

The Spirit Lives

Roy Harper

Where once were men are now but sheep
-a fiction and far cry
From planet earth's proud animal
-who would be you and I.
Alas, our forebears drank the cup of poisoned alibi
And made excuses far and wide,
and made God in the sky.

This boogaloo's now round the world
-bad trips for everyone.
No more the man of paradise
or the Celt of Albion.
They queue like burning moths to spread the all-time
vicious lie.
You christians destroyed our tribe
-I'll fight you till I die.

And you can cut me down for what I said
But goodness lives where God is dead.

The history of religion is the history of the State
Incestuous exploiters of a catalogue of hate.
The man of peace was over-run by armies of the "Lord"
Who signed their names to any war
and sang to praise the sword.

The mission heads for outer space
the voices ring and swell
With aeons of self-righteousness
the senseless echoes knell

The words get much more meaningless
-even plainer to tell
That those who would pronounce this God
are those who make this hell.

And you can cut me down for what I said
But goodness lives where God is dead.

LOVE IS THE great triumph over christianity.
She made a fool of silly priests. She mocked authority.
She filled her bed with happiness. She gripped his loins
for joy
And felt ecstatic agonies and screamed the sweetest
cry.
Her children are the legacy of failure to be chained
An everlasting mutiny of flowers where it rained.
They rise out of oppression
They speak with one accord.
The fountains breath- the spirit lives-
The future rests assured.

And to say that God is dead presupposes that
he was at some time alive.
Ooooo what a young fool I am.