

# Walden

Molly Tuttle

The life in us is like water in a river  
May rise this year, may rise higher than man has ever known  
May come to pass that immortal flowing river  
Will rise so high, flood the mountain side to the valleys down  
below

The sun up above shines its fury on the prairie  
You can hide from it, you can try it, but you'll never get away  
And they sow the fields the clouds have all forsaken  
They've taken all, no more water falls 'til the earth has turned  
to clay

The land where we dwell will not always be dry I see  
For inland banks that were washed by the ancient stream

I see it all from where I'm standing on the mountain  
Hear the valleys cry, still some question why they cannot see the way  
They're digging graves, every day they're getting deeper  
For the birds that fly through the darkened sky, will there be another day?

Long after we're gone, still the earth will turn round and round  
And all we've created will crumble into the ground

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