

We search so hard in vain  
When the answers hold our hands.  
They fill our bellies.  
They drench the sand.  
They pour from the sky.  
Their thunders roar.  
We still search for answers.  
We must search no more!

Disregard dogma.  
We've no need to kneel again  
unless to feel the earh,  
to drink from the streams again.

Divinity in the forest.  
Drenching the night sky.  
Present in all things that grow.  
The gods as an archetype.

I saw the gods in the eyes of my father on the last day  
he waved good-bye.  
I saw the gods starring at the night sky with a friend  
standing on lake ice.  
I saw god in the eyes of my nephew just minutes after his  
birth.  
I saw the gods at the end of sumbel when an emptied horn  
made flames burst!  
I see the gods!  
I see god.