

# White Water, White Bloom

Sea Wolf

I felt the cold of the ice and water  
Come flowing through as it pulled me under  
I saw my hand reaching out in the ether  
And touched the branches in my cold white fever

Flow, white water, flow  
Down to me

I heard you calling in the city canyons  
I should have waited by the window lantern  
But I went running through the moonlit forest  
Alone and searching for the cold white current

Flow, white water, flow  
Down to me  
Flow, white water, flow  
Me out to sea

And coming through the mist  
Into the calm and clear  
In the emerald gleam  
I can feel you near  
The dogwoods on the banks  
Glowing in the gloom  
On every naked branch  
A beautiful white bloom

I see you running in the tall wild grasses  
Young and free along the river rapids  
Your body floating in the foreign air  
Your lovely hands reaching down from there

Flow, white water, flow  
Clean on through  
Flow, white water, flow  
Me o'er to you

And coming through the mist  
Into the calm and clear  
In the emerald gleam  
I can see you near  
Standing on the shore  
Glowing in the gloom  
And from your parted lips,  
A beautiful white bloom