

THE UNINITIATED MAN

THE CURTAINS DRAWN, THE CANDLES LIT
IN THE CIRCLE HERE I SIT
BELIEVING IN THINGS AS BEST I CAN
I AM THE UNINITIATED MAN.

THE SIGILS SCRAWLED, THE WORDS INTONED
I WAIT FOR SPIRITS YET UNKNOWN
BUT NEITHER ZEUS NOR PETER PAN
WILL GREET THE UNINITIATED MAN.

I HAVE NOT LEARNED GREAT MYSTERIES
NO GODS OR DEMONS SPEAK TO ME
AND STILL THERE IS NO DIVINE PLAN
TO SAVE THE UNINITIATED MAN.

OH, LET ME FALL, OH LET ME BREAK
LET SKIES RAIN FIRE AND MOUNTAINS SHAKE
OH, TAKE MY EYE, MY VOICE, MY HAND
AND MAKE ME AN INITIATED MAN.

THIS SILENT NIGHT, THIS SILENT ROOM
I SIT AND CHANT IN PRIVATE GLOOM
STILL IN THE PLACE WHERE I BEGAN
I AM THE UNINITIATED MAN.