

Michael Nesmith, Waking Mystery

Awake, behold, the morning's near.

Hope arouses, Truth enfolds,
The child of God, as man, is whole.

Is it waking mystery?
Are you dreaming, still asleep?
Love's not lost, you just are blind.
Come, let go, embrace the light.

Stumbling senses seem to hold
Some things precious and untold.
But all is lost inside the lies
Sold as sight from mortal eyes.

Awake, behold, the morning's near.
And confrontation conquers fear.
Hope arouses, Truth enfolds,
The child of God, as man, is whole.

Old horizons seeming small
Caught between the short and tall
But do not worry, just go on.
Love will guide you to the dawn.

Soon the spirit will replace
Substance found in time and space.
Oh, my friend, you are quite fine.
You see! There is no other mind.

Awake, behold, the morning's near.
Confrontation conquers fear.
And hope arouses, Truth enfolds,
The child of God, as man, is whole.