

## Primitive Reason

### "El Plumero"

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Count the thousands by the fingers  
A lineage of thousand wingers  
Equal head Equal body and leg Feathers that linger  
A piece is as complete as the whole in itself  
And these wings play a piece in the soul of my self  
My childhood was such a scary place Designed for  
such  
A weary race  
Of prodigally raised methodical faces nevertheless,  
In such a prime time the poets rhymed poetry  
Denounced decline arbitrary mounts of grime  
Stacked dirt was on the map and none could see  
Beyond reason none could see beyond the reason  
Saying don't be mad with us be sad with us  
Be glad that us is us be glad you're not alone  
Life from us is borne we told you once we told you  
Twice  
So the wiseman in philosophy has one advantage  
Over mask and personality it's being conscious  
That all life is one in unity so he is sane.

Insane is the man who maims the land  
With a plan to know control, pursuing selfish goals  
Earth knowledge now his demon, scarring his soul  
We laugh 'cause we have seen him  
We laugh 'cause we have been him yeah we laugh...

I don't know what happened,  
It seemed as if things were on the right path  
But something clicked inside of me that night  
And from that moment onwards nothing was ever the  
Same.  
Time changed. I felt I had lost something I yearn,  
I also felt that it is something I must earn  
Like a key to a door I must learn to see  
But the key and the door are inside of me...  
Struggling with sand hands, drag the physical man  
Now in ugly demand, prepared to do it all  
But can he withstand The fall of honor, He bleeds,  
He's a goner in need To the strong who survive  
The beholder holds comprehension as the way

The beholder folds the paper in which all sides  
Display  
Cuts out his own no I'll intentions just different  
Dimensions,  
Dimensions just different different dimensions  
Justify,  
Reactions I defy the actions I uphold so  
One day you have me, the next you don't  
Now you love me, now you don't

Insane is the man who maims the land  
With a plan to know control Pursuing selfish goals  
Earth knowledge now his demon Scarring his soul  
We laugh 'cause we have seen him  
We laugh 'cause we have been him yeah we laugh

Sane is the man who claims the land is a plan  
To know his soul refusing selfish goals  
Earth knowledge now his daemon Carrying his soul  
We laugh 'cause we have seen him  
We laugh 'cause we have been him yeah we laugh

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