

White Water, White Bloom

Sea Wolf

I felt the cold of the ice and water
Come flowing through as it pulled me under
I saw my hand reaching out in the ether
And touched the branches in my cold white fever

Flow, white water, flow
Down to me

I heard you calling in the city canyons
I should have waited by the window lantern
But I went running through the moonlit forest
Alone and searching for the cold white current

Flow, white water, flow
Down to me
Flow, white water, flow
Me out to sea

And coming through the mist
Into the calm and clear
In the emerald gleam
I can feel you near
The dogwoods on the banks
Glowing in the gloom
On every naked branch
A beautiful white bloom

I see you running in the tall wild grasses
Young and free along the river rapids
Your body floating in the foreign air
Your lovely hands reaching down from there

Flow, white water, flow
Clean on through
Flow, white water, flow
Me o'er to you

And coming through the mist
Into the calm and clear
In the emerald gleam
I can see you near
Standing on the shore
Glowing in the gloom
And from your parted lips,
A beautiful white bloom