One

Birdtalker

I've played the teacher, the preacher, guru
Maintaining postures separating me and you
As if the thoughts of God were mine and mine to speak
I've listened with an agenda so I could prove
All of the shit I believe to be true
Just to hide the fear of being weak

Burn the scorecards, balance out the scales
We are one wind distracted by our different sails
Underneath what's detectable with eyes
Every particle's vibrating with the same life

If we keep running around deciding who's right and wrong
Then tell me, where are we headed?
How can we all belong
When all our logic is colliding
And it's constantly dividing me from you

So damn those eager protestations on your tongue
Shut your brain up long enough to hear the lowly hum
Underneath what's detectable with eyes
Every particle's vibrating with the one life

Beyond the land of the right, the land of the wrong
There's a field waiting for us
All the notions of you, the notions of me
We finally agree don't mean a thing

Burn the scorecards, balance out the scales
(We are the land of the right, the land of the wrong)
We are one wind distracted by our different sails
(There's a field waiting for us)
Damn those eager protestations on your tongue
(All the notions of you, the notions of me)
Shut your brain up long enough to hear the lowly hum
(We finally agree don't mean a thing)
Underneath what's detectable with eyes
(Beyond the land of the right, the land of the wrong)
Every particle's vibrating with the one life
(There's a field)

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