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Brandon Boyd "The Wild Trapeze"

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A boy upon a tireless trail, with the wind at his back He's becoming One, -coming One He's becoming One.
The birds, the bees, the wild trapeze, Symbiotic heart-attack.
He's becoming One, -coming One He's becoming One.

Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies. Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies. Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies. Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies.

No borders, no empires, no inquisitions,
Point or blame.
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.
Up North, down South, back East and out West,
They're saying his bright-eyed name.
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.

Stand still! Like a humming bird that flies. Still. Like a humming bird that flies.

He's becoming One, -coming One He's becoming One, -coming One

Armed only with an old guitar,
Broken-end on wits and whim,
He's becoming One, -coming One
He's becoming One.
Humming bird up in an April sky, observed and said of him
He's becoming One, -coming One
Yeah, he's coming home.

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