

Quintessence, Manco Capac

Nobody knows where the spirit lies
Some people search all the passing eyes
In all those faces of marked disguise
And love comes from wishing cloud skies
And love comes from wishing
And love comes
And love
And love, love, love, love

High on a mount in the sacred place
The Holy sun is born to the lake
He radiates his life - the sun's son
In water and cosmic energy the God's flow
And he is the spirit in the lake of time
His eyes are the Truth you seek
His face is blue wishing cloud skies