

Breaths

Chorus:

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 ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

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

Chorus:

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 ancestors' breath in the voice of the waters

Those who have died 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 the home, They are with us in the crowd
The dead have a pact with the living

Chorus:

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
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Birago Diop