

# One

Charles Manson

Welcome  
Into the inner sanctum  
Of Manson

At the time of birth  
And every living life-form that  
Exists comes from  
Comes from  
Comes from  
Comes from

The coming from place  
Beyond the concepts of those  
Who have a face  
And it would be a waste of precious time  
To convict with the conflications of an aberrated mind  
Therefore, the stumbling blocks have been removed  
And the things that have wings  
Have flew, through you again

You mustn't realize  
The mind of a hawk  
The mind of the pigeon  
The mind of a dove

The falcon, the buzzard  
The condors in the sky fly free  
Forever  
Come on, world  
It must be one in order to be  
It is one on levels of beyond the things you'll think and do  
Beyond the conceptions of conceiving there  
With the birth of that what you might think is you

You play behind the hind the hind the hind the hind  
Behind the hiney-hine-hine-hine  
And then come back again through  
Whiskey, rum, and the shadows of the wine  
Who was the baddest boy you know  
Had already gave his life up two times