

Inner Rivers

Endless

a silent face can tell and shout
the flow of will shall mark the sing
let your palms be spoken out
thousand stories, thousand lines as it springs the river thru our minds
wasting effort not to find
asking road and being blind
wasting effort not to find let your palms be spoken out
thousand stories, thousand lines
fighting for the conquered
the lines will surely cross our path
there's no point in taking mind
a silent face can tell and shout, let your palms be spoken out
the flow of will shall mark the sing
the lines will surely cross our path
there is no point in taking mind
thus trying to reache the reached
a silent face can tell and shout

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