River

Gentle Giant

Touching the last of what is past
Moving silent water fell the first that comes.
Slow and winding, flowing free
Peaceful music in its sound of distant drums.
Trust the shallow virgin stream
Danger wild, beware the deeper it becomes.
Moving highway, twisting byway
Can't turn back.
Singing in the summer rain
Rain that's caught in its flow.
Spreading, shining, silver lining
Gold on black.
Echoes moods of the moon and sun
Sun that shines from below.
Makes a soft and easy way
Left to choose its path will always be a friend.
Touch the last of what has past.
Never idle river drifting to the end.

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