

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
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 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 We are men of nature
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Children of believers

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