

## Jimi Hendrix "Crystal Ball"

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As I looked into my crystal ball...  
There was formed a tragedy.  
Oh but there's nothing to worry about...  
It was just a flash from my memory.  
Well it seems that the holiday wheel...,  
You know, the one that was between earth  
And the moon...well any way, there was  
2,000,000 killed...bodies floating in the  
Afternoon...

Explosions, 1,000 or more, announcing  
Tidal waves and hurricanes...  
And down on earth we lost 3 continents.  
Their fiery soul snuffed out by  
Nature's ice and rains...

And pieces of my life...floating,  
Still soaring through space...  
But my sons and their wives  
Landed on mars to start another race...

As I gazed upon my crystal ball,  
There formed a cloud of jealousy.  
But there's nothing to feel sad about...  
By this time, it's due for only history.  
Well, it seems that the chambers of the  
Gods were being emptied for good.  
Why would such heavenly beings want  
To desert earth ?  
But as I watched I understood.

As the clouds turned to a jealous  
Green, which was conceived in the heart  
Of man...the people didn't respect  
The help of the gods. instead they turned against  
Immortal man. as they tried to defy, they  
Died, into the wicked pits of hell.

Diana wept a tear after we made love  
And said: ?my earthly darling, I must bid  
You farewell...the fate of your mud brothers ...  
As pieces of my life...floating,

Still soaring in space...  
She could have been my wife  
But her time, I didn't dare wish  
To waste.

As I stared into my crystal ball,  
There was formed a tearing of hearts.  
Ego armies marched antly onto view  
Only to be blown apart.

As the sun whispered it's secret  
Through space...to men thinking the false pride  
Opposite...telling them that it was  
Such a disgrace to think that men were  
The ruler of it. well you know  
How the story goes...the sun they thought

Was their circling slave...  
Round and round and round the  
Table she goes. some carried  
The thought right to their grave...  
And I smell the scorch of the  
Burnt out minds...who searched  
For the hurting truth of space. and the  
Dizziness they felt inside...  
Reflected off the spinning  
Slave pebble earth...

As fragments of my life...  
Some floating, some soaring in space  
Collections of my soul  
Will turn complete only as time will age.

As my tears drop on my crystal ball,  
Magnifies the reflections of christ.  
As I blink, his angels take him away.  
What he said, man tries to self  
?help from god. as reward, he  
Wipes our blood from his eyes...  
And the cross that he would  
Use for his throne represents  
Not life but death. is this the way  
All heroes go ? ...carrying the first necklace  
Of death...  
His preaching the belief  
Of eternal happiness to rest.  
Or were his angels just ufos  
Vapor trails lead from  
Another light year land...  
Or was it really tomorrow's  
Awakening day dream...blemished

By the smudgy finger prints of man...

And slivers of my life...floating,  
Still soaring in space...  
And spirits of bee hives  
Even they find a resting place.

As I wander through my crystal ball,  
I suddenly ride upon the waves of sound.  
I see platforms of launching  
Pads even before the first blade of  
Grass turned brown.

And I taste their tunnels through  
The sky...as the axis turns in it's womb.  
Frozen flowers and animals try to  
Hold positions they had before  
Their morning bloomed...  
And I follow the last rocket up  
To the libraries of the moon's meadows.

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