

Dancer To The Drum

Beth Nielsen Chapman

Fast asleep in the dawn of ages
The soul of every child
Has waited to be born a stranger
Underneath the drum of his mothers heart

Lying deep in a dream of darkness
Where fear has never gone
Each spark of a life is started
Blind and pure to the world we come
Blind and pure to the world we come

Each of us a dancer to the drum
Each of us a dancer to the drum
Blind and pure we come

One is born into a life of hunger
One will be a king or a rich man's son
One will kill out of greed or anger
One will give his life for another one

There are smiles in the lies of innocence
There are blooms in the walls of stone
And we will see ourselves
In the eyes of everyone we have ever known
Everyone we have ever known

And the heart, the heart will ever be a witness
And precious time, no treasure is worth
And the child, the child will carry our existence
Through the days that we have on earth

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Blind and pure we come

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