

Matisyahu **"On Nature"**

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There is a place in the bottom of the soul
It's the bread of destitution
Hearts splashed flat like dough
Where there is no pollution

Mute with no words to hold
Hopes, questions or solutions
Bedrock of a river that flowed
No past, present or future

We are men of nature
We are made from the earth
At the end of my eighty
I'll return to the dirt

Just sand, just rock
Dry land, vast and silent
Only being, only breathing
We're just children of believers

Like fire and water be strong with compassion
In the morning we're born everlasting
Like the grass by the sea bending with the wind
Which knocks it down time and again

We remain and sing standing
'Til the dawn of day carries us away
As we sway through the phases of each generation
We leave our trace and then leave this station

Fears, fronts, fantasy fades
No blame untamed, unspoken
Shiggy walks through the space on dry land
That's cracked and broken

We came to taste the rain
We're just widows and orphans
Not afraid to feel the pain
Or to leave behind our notions

Bathe and shower, taste the tension
Hear the howl, climb the mountain

Kiss the cold and heal the frozen
Read the dreams in this here dungeon

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There is fire in these leaves and they fall naturally
I'm not afraid to face these seasons
'Cause times change and there's no one to blame
Even when the day is leaving

Will you rise like a lion in the morning sun
Or will you just lay there bleeding?
When the time has come return to the kingdom
Close my eyes and be screaming freedom

Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom, freedom
Freedom

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