

The Suffering of the Stream

And Also The Trees

There is a place where she would always be
Where the blossom snows between the cankered trees
 Holding his sour breath
 He knows she's there
 Watching the torrent as it flows
 Watching her soft white dress, it flows
 In the innocent breezes
 Smoothing the stones
 Watching her cold white dress, it floats
 He could see his love like a long forgotten dream
 He could see his love veiled beneath the stream
He could see his love grow pallid and suffer as he weeps
 His tears fall around her in oil-rainbow streaks
 He could see his own reflection cloud the stones
 There is a place where she will always be
Where the blossom floats above her through the reeds
 Where cling the willow roots
 His fingers reach
 Searching for her lost arms to seize
 Watching her soft white dress, it flows
 In the innocent breezes
 Smoothing the stones
 Watching her cold white dress, it floats

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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