

On Nature

Matisyahu

Ahh

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There is a place in the bottom of the soul,
It's no bread of restitution
Hearts splash fly like dough
Where there is no pollution

You would know words to hold
Folks question your solutions
Bedrock of a river that flowed
No times, 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, fast and silent
Only bein' only breathin'
We're just children of believers

Type, fire and water be strong with compassion
In the morning we're born everlasting
Like the grass by the sea
And in with the wind which knocks ya down time and again
We remain and sing
Stand until 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

Fierce fronts, fantasy phased
No blame, untamed or spoken
Shiggy walks through this 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 in showers, taste the tension,
Hear the howl, climb the mountain,
Kiss the cold and heal the frozen
Read the dreams in this here dungeon

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There is fire in these leaves and therefore naturally,
I'm not afraid to face these seasons
'Cuz, times change and there's no one to blame
Even when the day is leavin'
Will you rise like a lion in the morning sun
Or will ya, just lay there bleedin'

When the time has come, return to the kingdom
Close my eyes and be screamin "freedom"

Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom

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