

## 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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Blowing, blowing through the air  
Blowing, blowing through the air