He was lying banged and battered, skewered and bleeding Talking crippled on the Cross
Was his mind reeling and heaving hallucinating
Fleeing what a loss

The things he hadn't touched or kissed His senses slowly stripped away Not like Buddha not like Vishnu Life wouldn't rise through him again

I find it easy to believe That he might question his beliefs The beginning of the Last Temptation Dime Story Mystery

The duality of nature, Godly nature Human nature splits the soul Fully human, fully divine and divided The great immortal soul

Split into pieces, whirling pieces Opposites attract From the front, the side, the back The mind itself attacks

I know the feeling, I know it from before Descartes through Hegel belief is never sure Dime Store Mystery, Last Temptation

I was sitting, drumming, thinking, thumping, pondering The Mysteries of Life Outside the city shrieking, screaming, whispering The Mysteries of Life

There's a funeral tomorrow
At St. Patrick's the bells will ring for you
Ah, what must you have been thinking
When you realized the time had come for you

I wish I hadn't thrown away my time
On so much Human and so much less Divine
The end of the Last Temptation
The end of a Dime Store Mystery