

## Wild Flowers

All About Eve

The grey of winter falls on us -  
How will our garden grow ?  
Will all the seeds we've sown  
Survive beneath the snow ?  
We've been here before,  
Wrapped in our regret.  
All those winter words,  
I want us to forget them

Seasons may change  
And they hold wild flowers,  
Raising their face to the sun.  
All that are born from our soft rainshowers  
Are wild flowers.

Morning breaks  
And no-one wakes;  
No bird is here to sing.  
So, from the south I wish them back  
To brace the spring.  
They've flown south before,  
It's just the way they live.  
For when I try to fly away  
Can you forgive me ?

Seasons may change and they hold wild flowers