Tree

Anshelle

Ever see the tree, ever feel yourself
Wrapped around the wind
Let go of your desire
Desire will suffer in the send
suffer the will, will of the child
the child will born on our death
Child will be born on our death
Oh let the child be born
and be brought to the sun
As desire will come and suffer the will, will
will of the child (repeat 2 Times)
Everything is so beautiful
Everything is so simple now
Colors weave into symbols of life
symbols of life they weave into the wind
Oh weary child rest your head
Very soon the colors come alive

And the child will be born
born on our death
child will be born on our death
Oh let the child be born
and be brought to the sun
As the symbols of life
weave into the wind (Repeat 1 time)
Because everything is simple now
Nothing has ever changed
The colors all weave with life
Let the weary child be born
Because everything is simple now
Nothing has ever changed
The colors all weave with life
as we move into the wind
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