

## 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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