

Ego Likeness, Mandala

It all began in sand and dreams
I was blind but there was nothing to see
It all began with prayer and praise
but there was nothing new written on the wall that day
It all began with fear and falling
with wings on fire, I can tell that something's burning
I can tell that something's burning
And it all began here

It all began when I followed the line
now broken down, my hope that ended
with this, fall to the ground now
So broken and my home is empty
with this cold inside, this rage
and I am old and slaves are bought and sold for gold
and that means nothing to me now
That means nothing to me

CHORUS:

In these soft spaces
In these stone fields
In these high places
I will heal

What may be revealed now
What may be shown
What may be spoken now
What may be known
These things once locked in silence
now return to me
These things once locked in silence
now return to me

CHORUS

Stoned and sold and left for dead
in a circle held in place in time
And if I choose to fall again
at least I know the choice is mine
At least I know this voice is mine
At least I know the choice is mine
At least I know this voice is mine

What may be revealed now
What may be shown
What may be spoken now
What may be known
These things once locked in silence
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CHORUS