

# 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