An American Prayer / Hour For Magic / Freedom Exis

The Doors

Do you know the warm progress
under the stars?
Do you know we exist?
Have you forgotten the keys
to the kingdom
Have you been borne yet
& are you alive?
Let's reinvent the gods, all teh myths
of the ages
Celebrate symbols from deep elder forests
[Have you forgotten the lessons
of the ancient war]
We need great golden copulations
The fathers are cackling in trees
of the forest
Our mother is dead in the sea
Do you know we are being led to
slaughters by placid admirals
& that fat slow generals are getting
obscene on young blood
Do you know we are ruled by T.V.
The moon is dry blood beast
Guerrilla bands are rolling numbers
in the next block of green vine
amassing for warfare on innocent
herdsman who are just dying
O great creator of being
grant us one more hour to
perform our art
& perfect our lives
The moths & atheists are doubly divine
& dying
We live, we die
& death not ends it
Journey we more into the
Nightmare
Cling to life
Our passion'd flower
Cling to Cunts & cocks

of despair
We got our final vision
by clap
Columbus groin got
filled w/green death
(I touched her thigh
& death smiled)
We have assembled inside this ancient
& insane theatre
To propagate our lust for life
& flee the swarming wisdom
of the streets
The barns are stormed
The windows kept
& only one of all the rest
To dance & save us
W/the divine mockery
of words
Music inflames temperament
(When the true King's murderers
are allowed to roam free
a 1000 Magicians arise in the land)
Where are the feasts
we are promised
Where is the wine
The New Wine
(dying on the vine)
resident mockery
give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling flight
& velvet hour
We of arabic pleasures's breed
We of sundome & the night
Give us creed

To believe
A nightr of lust
Give us trust in
The Night
Give of color
hundred hues
a rich mandala
for me & for you
& for your silky

pillowed house
a head, wisdom
& a bed
Troubled decree
Resident mockery
has claimed thee
We used to believe
in the good old days
We still receive
In little ways
The things of Kindness
& unsporting brow
Forget & allow
Did you know freedom exists
in school books
Did you know madmen are
running our prisons
w/in a jail, w/in a gaol
w/in a white free protestant
maelstrom
We're perched headlong
on the edge of boredom
We're reaching for death
on the end of a candle
We're trying for something
that's already found us
Wow, I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain
south
Cruel bindings
The sevants have the power
dog-men & their mean women
pulling poor blankets over
our sailors
I'm sick of dour faces
Starong at me from the T.V.
Tower, I want roses in
my garden bower; dig?
Royal babies, rubies
must now replace aborted
Strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood-meal
for the plant that's plowed
they are waiting to take us into
the severed garden

Do you know how pale & wanton thrillful
comes death on a stranger hour
unannounced, unplanned for
like a scaring over-friendly guest you've
brought to bed
Death makes angels of us all
& gives us wings
where we had shoulders
smooth as raven's
claws
No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
until its other jaw reveals incest
& loose obedience to a vegetable law
I will not go
Prefer a feast of friends
To the Giant family

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