

The Voice House

Breaths

Listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
Tis the ancestors' breath
When the fires voice is heard
Tis the ancestors' breath
In the voice of the water.

Those who have died have never, never left
The dead are not under the earth
They are in the rustling trees
They are in the groaning woods
They are in the crying grass
They are in the moaning rocks
The dead are not under the earth

So listen more often.... etc

Those who have died have never, never left
The dead have a pact with the living
They are in the woman's breast
They are in the wailing child
They are with us in the home
They are with us in the crowd
The dead have a pact with the living

So listen more often.... etc

For each child that's born

For each child that's born
A morning star rises
And sings to the universe
Who we are
(for each child that's born
stars rise and sing
who we are)

We are our grandmothers' prayers
And we are our grandfathers' dreamings
We are the breath of the ancestors
We are the spirit of God

We are one