

## Picture

Stephen Speaks

Stretching out across these waters  
The fog rolls in to lay its claim  
River whispers in soft voices  
As it waits for one more day  
I walk softly on this riverbed  
Not to disturb this Holy ground  
Trees rustle with excitement  
As the morning wind bows down

"And your warmth showers in with the breath of dawn  
And the sound of your voice echoes on and on  
Cause you say that you love me  
And you can't be wrong  
Cause it had to be love that painted this picture"

The tangerine of day break  
I yawn and rub my eyes  
Cause today could be my last one  
I just want to see this one more time