

Undertow (One Life Lost)

Paula Cole

One life lost is one too many
One life lost is blood on our soul
One species gone a book closed eternally
One life lost to the Undertow

There's blood on my hands that I can't wash free
I kneel in the river praying to be saved
I wring out my shirt and I weep with the knowing
That one life lost is too many
One life lost is too many

One life lost is one too many
One species gone is a crime of the soul
One planet waiting to shake and transform
From the greed and malevolence of the Undertow

We long to be the angels we feel in our hearts
But we struggle and claw what we love apart
And as long as this legacy lives I'll have blood on my hands
For one life lost is too many

One life lost is too many
One life lost is one too many
One life lost is blood on our soul
One species gone a book closed eternally
One life lost to the Undertow

When I walk the field of flowers
I want to know for whom I sing
I want redemption washing us clean
I want to hear freedom, sweet freedom ring
For one life lost is too many
One life lost is too many

One life lost is one too many
One life lost is blood on our soul
One species gone is a book closed eternally
One life lost to the Undertow

There's a pain in my heart that wakes me
There's blood on my hands I can't wash it
There's a cold hard wisdom in what I know
One life, one life, one life, one life, one life, one life
One Life