

## Path Of The Beam

### Becoming the Archetype

The crooked path is becoming straight  
As we move toward perfection  
That old black rider ever chasing  
No longer sets the direction

We ride on a beam of light  
On a wave of pure precision  
Our souls arise in endless flight  
And we are one in perfect fusion

We ride into the atmosphere  
And leave the world behind  
Ride because the end is here  
No force on earth can hold us down

There is truth in the illusion  
But do not be deceived  
There is a greater purpose  
Than what is easily perceived

The presence of the light increases  
While everything is growing dim  
This fleeting world withers away  
Revealing beauty concealed within

The evidence of perfection grows  
While kingdoms rise and fall  
The souls of men are drawn to the source  
That binds us all

Makes us who we are  
We are the sleepless ones  
The ones who will be changed  
The living, breathing, body of light

And we've got freedom coursing through our veins