

Gaia Consort

"Every Sacred Thing"

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Flash of the breast on the big screen, But no
Penetration or spark
Cut the claw from the tiger, de-fang the cobra so we
Can feel safe in the dark

Big money makes the decisions, big money owns all
the
Gods
And I can't help but laugh at the puzzled expression
When I say I won't give to the cause.

Is it any wonder that our spirits cry - Is it wonder
Something inside us dies,
When we sanitize every sacred thing?

Paved over meadows for strip malls, or misguided
Notions of bliss
And I point to the universe shaking their shoulders,

Saying "How can you need more than this?"

Five thousand years of repression, five thousand years
Of the lie
And I can't help but hoping as I'm watching the
Changes, that maybe we're watching it die

Maybe a storm cloud is coming or maybe it's just a soft
Rain
And I don't have the answers but every bone in my
body
Is laughing or crying or screaming for change!

Is it any wonder that our spirits cry
Is it wonder - when we sanitize
Every sacred thing

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