

## To The River

Autumnblaze

Long ago the clouds were brighter  
We rode on spans  
And darkness became a good friend  
When doubts, thieves of colours  
Piled up again  
The rooms were strange  
They seemed to be aware of my fear

Who was breaking in my mind to kill me  
Who came along to take me away (to the river)

Now we're sitting here  
Bowed like beggars  
The clouds are low  
We still wonder who payed the caravans  
To the strange rooms

Who is breaking in my mind to kill me  
Who comes along to drag me to the river