

## Between Me and My Maker

Kele

The butterfly lands on my palm  
And starts to speak to me  
He tells me to not think in 4's  
It's time to think in 3's  
It's a voice I recognise  
As a child he spoke to me  
He whispered softly through my toys  
And sang into my dreams

Into the light is where I'll go  
My body is not my soul  
When I die my spirit rise  
Upon a cloud of gold  
So nothing stands  
Between me and my maker

He leads me gently to the maze  
It's as far as he will go  
So I go down to underworld  
To face the beast alone  
There I saw infinity  
Coursing through my veins  
And every love I've ever had  
And should hope to have again

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My body is not my soul  
When I die my spirit rise  
Upon a cloud of gold  
I send a prayer to the firmament  
To remove what's in my way  
So nothing stands  
Between me and my maker

There are times we share our thoughts  
And can speak without words  
Like ghosts appear in cigarette smoke  
Like god as birds in flight  
If I abstain from lustful thoughts  
And read the sacred texts  
The boy you knew is different now  
He's on another plane

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Taste your words before you speak  
Careless talk can sink a ship  
The trickster pulls on magik strings  
It leads a path, coincidence  
Coincidence?

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Was it all coincidence?  
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