

And then the words were coming back
It was gonna get ugly
And so I kissed his garments
and sat silent while he spoke
For holy men use words only to teach how to let go
How a pure mind takes emptiness as its form

And you look down that dragon spine and you hold on
Hanging on that cliff
Terrified, your voice might fall
and drag you with it

Just quiet your mind, quiet your mind

O, I was young
And what was meant to bring me closer to death - as I recall
Made me just a little short of breath, that's all
And so I held on to my fear, to red dust
As I crawled, naked and bleeding, across the temple floor

Such are the visions
We collect to console
Ourselves about the present day
About the modern soul

Lord, have mercy, have mercy on me...