

Humanity grew weary
Of it's doubtful state of mind
So it summoned from far and called from near
All the wise men thought to be sincere
To heal it's wounds and make it whole
And the lead the way back to the soul

The charlatans they stayed behind
To count their bags of gold
And some stayed away as if to say
I know that my way's the only way
Afraid to learn they may be wrong
They preach their nothingness at home

But the wise men came together with the hope to free man kind
Of the rubbish that had gathered in god's name
To embrace and trust each other in the search for the supreme
And they found that all their teachings were the same

And when at last the word went round
That all were one and all
Many returned to seek the light
Nobody claimed that he was right
It's sad to know it's just a song
To dream and hope still can't be wrong