

We Can Be

Being is becoming what we choose
Choosing is becoming what we are
What we are is the manifestation
Of the darkest or brightest conception
We can think of ourselves
When in silence and alone
We realize that we can be what we choose to be.

We can be truth seekers
We can be dream makers
We can be the rainbow
And the treasure of gold molded into one thought.

We can be freedom
We can be hope
We can be the soul of the earth
Taking spilled blood and turning it into eternal life.

We can be silence
We can be sound
We can be songs of redemption
Turning this world into hallowed ground.

We can be hearts
We can be minds
We can be seekers who seek
We can be searchers who find

And doors will be opened
As we knock and enter in
We can become prophetic words
Written into life's pages by the Divine pen

We can be luminaries
Who walk planets like Earth
And from first moments of conception and birth
We can build nations
We can build worlds
We can be the voice of truth liberating every woman, man, boy and girl.

We can be healers and teachers and keepers of light
We can be the Phoenix rising from its own ashes
Growing new wings with which we take flight
And as we descend once more upon the earth

As angels in human disguise
We who once walked as the foolish
Will walk ways of the wise
Being resurrected, every word spoken
Will carry the power of divine.

For we can be what we choose to be.

We can be life reborn from death
As the kingdoms of injustice and destruction are shattered
And the reign of peace and love among all nations
Will be the only thing that matters.

We can be the calming breeze
We can be the raging storm
We can be the touch that heals
We can be the hand that harms
We can be the sound that soothes
We can be the voice of hope
We can be songs of triumph
Born out of broken notes.

We can be jaded and scattered
We can be lost in the wind
Or we can be guiding lights
Renewing life for both foe and friend

We can be the life that perishes
Or we can be hope reborn
We can be the love and wisdom of God
Walking this earth in human form.

For being is becoming what we choose
Choosing is becoming what we are
We were molded and sculpted in light
Just as the bright, morning star
If we can simply see ourselves in our true and sacred form
Then the end of all the madness will begin
As heaven on earth will be reborn.

For we can be what we choose to be.

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