

# Anya Marina, Waters Of March

&Eacute; pau, &eacute; pedra,  
&eacute; o fim do caminho  
&Eacute; um resto de toco,  
&eacute; um pouco sozinho  
A stick, a stone,  
It's the end of the road,  
It's feeling alone  
It's the weight of your load  
It's a sliver of glass  
It's light, it's the sun  
It's night, it's death  
It's a knife, it's a gun  
A flower that blooms  
A fox in the brush  
A knot in the wood  
The song of a thrush  
The mystery of life  
The steps down the hall  
The sound of the wind  
And the waterfall  
It's the moon floating free  
The curve of the slope  
It's an ant, it's a bee  
It's a reason for hope  
And the riverbank sings  
Of the waters of March  
It's the promise of Spring  
It's the joy in your heart  
&Eacute; o p&eacute;, &eacute; o ch&atilde;o,  
&eacute; a marcha estradeira  
Passarinho na m&atilde;o,  
pedra de atiradeira  
&Eacute; uma ave no c&eacute;u,  
&eacute; uma ave no ch&atilde;o  
&Eacute; um regato, &eacute; uma fonte,  
&eacute; um peda&ccedil;o de p&atilde;o  
&Eacute; o fundo do po&ccedil;o,  
&eacute; o fim do caminho  
No rosto o desgosto,  
&eacute; um pouco sozinho  
A spear, a spike,  
A stake, a nail  
It's a drip, it's a drop  
It's the end of the tale  
The dew on a leaf  
In the morning light  
The shot of a gun  
In the dead of night  
A mile, a must  
A thrust, a bump  
It's the will to survive  
It's a jolt, it's a jump  
The prim of a house  
A body in bed  
A car stuck in the mud  
It's the mud, it's the mud  
A fish, a flash  
A wish, a wing  
It's a hawk, it's a dove  
It's the promise of Spring  
And the riverbank sings  
Of the waters of March  
It's the end of despair  
It's the joy in your heart

&Eacute; uma cobra, &eacute; um pau,  
&eacute; Jo&atilde;o, &eacute; Jos&eacute;  
&Eacute; um espinho na m&atilde;o,  
&eacute; um corte no p&eacute;  
S&atilde;o as &aacute;guas de mar&ccedil;o  
fechando o ver&atilde;o  
&Eacute; a promessa de vida  
no teu cora&ccedil;&atilde;o  
A stick, a stone  
It's the end of the road  
The stump of a tree  
It's a frog, it's a toad  
A sigh, a breath  
A walkaround  
A life or death  
A ray in the sun  
And the riverbank sings  
Of the waters of March  
It's the promise of life  
It's the joy in your heart