

# On Nature

## Matisyahu

There is a place in the bottom of the soul  
It's the bread of destitution  
Hearts splashed flat like dough  
Where there is no pollution  
Mute with no words to hold  
Hopes, questions or solutions  
Bedrock of a river that flowed  
No past, present or future  
We are men of nature  
We are made from the earth  
At the end of my eighty  
I'll return to the dirt  
Just sand, just rock  
Dry land, vast and silent  
Only being, only breathing  
We're just children of believers  
Like fire and water be strong with compassion  
In the morning we're born everlasting  
Like the grass by the sea bending with the wind  
Which knocks it down time and again  
We remain and sing standing  
'Til the dawn of day carries us away  
As we sway through the phases of each generation  
We leave our trace and then leave this station  
Fears, fronts, fantasy fades  
No blame untamed, unspoken  
Shiggy walks through the space on dry land  
That's cracked and broken  
We came to taste the rain  
We're just widows and orphans  
Not afraid to feel the pain  
Or to leave behind our notions  
Bathe and shower, taste the tension  
Hear the howl, climb the mountain  
Kiss the cold and heal the frozen  
Read the dreams in this here dungeon  
We are men of nature  
We are made from the earth  
At the end of my eighty

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Dry land, vast and silent  
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We're just children of believers  
There is fire in these leaves and they fall naturally  
I'm not afraid to face these seasons  
'Cause times change and there's no one to blame  
Even when the day is leaving  
Will you rise like a lion in the morning sun  
Or will you just lay there bleeding?  
When the time has come return to the kingdom  
Close my eyes and be screaming freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom, freedom  
Freedom  
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