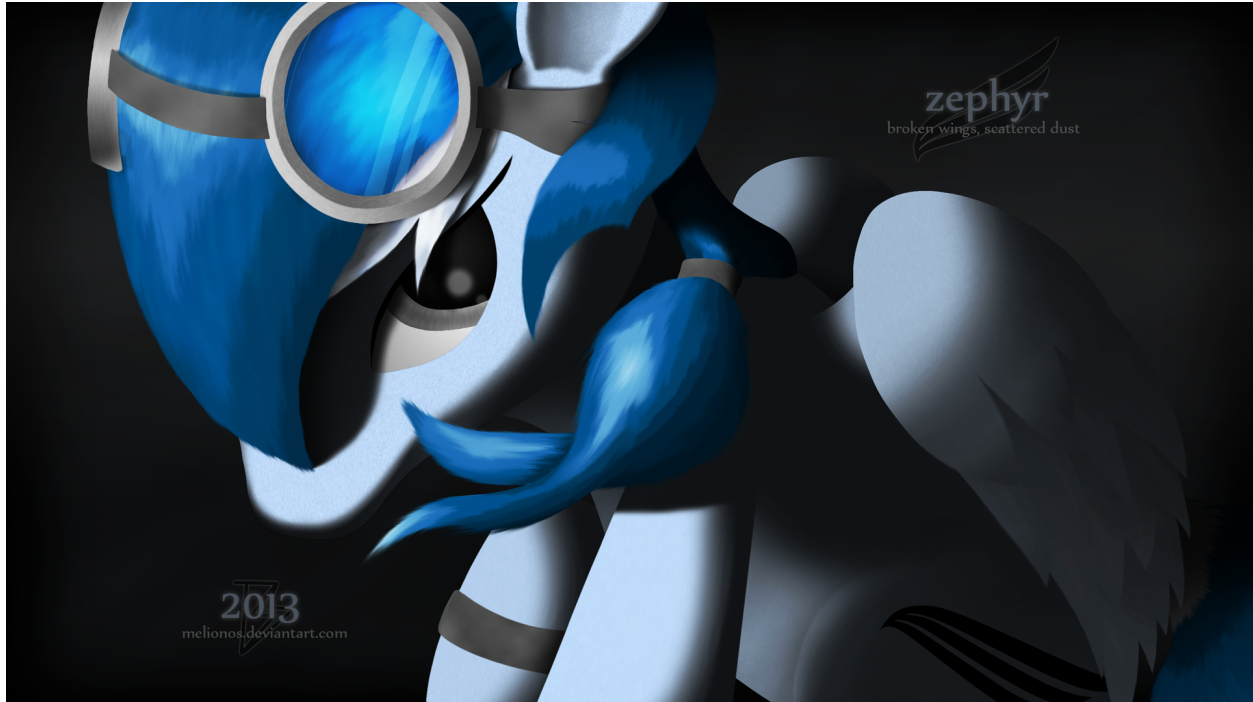




*Year upon year have I watched the gift fade
Since the first have I wondered where the giftless have played.
Yet time has run short and I think I have greyed
For what joy I have left is but from your flame waylaid.*

*What we are missing, you bear, confined
Worlds upon worlds, trapped in your mind.
And though I can still see sun's light and moon's shine,
I can't dream like you, my little one blind.*

*By the strength of my love you've learned how to fly.
And you've given me peace in the storm of the sky.
Yet now I am left with the rain in my eye;
Do I have the love left to wave you goodbye?*

Flavor :: [Song of a Half-Hearted Feather](#)

Prelude 1 :: [Pony Up and To the Skies](#)

Arc 1 :: [Steady Rain, Howling Gust](#)

Prelude 2 :: [Come, My White Demon](#)

Arc 2 :: [Into a Land of Reflections](#)

Prelude 3 :: ???

Arc 3 :: ???

Prelude 4 :: ???

Arc 4 :: ???

Prelude 5 :: ???

Arc 5 :: ???

Prelude 6 :: ???

Arc 6 :: ???

Epilogue :: ???

[Changelog](#)