

## **sprout**

There is a voice  
far and obscure  
telling a story  
disarming and pure  
there is a choice  
sharp like a blade  
one who feels sorry  
pretending to aid

'cause we're parched  
the sun is burning

everything's uncertain  
nothing is sure  
opens the pores  
retarding the cure  
everything's a curtain  
a enormous blockade  
boulders on the floors  
which do not fade

'cause we're drowned  
it is raining

Everything is cowed  
And the fertile seed  
Is put to rout  
By human greed

there it sprouts  
under their feet  
for all it shouts  
is all we need

is there a doubt  
with the feed  
they spit it all out  
what they eat