

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 entwine...

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