SOUTH WEST

GOSPEL

He travelled alone in the great southwest
With a kayak a camera and no time to rest
Touched by the beauty and the mystery
Of a vanishing world like no other place
He'd never seen before, a shining beacon in a sea
Of artificiality, ancient wilderness unspoilt and free

Through lakes and rivers and forests he came
A man possessed burnin like a flame
A race against time to save this paradise lost
Too many consequences too must cost
Spreading the gospel in a world of complacency
A vision beyond tomorrow, the preservation of our destiny

We don't need a conqueror We got to think about what it's worth

WHIRPOOL

(Olegas Truchanas 1923-1972)