

## Christian Kane

### "At The Rapids"

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For the way my bird, for the way my bird  
Spots me  
For her strands so soft and so unique  
That swallow the storm in me  
My wolf cries my wolfs eyes  
Render me stale  
And the cold but dry European nights  
Keep our bodies pale  
Let us walk through the rapids  
Lets be songs in the chapel  
Lets be words in the bible  
All believed and all eternal  
That which leads has led me here  
Upon my strangers bed  
Before the virgin matter of  
Giving thought some head  
All I love is gathered in one  
Gathered to be released  
Strike up a band for my gold has been panned  
And my love has been retrieved

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