

# 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