

Stefan Larsson & The Three Man Combo

"Pale White Lily"

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To the ocean

You are a rock as hard, an oak untouchable, a pigeon
made of clay.

A frozen whirl on a snow white lake on a silent winter's
day.

You have heard the screams of the falling leaf and
sensed the smell of sky,
as a broken dream, for the bird of clay will fall but
never fly.

To the ocean

You're the forest's sigh, the whispering wind, that will
leave to stay away,

You're the pale white lily on a stony ground that has
lost the strength to sway,

Did the burdens grow or the strength just fade? Was it
cold that sealed your fate?

Was the ground too sour, the soil too shallow, or did
the spring just come too late?

So you leave it all.

To the ocean

So the trees will squeal to the croaky song of a single
black eyed bird,

that dances around this cross you bear since you
entered into this world.

The branches shake in a chilly wind, revealing
mysteries.

In a sudden vision you caught the future just by
summing history.

So you leave it all.

To the ocean

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made of clay.

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day.

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