

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.