

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 pollutionMute with no words to hold
Hopes, questions or solutions
Bedrock of a river that flowed

No past, present or futureWe are men of nature
We are made from the earth
At the end of my eighty

I'll return to the dirtJust sand, just rock
Dry land, vast and silent
Only being, only breathing

We're just children of believersLike 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 againWe 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 stationFears, fronts, fantasy fades
No blame untamed, unspoken
Shiggy walks through the space on dry land

That's cracked and brokenWe came to taste the rain
We're just widows and orphans
Not afraid to feel the pain

Or to leave behind our notionsBathe and shower, taste the tension
Hear the howl, climb the mountain
Kiss the cold and heal the frozen

Read the dreams in this here dungeonWe are men of nature
We are made from the earth
At the end of my eighty

I'll return to the dirtJust sand, just rock
Dry land, vast and silent
Only being, only breathing

We're just children of believersThere 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 leavingWill 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 freedomFreedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
FreedomWe are men of nature
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Children of believers

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