

## One of the Unsatisfied

Lacy J. Dalton

There's a river of sorrow that mankind has cried  
It runs like a torrent and blends with the tide  
But I am not content with the peace that's prophesied  
For alas I am one of the unsatisfied

Now the willow can bend and the moon she can hide  
But the oak tree will stand til it breaks from its pride  
And I may look unbroken but deep down inside  
Alas I am one of the unsatisfied

And we walk among our brothers  
With a strange and faraway look in our eyes  
And we often play the clown to hide the fact  
That something deep within us cries  
Lord and some of us are poets  
Some dream until they die  
Til we're one with the spirit we're unsatisfied

Now the north wind is my lover, he's always at my side  
And the hawk's my little sister screaming at the sky  
Afraid of God and naked, stripped of all our pride  
Til we're one with the spirit we're unsatisfied

Til we're one with the spirit we're unsatisfied