

## Symbel

# "The Willing Suspension Of Disbelief"

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A song of heathen defiance and a redefinition of faith.

Take a new look at god  
In the dust it's the wrong way round  
Speak the place names and days  
Let the honey drip from your tongue  
The dew that runs from the before  
We're not scared of believing  
In the gods of before  
Inside us they are breathing  
We can wake them all  
A wise man knows himself  
And a fool knows the rest  
Universalism sets our eyes in the sand  
I know where the cool blue air  
Waits for the children  
Just be there, in how you feel  
Just be there, await the steel  
We're not scared of believing  
In the gods of before  
In our lands they are breathing  
Time to wake them up  
In our lore...  
In our hearts...  
In our minds...  
Don't be scared of believing  
In the gods of before  
In our lives shallow breathing  
I and I and us.

I pick up the spear that our  
Ancestor has thrown  
Clean it of it's darkness  
Ignorance and corruption  
And throw it on  
Newly shined  
For another 1500 years.

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