

# The Spring Water

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*A poem that I wrote out of pure inspiration*

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# 1 - The Spring Water

The spring water is holding its breath,  
The sea is out on the shore waiting for me to arrive,  
I am trapped in the hours of time.  
The night holds my hand as I walk alone in the streets,  
There isn't any emotion  
There isn't any to spare  
And I walk alone in the night  
There is no sound  
As I walk around  
Waiting for someone to carry me home  
I hate to say no  
But I must go to the night  
He is waiting for me  
I want to dive  
Into the life  
Of someone better off than me  
Why are the tears full of joy and the water full of sand?  
Why do they want to meet at eternity?  
If you want to die  
You won't get very far  
In the great landscape of forever

How do you know whether they should go?

To the edge of the known earth

Every thing is flat when I walk in the grasp of the dark.

The edge of the light

Can give us hope

I want to see the clouds rolling by

Can you see the sounds of the translucent cry?

I want to meet the sky as it wanders past.

When will we last at the water side?

Till the ocean sweeps us aside you and I

I want to tell a secret love of mine

Can you hear the roar?

I want to dive to the bottom of the burning core.

In the end we will all be friend growing old together

Prejudice and hate gone with our youth

We cannot wait till the gardens grow in the South