

Belief Not Required

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Your Belief Is Not Required

You walk around being human putting on your human show
You might have a plan, think you're in charge.
Can you say, "Hello ego"?
I don't mean to bend you out of shape I just want to talk now that you're awake
You're a divine cog in the Deux Machine 'cause you signed on as a human being
And every vibe you send has a big back end
And it never ends so rinse and think again
You're making up your life with every thought you think
Sending signals out every time you blink. Don't break your brain to get it figured.
Your belief is not required.
So while you walk around - being human something's out there's doing things
Think about and feel what you want it appears like a boomerang
You hate your job so you call in sick then you return to a bright pink slip
You're feeling blue and you need some love that afternoon your grandma sends you gloves.
Every vibe you send has a big back end
And it never ends so rinse and think again
You're making up your life with every thought you think
Sending signals out every time you blink
Your belief is not required.
It's how we're wired
So make your declaration with expectation. Your thought is taking form.
praise your divination with exaltation and your life will take amazing form.
Everywhere we look are human beings making life up as we go
Every thought is another chance to decide where we will go.
Want a family where you belong; levnd a hand and friend will come along.
what more kindness in a world of hurt, be kind in your little cornere of the world.
Every vibe you send has a big back end
And it never ends so rinse and think again
You're making up your life with every thought you think
Sending signals out every time you blink
Your belief is not required.
It's how we're wired
It's how we're wired

Long Strange Journey

Who knew we'd still be standing as the world around implodes. Who knew we'd have to start from scratch again. It's easy to get caught up in the troubles all around and forget that life is wonderful when you've got your friends.

You know the sun keeps rising in the eastern morning sky and that big moon keeps wheeling overhead. So, stop and count your blessings; I'm sure you'll find a few, and if you need a hint be grateful you ain't dead.

So let's sit around and reminisce about the fun we've had and joke about the goofy things we tried, and chuckle over how we ever managed to survive; how hitting all those speed bumps made for quite a ride.

And what a long strange journey it's been. I never would have made it without the help of friends
What a long strange journey it's been and even now I cannot see the end. Cuz it never ends ...
Every breath I take is like a little prayer forgiving all those things that make me mad. Well, It takes a little effort to change a point of view yet we're here for such a short time it's foolish to be sad.

When I think the people and all lives I've touched it seems as if there really is a plan, and that life's more than a random dance among crowds and all that really matters is we do the best we can

Changing Times

Do you feel like I do? Do you feel like I do?

You watch the days pass you by and thought you had more time.

But the world is spinning too fast in these changing times.

Like a river flowing slowly to the sea becomes a waterfall

What use to take 40 days and nights takes no time at all.

We have fourteen hundred and forty minutes each and every day

Our ten thousand thoughts each minute are how we

change our minds and change these times

Life is short and full of chance; Forget the hand of fate.

Give up your reasons and swallow your pride; take a leap of faith

Don't be discouraged if your ship hasn't come in.

Jump in to the water and learn to swim.

In our dreams we can remember who we came to be

Still, we walk around and stumble obliviously

We made a choice to live in these changing times

And everything we do and think is a ripple on the pond

Bridge Across Forever

Last night I had a dream. I dreamed a bridge across forever with stairs that spiraled to the stars.

And as I walked across I found that time was really round, spinning round.

And on this bridge across forever I saw my past I saw my future.

How every action that I take; every choice and move I make moves mountains.

We're moving mountains

We are the Ones we've been waiting for. Time spins around 'til we're back once more.

And across time we must reach; the children we must teach from lessons learned and bridges

burned to turn the world we see into the world we dream.

And from this bridge across forever I saw how people live together.
How every name is etched in time, the greedy and the kind. Where's mine?
So walk this bridge into forever and let it change your point of view
to the possibility of a world in harmony. Harmony.

