

Cynic

"Textures"

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Cosmic mother awaken us in
Thine impartial love for all
Bless us that we be free from
The sway of greed and delusion
Inspire us to build a new world
One in which famine, disease and ignorance
Will be only memories of a dismal past

CHORUS

Creative mother arouse us to know
That we be not lost in the sands
Open our eyes
Creative mother arouse us to know
Inspire us to build a new world
Since forever we've yearned to
Quench what's never fulfilling
Lost endeavors found in a stilled
Mind if we be willing

CHORUS

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