

## Primitive Reason

### "Wanea"

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We run a nasty chain, the young will not betray us  
Our minds and mental frames protect us from the  
chaos

You too shall seek the truth amongst those that you  
Chose  
To win and lose We must escape from the shadows of  
Those  
That are chaining us down, that are blocking the  
Source underground  
Thus numbing is our world's most used appeal  
And numb is the word that our master deals  
The center is a constant and change surrounds it  
Change itself does not change wanea told me this  
When I was a little kid I used to figure this,  
That deep within the ground was the center of things,

And so that's where I was headed deep within the  
Ground  
And I did it, I was found through a hole in the ground

I dug ferocious till the motions stilled emotions  
And I saw notions asleep. I was to be what I was to  
Be.  
I had responsibilities to the opportunity  
And the possibilities that were offered to me  
A conquer at the cocoon, conquest to the capsule  
That covers and encloses seed soul  
Spirit manifestation in this material world  
And experience of the senses and senses not to miss  
so  
Picture this...  
A girl runs free through a dream surrounded by a  
Mystery  
That rips at the seams It is man made history,  
The supreme man-made one who stands at the gate  
Of the castle is a slave, one who says to her  
Dare you compare the clothes that you wear with your  
Body?  
Are they you? Are they true?

Do you measure? Do you separate?  
Can you calculate what it is  
That has made this dream that awakes into bliss?  
Before there was two there was one.  
Before there was one was the center.  
Remember? In the mind there is you and I.  
Between the earth and the sky there is you and I.  
In this castle or palace there is you and I.  
It is we that define and remind the divine.  
We met at sunset seasons later.  
Seems that then a bet was met by a maker  
Because in all these years neither the tears nor the  
Fears  
Amount to half of the cheers that I felt when I met  
Her  
Yeah I knew her I was pleased.  
Wanea was a woman who was tied to her beliefs.  
Had my head between her bosoms and explained so  
Gracefully.  
Volition is volatile vision, verbalized eloquently  
Sounding serious and committed to a far reality  
As in distant as in abstract, summarized beautifully  
Me, she said, I spy with the eye third you fly high  
Bird in the sky well it feels right, very light  
But very scary though  
Even though the higher you climb the higher you grow  
Unless you can fly you can fall and grow nothing  
You should beware over there  
They'll give you reasons why you should not care  
Become numb like them but remember that you  
Come from the ones that care, for the ones over there

You will smile and declare that you've come for us  
Like you've come for them that you've come to bust...

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