

## A rivers biography

Once upon a time, there was a rock -  
Hard as diamond, big as a mountain.

I was the rock

No grass was growing on me,  
No grass, no trees, no flowers,  
So hard I was.

I gave birth to a little source  
Thin as a line, clear as air  
I was the source.

I began my journey in the world  
Stones, trees, birds  
Deers drinking from me.

Rain is falling, I am growing  
Rain is falling, I am growing.  
Rain is falling

Stones, clay, sand,  
I am building the land -  
Building and destroying.

Every day I travel  
further and further away.  
New lands are kissing me  
old ones crying me back.

Floating like time  
I don't wait.  
I don't know, what is waiting.

Slowly entering the sea  
Which sea?  
Slowly entering death  
Yet I don't die,  
because I do never wait.

I am in the sea  
I am the sea  
Come, and die with me.