

Bounty Of Age

Ancestors

sparring with the paramount crime: our whim is our purpose
through the molecular glaze, may we discover the bounty of age?

we project and transcend; you've served your time

he who confides in unwritten law, is the man who cries the Nile
life is much more beautiful, when it means nothing at all.

the purchase of soul, the hands they are nailed
the Tempean fall, with what you Will.

in the shameless difference between; life within the grains; of a mans jaw
or the nectar of the hemlock's roots; challenge the absurd; every, living way

knowledge is my own!

victory for those who revel in; a new discourse; owners of thoughts
alive, the union of our sorrows; the shaded respite; light from darkness

knowledge is my own!

down from the tree, his steady hands carve, a return to the earth
sentient at his time, for he stared into the mirror of possibility

Lyrics submitted by Chico.

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