

## O' Cealleigh "Degrees"

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Degrees in circles  
Touch the wood to feel it grow  
With the spirit guided gestures  
Metaphysical science of self

Count degrees  
Count the trees  
Here and now  
Being me

Everything known in subconscious  
Superimposed in an astral plain  
Archangel ideas penetrate us  
Tuning in riding human beings

Count degrees  
Count the trees  
Here and now  
Being me

Moved around by waves around us  
Like sand vibrating on a plate  
Emotions, desires animate us  
An overmind field thoughts generate

Count degrees  
Count the trees  
Here and now  
Being me

Enlightened with forming matter  
Waving paths take hold unfold  
Soothing moving gently gestured  
Graced and guided by gods will

Count degrees  
Count the trees  
Here and now  
Being me

A such ness is in knowing

It itself as perceived  
Are we only automation?  
Or are we all free?

Count degrees  
Count the trees  
Here and now  
Being me

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