

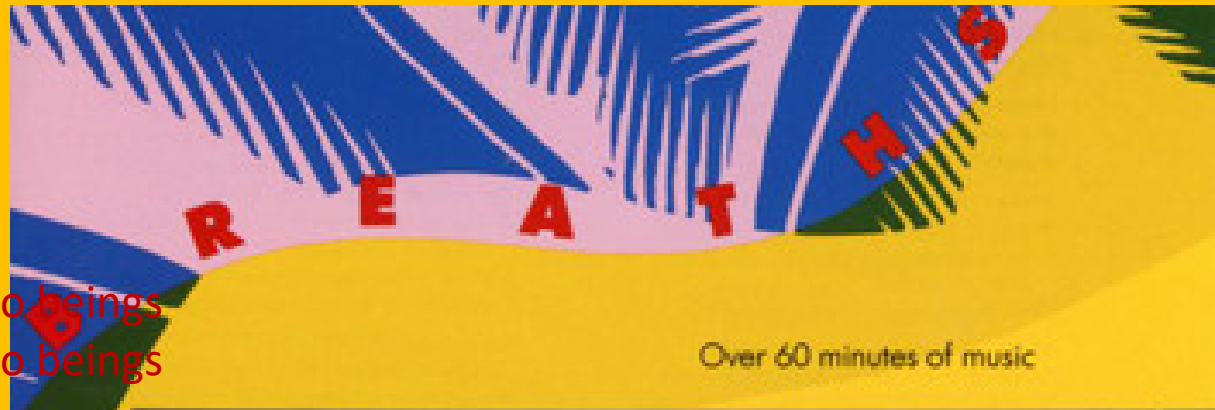
Listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
Tis' the ancestors' breath
When the fire's voice is heard
Tis' the ancestor's breath
In the voice of the waters
Ah -- wsh Ah – wsh



Sweet Honey in the Rock

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 grass
They are in the moaning rocks
The dead are not under the earth

Listen more often to things than to beings
Listen more often to things than to beings
Tis' the ancestors' breath
When the fire's voice is heard
Tis' the ancestor's breath
In the voice of the waters
Ah -- wsh Ah -- wsh.



Over 60 minutes of music



Sweet Honey in the Rock

Those who have did have never, never left
The dead have a pact with the living
They are in the woman's breast
They are in the wailing child
They are with us in our homes
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
Tis' the ancestors' breath
When the fire's voice is heard
Tis' the ancestor's breath
In the voice of the waters
Ah -- wsh Ah -- wsh



Sweet Honey in the Rock