

String of Hope

String of hope; send me home Tie me to my brother. String of hope; send me home Return me to my mother.

Our Mother Earth is as delicate as the web; Of the spider, on the wall. Lest we forget we're born of her as we are; And we must receive her call.

If we refuse to accept this; If what we do is rejected; What we're doing is tearing one more string of hope.

String of hope; send me home Tie me to my brother String of hope; send me home Return me to my mother.

Sing of hope. See that fear is nothing more; Than a spider on the wall. That spider is just a part of us; As Mother Earth, is to us all.

If we pursue doubting; Whether we're all in this together; What we're doing is tearing one more string of hope.