

Natural Mystic

Luka Bloom

There's a natural mystic blowing through the air
And if you listen carefully now you will hear
This could be the first trumpet
It might as well be the last
Many more will have to suffer
Many more will have to die
I don't tell no lie

Things are not the way they used to be
One and all have to face reality now
No one tries to find the answers
To all the questions they ask
Though I know it's impossible
To go on living through the past
I don't tell no lie

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