

The dam on our doorstep  
Frozen over, undiscovered,  
Covered natures sculptures fine,  
And the man-made beauty shines,  
For the first time in life,  
I behold the Afton's might,  
And the waterworks don't blight  
Nor the railings mar this sight  
To see the joy in the mundane  
Feel the life force in the plain  
Is that not the why you came?  
Still you're leaving...

To the Afton  
Still you're leaving...

Still you're leaving, all the same

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