

Michael Tolcher, Mother's Garden

MOTHER'S GARDEN

In Mother's Garden
There grows a history
Thousands of centuries of
Flowers like children,
Colors original, everything beautiful

Chorus
Sometimes she weeps
Weakened with disease
Silently she screams...rescue me, rescue me

In Mother's Garden
She sings a melody
Four parts in harmony
Earth, water, wind and fire
Her secret recipe, circular energy

Chorus

She says,
I am your home
I give you life
I built this family
We are alone, it's you and I in this whole galaxy
We can't survive without each other are you listening
I need your help to heal my self when I am suffering

In Mother's Garden
Feel that serenity
No greater liberty
Sometimes she weeps
Weakened with disease
Silently she screams...rescue me, rescue me

In Mother's Garden
Rescue me