

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