

Walden

by Molly Tuttle

The life in us is like the water in a river
It may rise this year, it may rise higher
Than man has ever known
It may come to pass that immortal flowing river
May rise so high, flood the mountainside
To the valleys down below

*The land where we dwell has not always been dry I see
Far inland banks that were washed by the ancient stream*

The sun up above shines its fury on the prairie
You can't hide from it, you can try it
But you'll never get away
And they sow the fields but the clouds have all forsaken
And they've taken all, no more water fall
'Til the earth has turned to clay

*The land where we dwell will not always been dry I see
Far inland banks will be washed by the ancient stream*

I see it all from where I'm standing on the mountain
Hear the valleys' cry, still some question why and they cannot see the way
We're digging graves every day they're getting deeper, for the birds that fly
Through the darkened sky
Will there be another day?

*Long after we're gone still the earth will turn round and round
And all we've created will crumble to the ground*

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