

Runrig

"Transl The Crowed River"

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The skies above London are
neither clear nor dark. The great
candle of daylight and the stars
of the night cannot be seen. In
this city that never sleeps there
is no quit no stillness.
Footsteps keep moving. The river
in full flood. The relentless
wheels keep turning without
pause. Many worshipping wealth at
the world's altar. Others without
hope or home on streets that hold
no love. With the various races
creeds and languages from all
corners of the globe. Each
question and answer rushing down
the river to the ocean. The need
to be far from the crowded river.

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