

Footprints

Wayne Shorter

Thousands of years before history recorded
Deep in the jungle a woman stepped on wet clay
And the print remained there
Future reminder of ages ago

Many lives later a traveler crossed the same path
Under the vines he saw traces of that footprint
Silent testimony
Spiritual journey begun long ago

Eons of changes, illusion of some progress
Fearfulness leading us further from the soul power
Known in early ages
When nature's heartbeat rang loud on the earth

The key to our freedom lies not just in our thinking
The ancient intuition that's buried deep within us
Is waiting to be set free
The creator's gift to her children must flow

We call on the past now to show us where to go
We're closer to then than we may want to show
We're closer to then than we may really know
Footprints
Ancient footprints