

Quicksand

David Bowie

I'm closer to the Golden Dawn
Immersed in Crowley's uniform, of imagery
I'm living in a silent film
Portraying Himmler's sacred realm, of dream reality I'm frightened by the total goal
Drawing to the ragged hole
And I ain't got the power any more
No I ain't got the power any more I'm the twisted name in Goebbels eyes
Living proof of Churchill's lies, I'm destiny
I'm torn between the light and dark
Where others see their targets, in divine symmetry Should I kiss the viper's fang
Or herald in the death of Man
I'm sinking in the quicksand of my thought
And I ain't got the power any more
Don't believe in yourself
Don't deceive with belief
Knowledge comes with death's release
Ah ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah I'm not a prophet or a stone age man
Just a mortal with potential of a superman, I'm living on
I'm tethered to the logic of homo sapien
Can't take my eyes from the great salvation, of bullshit faith If I don't explain what you ought to
know
You can tell me all about it on the next Bardo
I'm sinking in the quicksand of my thought
And I ain't got the power anymore Don't believe in yourself
Don't deceive with belief
Knowledge comes with death's release
Ah ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah
Don't believe in yourself
Don't deceive with belief
Knowledge comes with death's release
Ah ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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