

# The Emptiness of Spirit

Omnium Gatherum

How many paths must a man walk down until you call him a man  
And if it isn't good I understand With different rights

The days to settle down,  
To hear what's going low  
There's a bitter old ghost  
And a side trail every morning

How many paths must a man walk down until you call him a man  
And when it comes to this Easily for those with beer, Honey Wait  
ting

The days to settle down,  
To hear what's going low

And it's in the wind  
The spirit blowing the answer  
To an asshole's face  
Not to swear for nothing,  
In synchronicity that's even still perfect

There's a bitter old ghost and a side trail every morning