

# Spiritual Fantasy

## Steppenwolf

Humanity grew weary of it's doubtful state of mind  
So it summoned from far and called from near  
All the wise men thought to be sincere  
To heal it's wounds and make it whole  
And the lead the way back to the soul  
The Charlatans they stayed behind  
To count their bags of gold  
And some stayed away as if to say  
I know that my way's the only way  
Afraid to learn they may be wrong  
They preach their nothingness at home  
But the wise men came together  
With the hope to free mankind of the rubbish  
That had gathered in God's name  
To embrace and trust each other  
In the search for the supreme and they found  
That all their teachings were the same  
And when at last the word went round  
That all were one and all  
Many returned to seek the light  
Nobody claimed that he was right  
It's sad to know it's just a song  
To dream and hope still can't be wrong  
But the wise men came together  
With the hope to free man kind of the rubbish  
That had gathered in God's name  
To embrace and trust each other  
In the search for the supreme and they found  
That all their teachings were the same

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