

Fucked Up, Looking For Gold

With heads for tails we've wrapped around the world
Our amber paths are etched to globes in code
We ride on tigers through fields of young and old
We search among you men looking for gold
Within the mines of human minds we seek to gain the Masters of the Name:
Are you the fire or just another flame?
We are the fluids that dance upon the rest
We follow deeper laws possessed within this mess
We perch atop the very writhing beast
Out of reach are we from all its claws and teeth
Our lives are shot to god from living bows
We live in streams of mercury
We're a current through the centuries
As legends fade and Kali wakes
Our fate owes no faith to this age
So we spend the final days looking for gold
The smoke that rises from our stone will turn this world to dust
High and low, above below
We look in places no one goes
To boil the base and to transmute the world
We Pan the rivers endlessly
To forge a golden dynasty
Our chemistry turns living into light.
We beat the drum to stir the elements
They separate to liberate the best
Our suns are rising west transcend the meek
Our laws will part the golden from the weak
The bees decide who listens and who speaks
Their golden mead is fed to heads we keep
New worlds and paths do these new minds conceive
Not those who could become but those who be
We wont rest until the Golden Dawn
We fight with our black books in this grim war...
Whole in the broken, straight in the bent
We make the muddy waters clear
We plunge to depths unknown for the adepts
We secure conditions for the rest
And we rise
On horses black we plunder through
The white with serpents eggs strapped to
Our backs are turned against the silver moon
Transcend transmute to absolutes
The serpent sun illuminates
Our golden age where all the lead is gone