

## Spring Of Life

## Winter's Verge

I once heard a story, a young boy I was,  
About living forever, free like the wolves,  
A spring clothed in magic, where no man or beast,  
Would suffer life's curse, every living being's dream

The Rivers and mountains, the caves and the swamps  
A neverending journey, described in the map,  
My dream is a myth, a legend a tale  
To find the source, life's secret unveiled.

This secret, this curse, this wonder, this lie,  
A truth in the myth, or just in our minds,  
Where words like forever, true meanings derive,  
The purest of elements, the spring of life

I set out to find it, no matter the cost,  
Through forests and valleys, the dangers I crossed,  
The darkness was my enemy, the light was my foe  
But if the map was not real, this I don't know.

There deep in the forest, a cave was exposed,  
The doorway was silver, the walls made of gold,  
I walked down the pathway, with chills up my spine,  
As there was the fountain, the gem of mankind.

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Before I would drink, a thought came to mind,  
The fountain of blessing, or ash to my eyes,  
Surely an honor, but think I did once,  
As now at three hundred, this curse I entwined...

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A truth in the myth, or just in our minds,  
Where words like forever, true meanings derive,  
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