

The Flock

"Truth"

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In an ocean of frustration
Sails the ancient freedom boat.
Sailor man of wonder
On his island quite remote.
Truth the ship of oneness
In her stormy sea of doubt.
Dawn of rainbowed fancy
Beackons to young men of the night.
Dancing lady of temptation
Pull the shade and douse the light
Truth can only wonder,
A ray of hope is shining bright
Warriors of the outside,
Begin their pagan hostile dance
Mystics of hypocrisy,
They're the sad ones and they put
themselves out in a deep trance
Truth can only wonder,
If this world makes any sense.
Warriors of the outside,
Begin their pagan hostile dance

Mystics of hypocrisy

They're the ones who put the

sad ones in their trance

Truth can only wonder,

If this world makes any sense.

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