

Woodland

"Silver Crow"

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Grandmother, tell me a story
From the pages of once, long ago.
When the wind was a child
And the rivers ran wild.
Tell me grandmother, so I will know.

From the days of our early beginnings
When the very first children asked, "Why?"
There appeared in the sky
In the wink of an eye
The form of a large, silver crow.
Saying "all that you ask, you shall know."

How big is the sky?
How long is forever?
Who are we?
Why are we here?
Will we ever be able to piece it together?
Will it ever become wholly clear?

The sky's a reflection of all that you are
Forever's in every breath
You're the laughter of rainbows
The music of stars
You've come to become who you are.

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