

# 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 servants 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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