

Primordial Spirits of Man

by Chris Rahe

The clash of Titans
Olympic ghosts
That still invade
Their earthly hosts
Breaking through our defenses
Under psychological pretenses
The primordial spirits of man

We always abuse
The same worn out excuse
Failing to see through
A natural ruse
Unseen phantoms
Subtly manipulate
All that we fear and hate
Just blame it on fate

Don't insult me
Don't bore me with lies
Let honesty rule
Why don't you open your eyes

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Olympic ghosts
That still invade
Their earthly hosts
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We take it for granted
What's been mentally planted
Conditioned to be enchanted
By this and that "logy"
Always failing to see
All the powers that be
Working on levels cosmically

Don't insult me
Don't bore me with lies
Let honesty rule
Why don't you open your eyes

And see the primordial spirits of man
these spirits of man
from the dawn of time
spirits of man
somewhat sublime
SPIRITS