



# The River Wept

The river wept, as we left  
But her tears were not for us.  
She cries not for those who leave;  
She cries for those who stay:

The fish that live in acid rapids  
And the birds that prey on them;  
The trees that struggle to stay green  
Amidst all the dust and grey.

The river wept, as we left  
But her tears were not for us.  
She cries not for those who leave;  
She cries for those who stay:

The fields of plastics amidst the wheat  
And lands drenched in chemicals;  
The children who grow up in dirt  
Never knowing what pristine means.

The river wept, as we left  
But her tears were not for us.  
She cries not for those who leave;  
She cries for those who stay.