

Red Clay

The Crane Wives

Today I woke from a dream of self-imposed suffering
I was clawing my way up a red-clay mountain

Blistering sun
My sweat soaking my clothing
Question myself "Why keep going?"

Over my shoulder were towering trees
Their rustling branches summoning me
To a parallel trail, one not so steep
Offering shelter, offering ease

Red clay
We don't have to do this the hard way

So, I take a deep breath and turn to be brave
Harvest the fruits of being afraid

Take a deep breath and turn to be brave
Harvest the fruits of being afraid

Take a deep breath and turn to be brave
Harvest the fruits of being afraid

Red clay
We don't have to do this the hard way

Red clay
We don't have to do this the hard way