

## Drums

Drums in my head starting to pound  
circle of life here all around  
Take a deep breath let the feeling take hold  
Toes in the dirt more precious than gold  
Dirt is a start mother nature's living womb  
Man to mighty trees to delicate flowers in bloom  
From the clouds mother's hair rain begins to fall  
Lightning flashes in the sky the drums keep up the call  
Green rising up moving gently with the breeze  
my eyes take it in the wonder of the trees  
The trees are alive dance and singing with the wind  
mother Earth breathing precious flowers from her skin  
The hawk's cry is freedom the doves a mournful soul  
Lightning flashes in the sky the drums keep up a roll  
The bear must have his space and the wolf be free to howl  
Whispers in the night silent flight of the owl  
Track small or not at all in harmony with the land  
Creatures of the forest are brother to the man  
When man is a brother he looks with different eyes  
The way of our ancestors must not be allowed to die  
In this circle of life we live the symbol that is round  
Lightning flashes in the sky the drums continue to pound

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