

All About Eve, Wild Flowers

The grey of winter falls on us -
How will our garden grow ?
Will all the seeds we've sown
Survive beneath the snow ?
We've been here before,
Wrapped in our regret.
All those winter words,
I want us to forget them...

Seasons may change
And they hold wild flowers,
Raising their face to the sun.
All that are born from our soft rainshowers
Are wild flowers.

Morning breaks
And no-one wakes;
No bird is here to sing.
So, from the south I wish them back
To brace the spring.
They've flown south before,
It's just the way they live.
For when I try to fly away
Can you forgive me ?

Seasons may change and they hold wild flowers...