

Rites Of Spring, Drink Deep

Drink deep, it's just a taste, and it might not come this way again,
I believe in moments, transparent moment, moments in grace when you've got to stake your faith

(but why do I confine, when all I want is release?)

It moves outside you, it stays inside you,
and its not something that I could prove,
or could chose, to be moved.
Yes its a promise, and its a threat,
and its not something that I'll let you for get,
not just yet, not just yet

(but why do I chase when all I want is near?)

If its not the rule then its always the case,
good intentions get fractured, good intentions get replaced,
so close to reach but so hard to hold,
the only chance you get is past your control, it's so hard, it's so hard.

Drink deep, its just a taste and it might not come this way again,
time to surrender, sweet surrender of all things in time, all things one place, one place.