

# Tree

## Rusted Root

Ever see the tree, ever feel yourself  
Wrapped around the wind  
Let go of your desire

Desire will suffer in the end  
suffer the will, will of the child  
the child will be born on our death  
Child will be born on our death

Oh let the child be born  
and be brought to the sun

As desire will come and suffer the will, will  
will of the child [repeat 2 times]

Everything is so beautiful  
Everything is so simple now

Colors weave into symbols of life  
symbols of life they weave into the wind  
Oh weary child rest your head  
Very soon the colors come alive

And the child will be born  
born on our death  
child will be born on our death

Oh let the child be born  
and be brought to the sun  
As the symbols of life  
weave into the wind [repeat 1 time]

Because everything is simple now  
Nothing has ever changed  
The colors all weave with life  
Let the weary child be born

Because everything is simple now  
Nothing has ever changed  
The colors all weave with life  
as we move into the wind