

Poet, priest, and visionary rallied to the call  
The will of humankind defied them all  
Coveting the gold and silver idols of success  
Only to perpetuate duress

Every king's assassin waiting silently at bay  
Counting down until his holy day  
Artifacts of ancient wisdom buried in the sand  
Hastily upturned to clear the land

Now I ain't going to claim to be the second son  
I love my follow man  
But I hate what he's become  
And it goes on, and on, and on, and on, and on

To calculate the universe leads further from divine  
But can we comprehend all that we find?  
Artifacts of ancient wisdom buried in the sand  
Neglected and denied by us again

Now I ain't going to cast the first stone, you see  
I love my follow man  
And I love what he could be  
But it goes on, and on, and on, and on, and on