

Way, The
by Donovan

I stay behind, I walk ahead
Apart, yet a part of everything
Nothing done and all is well
Never used, yet always full

Out of nothing comes the one
Out of one comes the two
Out of two comes the three
Out of three comes all things

The more it moves the more it yields
The valley spirit never dies
The root of heaven and of earth
Empty now of everything

Out of nothing comes the one
Out of one comes the two
Out of two comes the three
Out of three comes all things

From below it is not dark
From above it is not bright
You cannot see when it began
Follow it, there is no end

Out of nothing comes the one
Out of one comes the two
Out of two comes the three
Out of three comes all things

It has no aim, it is so small
It has no name, it is so great
It is not seen, it is not heard
Nothing done or left undone

Out of nothing comes the one
Out of one comes the two
Out of two comes the three
Out of three comes all things