

We are not the first and we won't be the last
For the thread's wound too tight to unravel.
If we stare in the mirror and never look back
We won't see the roads we have traveled.

Generations, like a rock beneath the waters
Generations, more and more
Generations, from our mothers to our daughters
Break and blend in the waves on the shore.



The sound of the blood running fast through our veins
Is louder than any word spoken.

The ties that now bind us to those who are gone
Have grown far too strong to be broken.

Generations, like a rock beneath the waters
Generations, more and more
Generations, from our mothers to our daughters
Break and blend in the waves on the shore.



Our grandmothers' stories will still keep the faith
When grandchildren gather together.
The songs of our mothers that rocked us to sleep
Will sing to our children forever.

Generations, like a rock beneath the waters
Generations, more and more
Generations, from our mothers to our daughters
Break and blend in the waves on the shore.

