

Ode to Life Pristine

Liv Kristine

Some won't bother with the seasons
There's no reason to grow the flowers
They don't bother with the wisdom of sunflowers
Because all withers in the end
But my mother's intuition with the blossom
The life she pours

She pours love
Pure life
True love

Ode to the prudent me
Ode to the cautious
We own the air we breathe
Ode to life pristine

Earth Mother
Dirt covered
Lakes arid
The destruction of man
We must bother about each other, said my father
The devotion he pours

He pours love
Pure love, pure love
Pure devotion
Perfectly clean
Pure life, pure life
Pure love

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