It's a Mystery

Oh darling where did we go wrong? How can you stay away so long?
Each night I sit on my front porch wondering why you don't come 'round no more.
I thought that we understood we had a chance at something good.
Instead you're gone without a note like my love meant nothing to you.
Darling why can't you see what you're doing to me? I can't eat. I can't sleep alone.
When I walk down the street everybody I meet's asking me where you have gone.
I gotta say it's a mystery. It's a mystery to me.
Do you remember the night we met? Sharing secrets beyond sunset.
By moon rise my world had changed; I could see my life with you.
Now I've given up trying to sleep. Your memory is on my sheets.
Each morning I'm all alone with a you-shaped hole in my heart.
Maybe you're worried that we're too good to last and that's got you running scared.
You gotta know, I'm terrified you are just running through every bus stop out there.
I leave a message on your phone each day. I pray you listen before you wipe it away.
There's no magic wand I can wave. I'm just begging you to talk to me.
Darling I've got my heart on my sleeve. I'm not ashamed I wanna believe
You'll stop running away from love and remember why you chose me

Face the Sun

When I face the sun I see no shadow And the Light of Love it flows where I go.
I know it can be that easy.
I know it's true what I think expands So I think my life as I want it and
I know it can be that easy.
That's why I'm gonna face the sun. Oh, I'm gonna face the sun
That's why I'm gonna face the sun.
I take one step, any step at all And I walk away from where shadows fall.
I know it can be that easy.
I pretend I'm brave and suddenly I am Every dream I dream is at my command.
I know it can be that easy
When I face the shadows and let them have their way.
My days are filled with shadows and that is where I stay.
Until I say "I've had enough" and choose another path.
And with that one decision my life is mine at last.

Upon Time

Upon time there was a girl, who came down from the star light to tell the truth of home
And as time always will, it forgot to tell its secrets so she wondered 'What am I to do?'
What a wonderful world this is. The air is warm and sweet.
Finned or feathered, scaled or furred she loves the creatures she meets.

Learning to be human no memories alive, In youth she lost her way.
Diving into darkness crying out for justice, she ran so far and fast
without rest.
With the weight of life upon her and the road of life before her; no light and no reprieve.
Blind rage, struggle, terror takes its toll. She feared her soul might leave
Crying, Give me some sanctuary. Call my soul's true name.
Where are my guardian angels? Tell me why I came. Talk to me.
It was a day like any other at the bitter end of matter when wisdom finally arrived.
A voice came softly to her ear to say why she was alive.
You were born a warrior of the truth. Your courage flows like blood
Let there be no secrets; time to tell the world we are light and love. Light and love.

My Heart is a Nest

My heart is a nest, a home full of welcome
For leagues of angels singing with joy
My heart is a nest where winged-ones gather,
And raise up their voices and sing in the air.
My heart is a nest full of kindness for strangers,
Who welcome my smile with a smile of their own.
My heart is a nest for the poor weary traveler
Who wanders forever, seeking a home.
Such simple safety our wingless souls seek.
Daylight or night light, the dwelling place speaks.
A circle of goodness, a circle 'round Earth.
Fly from far places, come home ... to your birth
My heart is a nest the broken parts mended,
the center is softened by mercy and care.
My heart is a nest, that is lined with my laughter,
Warmed by my wonder and dry of all tears

Calling Your name

I had a name before I was born, before I was formed I had a name
I had a name, given by Spirit. Time that I hear it and remember again
Time to remember my place in the plan; the love in my heart, the gifts of my hands.
Time to rekindle that fire in my belly that drives me to tell you, "Remember again."
We came to be artists, teachers and healers. We came to be warriors, servants, and kings.
Whatever your essence through eon and eon the Infinite Spirit is calling your name.
Too many times, too many lives, we seek to hide and forget our name.
I hear your name, I see your flame, lighting your way, to follow your heart
We're calling your name, the season is here to open your heart and remember your name.
I'm calling your name. I see your Spirit turning to hear it and remember again.

Cosmic Dancer

Josie can't understand how things can go so wrong.

