

Indica "Scissor, Paper, Rock"

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I'm river and I'm stone
I shiver but I know
I'm young but oh so old

Played scissor paper rock
I'd run till I was caught
Games end but nothing stops

The rocks will turn to dust
The scissor starts to rust
The ink will fade with us.

A lily builds a home
It grows inside my bones
Been there since I was born

You can brood by a brook
And whisper to water
Don't worry, the dawn will dry your tears
See the daylight as it flows
It fills the holes and souls grow whole
You can moan to the moon
You can swoon in the sunset
Don't hurry, your world won't disappear
See the waves that drape the shore
They fill the holes and souls grow whole and old

I'm drifting towards the end
The sand keeps closing in
But water turns the bend

The trees reach for the sky
The roots begin to dry
A nest becomes a shrine

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Don't worry, the dawn will dry your tears
See the daylight as it flows
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