

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