

Gilberto Gil, The Secret Life Of Plants

I can't conceive the nucleus of all
Begins inside a tiny seed
And what we think as insignificant
Provides the purest air we breathe

But who am I to doubt or question
The inevitable being
For these are but a few discoveries
We find inside the Secret Life of Plants

A species smaller than the eye can see
Or larger than most living things
And yet we take from it without consent
Our shelter, food, habilment

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But far too many give them in return
A stomp, cut, drown, or burn
As is they're nothing
But if you ask yourself where would you be
Without them you will find you would not

And some believe antennas are their leaves
That spans beyond our galaxy
They've been, they are and probably will be
Who are the mediocrity

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