

Kilgore, Middleway

You see the body is the Buddhi tree
The mind a clear mirror of me
Strive to clean so as to see
And not let the dust gather to be
Oh Charioteer
What is here?
You see the sick, old, dying and wisdom
For the Fourth I'd give all my kingdom
There's got to be a way.
Will I die, will I cry
Will I suffer, what words shall I pick to say?
Will I love, will I hate
In between there's got to be a way
Will I grow old, shall I break the mold
And follow the Buddha?
Am I wrong?
The coin toss always ends up Sunyata
I'm sick of all your religion
That's not infinite wisdom
Maybe here in material needs
I'll find the answer to my dreams
Oh Charioteer
What is here?
Maybe here in this mountain stream
I'll find the answers to my dreams
Yeah.
There's got to be a way
Will I die, will I cry
Will I suffer, what words shall I pick to say?
Will I love, will I hate
In between there's got to be a way
Will I grow old, shall I break the mold
And follow the Buddha?
Am I wrong?
The coin toss always ends up Sunyata