

Path Of The Beam

Becoming the Archetype

The crooked path is becoming straight
As we move toward perfection
That old black rider ever chasing
No longer sets the direction

We ride on a beam of light
On a wave of pure precision
Our souls arise in endless flight
And we are one in perfect fusion

We ride into the atmosphere
And leave the world behind
Ride because the end is here
No force on earth can hold us down

There is truth in the illusion
But do not be deceived
There is a greater purpose
Than what is easily perceived

The presence of the light increases
While everything is growing dim
This fleeting world withers away
Revealing beauty concealed within

The evidence of perfection grows
While kingdoms rise and fall
The souls of men are drawn to the source
That binds us all

Makes us who we are
We are the sleepless ones
The ones who will be changed
The living, breathing, body of light

And we've got freedom coursing through our veins