

# Cynic, King of Those Who Know

From the mountain top  
He looks upon the crowds  
Mindful among the mindless  
Unbound  
King of those who know  
I'm sheltering the fears  
The loneliness exposed  
An ocean born of tears  
For the world  
The churchyard bells  
Ring mine for just today  
Save me from hope  
That I'll be saved  
King of those who know  
My thirst unquenchable  
The rain could become gold  
And share my box of bones  
In the ground  
We raise the vibratory level so high  
That all untruth will fall  
Of its own dead weight  
King of those who know  
I've taken off my clothes  
The diamond crushed the stone  
And gave the world a heart  
Our karma's all been burned  
The molecules emerge  
In a world beyond this world  
We dare, speak the word  
King of those who know  
Into the pure abodes