

Jon Anderson, State Of Independence

State of life-may I live-may I love
Coming out the sky, I name me a name
Coming out-silver word-what it is
It is the very nature of the sound the game
Siamese, Indionese. To Tibet treat the life
As a game, if you please
Coming up-Carabi-this sense of freedom
Derives from a medative State
Movin' on, 'believe' that's it, call it magic
Third world, it is, I only guessed it
Shablam idi Shablam ida
Shablam idi Shablam ida
Shablam idi Shablam ida
Shot to the soul-the flame of Oroladin
The essence of the word
The 'State Of Independance'
Sounds like a signal from you
Bring me to meet your sound
And I will bring to you my heart
Love like a signal you call
Touching my body my soul
Bring to me, you to meet me here
Home be the temple of your heart
Home be the body of your love
Just like Holy water to my lips
Yes I do know how I survive
(Yes I do know) know why I'm alive
To love and be with you
Day by day by day by day
Say-Aye yaya oh
'Be the sound of higher love' today
Time, time again, it is said
We will hear, we will see
See it all-in his wisdom-hear
His truth will abound the land
This truth will abound the land
This State of independance shall be
This State of independance shall be