

Incomudro - Hymn to the Atman

Kansas

Run a silent path to nowhere, everything is all
You could have a pleasant life if Summer had no Fall
Treat yourself so gently though the task is often hard
Man is not a God it seems, who holds the final card
Close your eyes and feel the darkness, speak and hear the sound

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We only catch a glimpse of all the life that is around,
The man is not alive who knows the value of his soul,
And when our lives are pulled away, there's more to fill the hole

I wonder what you'd think if all the changes didn't come,
For growing old is only going back to where you're from

Far beyond our senseless thoughts there lies a core of gold
Where essence of the newborn child is waiting in the old,
The Master Plan is well conceived, it's there for all to see
And each day that is spent in thought is living harmony
Reach into the depths of being, pass beyond the years,
Time is lost in stillness, where there are no hopes and fears,
Linger in the void, and like a beacon in the night
Purity will fill your soul with ever-present light

Everything you've seen is waiting patiently within
For growing old is only going back to where you've been