

## 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