

Motley Crue "Spirits"

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How mightily ye shineth in the
night, my creator.

I swirl..I drift..
I am air, and I am thought..
My thoughts are fierce,
the change is on...
Yet it is far away.
I am newborn, yet they call me ancient..
I feel a prescence..
I feel countless other essences,
surround me in space.
My brethren...
We descend into this sphere...

Empty... Barren... Landscapes..
Yet here is life...
I feel happy life in this world...
Our time is not ripe.
We must drift for now..
We shall in time,
create new kinds of spirits.
We shall in time,
find our abodes,
and be given shapes visible.
But for now..We drift...

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