

# The Cure, Quicksand

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 anymore  
No I ain't got the power anymore  
I'm the twisted name on Garbo's eyes  
Living proof of Churchill's lies  
I'm destiny  
I'm torn between the light and dark  
Where others see their targets  
Divine symmetry  
Should I kiss the viper's fang  
Or herald loud the death of Man  
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

I'm not a prophet or a stone age man  
Just a mortal with the 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

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