

Pain Of Salvation, Water

I've always loved the sound of rain
Touching so softly my windowpane
And then the scent of dew at dawn
Coming to greet me from my moist lawn
...home...

(D. Gildeńlw)

I always took it for granted
I never valued the drops I shed
I failed to see the relation
Between my self and world starvation

(D. Gildeńlw)

Water's for the chosen
But how come we expect us to be those few...
...me and you?

(In this hot, desolate timeglass I met this man, wearing a worn old flyer's cap.
Every day he had to dig 10 feet down for his daily ration of water one poor gallon. And so he did -

10 feet of sand for the thirst
But he gave me half of what he was given for a day
All for thirst and sanity use
While we use up hundred times more
What do we do with it?
Pipes and bathtubs, sprinklers and fountains!
Freshwater used as a dump for oil and nuclear waste!
Desert people turns humble he said
They know what they have
But do they know what they lose when we flush?

(But yet, sadly, he looked up to me. Felt a need for our greedour "freedom";.
Said all he really wanted was a car and a radio. He too failed to see the relation
...between our lives...and his starvation)

Water's for the chosen
Water's for the few
Life is for the chosen
But only if we believe it to be true...but we do!
(But I'm through!)

I've always loved the sound of rain...