

# Clouds, Motherson

Society's thin veil just covers you and me  
If anyone raised it they'd see savages underneath  
I am the mother and you are the son

You wear symbols on your skin  
You wear your hair unbound  
We worship our dark gods by a merging of sky and ground  
I am the mother and you are the son

Ever seeking your opinions  
You come unto me the cycle begins  
Come in all pride, pride will abate  
Will rise and fall that is your fate  
I am the earth you are the sky  
Nature dictates the laws we live by  
Ever seeking your origins  
Cleave unto me the cycle continues

That which is deeply hidden  
Lures you like fruit forbidden  
What was is and always will be  
I am the mother you find your home in me  
You are the son you find your home in me  
What was is and always will be