

Edison Glass, The River

These dry lips, they search for comfort.
Will I settle for a quick rain or search for the source?
In the rain, life is beautiful... I guess.
I know there's more, I long for something deeper.

Take me to...

How deep and broad is this communion.
Channel of amazing depth.

Water pulling under me.
I'm not moving, You move me.
I'm ready for this current now.
Take me to the river