

Culpepers Orchard

"Mountain Music - Part One"

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To be forgotten, To live in Dust
To float in a stream and fly in the air
What more could we wish, To always be spread on
earth
Plucked as a flower to die with love, And fly to greet the
sun
Flowers in the forest freed, Deadlocked in your arms I
bleed
Knowing not the rhymes I need, To take me from my
madness
Wrap my mind in cellophane, Ignore the pleas to stop
the rain
From falling on your windowpane, When your asleep at
midnight
The iron mountains metal rings, Beside the bedrooms
light in spring
And hums the words 'cause they can't sing, The words
they haven't learnt yet
All is free while bodies moan, So shut the door but hear
them groan
While petals fall from what is known, Of love and what
goes with it

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