

The shaman lifts his eyes to see the glory of the sun  
A smoke-  
filled tear rolls down his cheek at what this land's become  
He sees the ghosts of trees stretch out within his mind  
How bright they burned before they died

The shaman strains his ears for any living thing  
But all around is death though he can hear their spirits sing  
He climbs the hill-side turns his palms towards the sun  
To offer up a prayer for all that's gone

I hear you now - so near, so far  
And through the mourning of the Earth  
I sense the wonder of rebirth  
I feel the wonder, I feel the wonder of rebirth

And when the spirit comes to take them  
I'll be right there by their side  
And like the smoke-filled air, we'll rise to paradise  
We'll leave the world behind a blackened suicide

And when tomorrow comes and the forest grows anew  
We'll watch new life undo the evil that men do  
For where the forest grows, that's where the future's sown