

DAWN OF THE ROCKS

Words by Doug Berger, 3/81

Visions of the visitation, the inhuman mind ascension

Condemns us from the apotheosis, to the river of forgetfulness.

As we awake from the big shock, it is the Dawn of the Rocks.

The Rocks fight for a place to stock their souls in the earth

Without clocks.

For time to Rocks does not exist.

An afterthought of stagnant drift.

A hint that we must resist.

Submission is the way to subsist.

The treasury of everlasting joy

Awaits the love of every girl and boy.

The treasury of timeless anxiety,

Awaits the mute children who cannot see...