

## 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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Let me speak the Living Word