

## River

Von Herten Brothers

Will I forever remain  
Walking on these shores of your love?  
The shores of your love

You are the river, the way  
The daughter of the mountains of gold  
The mountains of gold

And I become ashes from ashes  
And dust from dust  
If I keep on passing these chances  
In fear and mistrust

The river

Will I thus never attain  
A calling for the source of your love?  
The source of your love

You are the giver, the flow  
The ancient reflection of my soul  
Reflection of my soul