## 34. breaths

Listen more often to things than to beings Listen more often to things than to beings This is the ancestors breath When the fire's voice is heard 'tis the ancestors breath in the voice of the waters Ah wsh ah wsh

Those who have died have never never left
The dead are not under the earth
They are in the rustling trees
They are in the groaning woods
They are in the crying gras
They are in the moaning rocks
The dead are not under the earth

Those who have died have never never left
The dead have a pact with the liing
They are in the women's breast
They are in the wailing child
They are with us in the home
They are with us in the crowd
The dead have a pact with the living

So listen more often to things than to beings Listen more often to things than to beings This is the ancestors breath When the fire's voice is heard 'tis the ancestors breath in the voice of the waters Ah wsh ah wsh

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