

## Richard Bull "Rise"

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I go forward with you,  
Iâ€™m in all the way.  
Where weâ€™re riding to,  
Please tell me some day.  
For a glimpse is enough  
To see Iâ€™m tied to this tree.  
Trying hard to make history,  
Rather it makes me.  
So go on with the flow,  
Wherever sheâ€™ll go.  
Iâ€™m tightening my belt  
As my cold heart melts.  
Oh sister. Oh mother.  
You stranger. My lover.  
Raise the flapping sails  
Of your long lost tales.  
As the forest cries to the sea...  
Lover letâ€™s make a lovely daughter.  
She will rise, rise, rise.  
Swarming around  
With the underground,  
Big pole painted blue  
Upward to you.  
With a fainting glow  
Wherever sheâ€™ll go,  
Unfolding a rain  
Signed by thy name.  
Oh sister. Oh mother.  
You stranger. My lover.  
Lay your healing hands  
On the long lost land.  
Sheâ€™ll go smooth. Sheâ€™ll go slow.  
Sheâ€™ll find food and then sheâ€™ll grow.  
Grow up high above the sky.  
She will cry. She will smile.

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