

# Incubus, Absolution Calling

It's like an intuition or a feeling in the air  
An intangible impression that's always everywhere  
You bit into the apple, laid down your sword an shield  
(Untie! A little bit dies, a little each time, the medicine smile)  
Then spun 'round like a gyre in the unified field!  
(Inside, your elegant guide, an arrow in flight a million miles)

I remember feeling the opposite of falling  
(Into that spot where we untie every knot)  
Spinning past the ceiling, absolution calling...  
"Are you there, or not?"

It's an open invitation, come see the sights of sages  
We've been a pride of lions so afraid to leave our cages  
Don't fret over the pieces that smolder in the sun  
(Untie! A little bit dies, a little each time, the medicine smile)  
'Cause nothing can be broken when everything is one  
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