

The Emptiness of Spirit

Omnium Gatherum

How many paths must a man walk down until you call him a man
And if it isn't good I understand With different rights

The days to settle down,
To hear what's going low
There's a bitter old ghost
And a side trail every morning

How many paths must a man walk down until you call him a man
And when it comes to this Easily for those with beer, Honey Waiting

The days to settle down,
To hear what's going low

And it's in the wind
The spirit blowing the answer
To an asshole's face
Not to swear for nothing,
In synchronicity that's even still perfect

There's a bitter old ghost and a side trail every morning