

## O.S.T.R. "Plant Your Fields"

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We set sail to this thing called trust  
The plans of the righteous are just  
But I'm still recovering  
I'm contemplating other things  
But I've set my sights on you

All that I need is the smallest seed  
To plant the faith to move a city  
And all that I see is distress and apathy  
But I won't lose faith and be like the pharisees

I'll depart with nothing I've held in my two hands  
You wealthy rulers: no you won't understand  
Better is tranquility in one  
Than the grievous evil under the midday sun  
We'll look at what we've done  
What will we have to run from

All that I need is the smallest seed  
To plant the faith to move a city  
And all that I see is distress and apathy  
But I won't lose faith and be like the pharisees

May my time here be pleasing to you  
May my words, dear, move closer to truth  
Can my thoughts be oh, so pure  
Hold me now I want nothing more

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