

Bowl Of Light

Trevor Hall

The myth of Ulalena
Of that ocean song
Eyes of white pueo
See the one in all
The more I lose my words
The more I'm coming home
Let the mind grow humble
Let that spirit roam
Thread it through the thunder
Let the sky mouth sing
Through the black light rainbow
Mother spoke to me

Don't you carry stones
Don't you carry stones
Don't you carry stones
Don't you carry stones
Don't you carry stones
Don't you carry stones in your bowl of light
In your bowl of light
In your bowl of light
In your bowl of light

Where we drove upcountry
Our feet stained in the red
Laid some good good prayers down
She said, I see you child, I see you there
We forget and remember
And we forget again
But this life is a circle
And it's coming back around
Coming back again

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Don't you carry stones in your bowl of light
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Oh yeah

Oh creator, I can hear you
Thank you
This is my offering,
All I'm saying is Thank You

Oh creator, I can hear you thinking
This is my offering,
All I'm saying is Thank You

Thank you, thank you
Thank you
Yeah, thank you

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