

# Cynic, Textures

Cosmic mother awaken us in  
Thine impartial love for all  
Bless us that we be free from  
The sway of greed and delusion  
Inspire us to build a new world  
One in which famine, disease and ignorance  
Will be only memories of a dismal past

CHORUS

Creative mother arouse us to know  
That we be not lost in the sands  
Open our eyes

Creative mother arouse us to know  
Inspire us to build a new world  
Since forever we've yearned to  
Quench what's never fulfilling  
Lost endeavors found in a stilled  
Mind if we be willing

CHORUS

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