Josie works her heart out trying to get ahead.
But every time she thinks she's close to getting what she wants
Something changes, someone changes, and everything goes wrong.
Now Josie's trying to figure out what she's doing here.
There must be a reason, some plan, or an excuse.
Life would be easier if she had a user's manual
To live her life by perfectly. But then again, it might not.
Everybody is a cosmic dancer. Everyone is a shooting star.
Everyone is a stranger here like you.
Everybody's got to go through pressure. Everyone's got to figure it out..
That Love is what we all came here to do.
Josie took a walk one day and wandered to the park.
Rain had washed the dirt away and everything was new.
Waiting on a battered bench a homeless woman sat,
With her suitcase and her toddler and a baby on her lap.
Josie heard their laughter and saw their joy shine through;
A peaceful kind of happiness, the kind she never knew.
Josie met that mother's eyes and finally understood
That even in the worst of times love will create good.
Josie read philosophy and Josie got her Masters.
Josie wrote a self-help book called "How to Live Your Life."
At the top of every page Josie posed this question:
"What act of kindness can you do to make somebody smile?"
Truth is we're all kindred spirits having a human experience.
It's just so hard sometimes to remember.
It doesn't matter what we do; only how we love
because everybody here's a kindred spirit, too.
Love is what we all came here to do.
Love is what we all came here to do.

A Life Worth Dying For

When I was last in heaven I chose this form and face when my soul decided to join the human race. I set goals made promises and now I'm keeping score, because this is the life I've been dying for.
Now I'm living like a warrior; doing whatever it takes -stretching on my comfort zone and learning from mistakes. I'm a wizard, I'm a mystic; I see beyond what seems. I'm a magnet for the energy to manifest my dreams.
To stand atop a mountain and swim in every sea, Fall in love like a rainstorm passionate and free. I want to sail to the horizon and welcome the unknown and sleep beneath the open sky and smile up at home.
Because this is the life I've been dying for and my stories and excuses they don't work anymore. I'm living large with no regrets; fearless to the end 'cause I'll never have another life this perfect again.
When next I'm whole in heaven, love washing over me, looking at my time on Earth and making my decree. How well did I live and love? Was I satisfied? What was my legacy and was it worth the ride?

Did I smile in every language? Did I laugh into the wind? Did I swim along with dolphins and feel the planet spin? Did I sing across the canyons? Walk fearless through the fire? Did I skip the light fantastic and feed my soul's desire?

Yes, this is the life I've been dying for and my stories and excuses they don't work anymore. I'm living large with no regrets; fearless to the end, because I'll never have another life this perfect again.

No, I'll never have another life this perfect again.

Mad O'Reilly

This here's a story about a bad ass mad man name of Dixon O'Reilly.

Dixon is a big man and he loves Little Sally; she is gentle pretty and fine.

They been sweethearts since they were children, planned to marry late in the Fall when they had enough money to buy that little farm / they had their eye on Late last summer there came a bad, bad man to our town of Badger Lake and this stranger took a shine, shine to Little Sally.

Late one Friday he hung around some when Sally was working late.

And he kept his red truck running while she locked up.

Now this stranger, this stupid bad man, didn't know the sweethearts had a standing date.

Dixon had gassed up his truck and picked daisies, packed a blanket so he was late.

He drove up as that bad man shoved Sally into his red truck and sped for the hills.

Dixon O'Reilly just loaded his rifle, narrowed his eyes and set out / to kill.

We could have told that bad, bad man messing with Sally was a big mistake

Cause there was no way in hell that Dixon would ever let that bastard escape.

As he drove through mountains / drove all night heading east.

He drove to the desert with Dixon O'Reilly / following.

It was noon on Tuesday ninety-nine degrees in our town of Badger Lake

When O'Reilly finally drove into town looking rough like he'd stayed out late.

He drove a red truck down main street / eyes ahead and looking grim.

He drove that red truck right down main street / with Sally in his pick-up / following.

Dix say's they found that truck out there on the state highway keys left in and no one around.

Plates took off like someone stole that truck away so he decided to drive it to town.

But no one ever claimed it / and no one ever will.

And so Sally drives it / to and from work where she's never alone.

Folks are private out here in Badger Lake / no one talks 'bout that long weekend or that red truck and that bad, bad man and nobody says what we're thinking.

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