

# The 3rd And The Mortal, Stream

I long for you  
as a flower longs for the morning dew  
I long for you  
As a hind longs for the running streams

Frown on me no more  
and let me smile again  
before I go away  
and cease to be

While I refused to speak  
my agony was quickened  
my heart burned within me  
as the fever rose  
my eyes are open  
but I can not see