

The Last Poets

"Delights Of The Garden"

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Stream in which I bathe my face
Help me soar above this place
Leave me not to wander
Leave me not to wander

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Leave me not to wander
In disgrace, in disgrace

Reason draws itself the line
El Quran the signs define
Let me taste the vintage
Of the vine, divine

Help my feet to enter in
Where the garden streams begin
Save me from the consequence
Of sin, within

Sit me down on thick brocade
Served by youth who never age
Basking in the shade
That never fades

Guide me past that fiery room
Where the inmates that are doomed
Sit waiting
Midst the stench and gloom

Midst the crying and regret

Standing ankle deep in sweat
Vibing on a threat
That came too soon

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Help me soar above this place
Leave me not to wander
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Stream in which I bathe my face
Help me soar above this place
Leave me not to wander
In disgrace, in disgrace

In the shadow of the throne
Is where I want to make my home
Boundless stores of mercy
There are known, and shown

All the good one could acquire
Large eyed virgins with pure desire
Help me to retire
Beyond the fire

Just watch my mortal soul take flight
And gift me with a sharper sight
Spur me to ascend the higher heights
Of light

Here is where I want to be
Where my soul is burden free
Bathin' in a sea of tranquility
That's for me

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Help me soar above this place
Leave me not to wander
Leave me not to wander

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Leave me not to wander
In disgrace, in disgrace

Clothed in robes of gold and silk
Lofty mansions custom built
Enchanted springs of honey
And of milk

Surround myself with treasures rare
Peace notes saturate the air

Rewarded for past actions
That my soul did bear

Song my truer self doth sing
Peace and Joy about me ring
Glory to my Lord
The King of Kings

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