

Bendik

"Proceed"

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Son, if you're ready
I have something on my mind
It's from father to son and it's been
that way since time began

Son, if you'll listen
I'll tell you what my father said
On his dying bed I promised to tell
you what he told me

What is softer than water
What is harder than rock
Still the water drip will hollow out the stone
What is weaker than the new tree
What is stronger than the grown
When the elder spreads it's branches
The young can brave a storm

Son when you're ready
You can tell what the birds sing
Birds are as good as pure
When you don't use words, lies won't occur

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