

The Living Word

Cass McCombs

The Word came first In the Beginning, came the Word Words can hurt
Let me speak the Living Word

Rolling thumbs; enough for the wise Each desperate blockhead dares
to write A voice in the ditch received in cold English Go ahead,
make a wish

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Lao Tzu replied Confucius as a myriad being: "How could this be
unknowing?" Albert's philosopher meant NOW YOU SEND

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LRH met Ho Chi Minh in Paris, 1939 Not that it matters the names,
the place, or time Alive in the root The black swan of the brood
Traveling faster and traveling mute

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Living order; enough for the lies Only the Immortal demand their
rights Returning to pen Returning to when The page was white
and the Word guided men

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