

# Sylvan, All Of It

He fills up all is the background and the frame  
Both land and water here, so far from where he came  
And with the roots of wild rage he sympathises  
But deep insides neither black nor even white

Possesses all even liberty and faith  
He's like a storm is a blizzard and his trace  
He is a child with intention to grow up  
But doesn't know what's missing

And all it's nothing, all of it tears him down  
All of it's still not enough, there's something's missing

He's like a man he's so strong but incomplete  
A winter tree a huge trunk but lack of leaves  
With all his force he will surely carry on  
But doesn't know what's missing

For the first time silence round  
It's a sign of more  
Did he hear strange, but promising sounds?  
It's a sign of more  
Should he wait and begin something new  
Is it time for more?  
No he can't wait, cos he might lose it all!  
He doesn't want lose it all.