

# FLOWING

## FREnchfire

I could trace the sun from east to west  
If loves a wave I'm riding on the crest  
Now everything I want's within my grasp  
It's time to nail my colours to the mast

    New rivers flowing  
    Reaching for the sea  
    The scattered seeds we're sowing  
    The fruit is on the tree

    Waiting for the winter to abate  
    A chance to start again and wipe the slate  
    The bitter taste that doesn't go away  
    The shimmer of the highlights in the grey light  
    New rivers flowing  
    Reaching for the sea  
    The scattered seeds we're sowing  
    The fruit is on the tree

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