

THE SPIRIT OF *PHANEROŌ* IN TIBERIAS

BY SCOTT FILLMER

The spirit penetrates the air
But futility still reigns supreme
It occupies the mind all of the day
Oblivious, save self, to the way.

Caught nothing but the sea
Chained by routine, still blind
Yielding yet unknowing
I follow, though I know not why.

These shackles I long to throw away
The breath I leap after
It becomes food for my brain
For the here, and ever after.

Love, love, love thee, the spirit perceives
Freed from the bondage of sin, just receive
No, no, no, I do not love thee I now know
Please help me to believe and I will go.

How is this man to live, how is this man to die
Wonder penetrates the air with grief
It matters not, you follow me, you'll see
Perfection now attainable, but only if you focus on me.