THE JOURNEY HAS WATER AND MIRACLES

Herb Brockering

Water is vapor and snow, a stream and a splashing below; it can
spray from a fountain or roar down a mountain and wash me from head to
toe, can wash, can wash, can wash, can wash me from head to toe.

Water can rage in flood and cover the houses with mud, inspire a Largo
carry the cargo and open a Juniper bud, can open can open can open can
open a Juniper bud.

There once was a man on a tree who took on the dying of me; in his living and
death he gave me new breath; by his word and the water I'm free, I'm free, I'm
free, I'm free by his Word and the water I'm free.