

The Song of the Dreamtime Snake

(A fifth dimensional project for pagan people)

The cosmic men of pagan days
Did pray their gods the cities raze,
To give them back their natural wild,
To live again as happy child,
And, in the Mother's warm embrace,
Bring forth a better, nobler race.

The jewel is in the lotus set;
An avatar, a god beget;
The sitars winning whining strum,
Om Magick Mani Padme Hum!

I'll flay the flesh with furies rods,
All homage to the pagan gods,
And rub to rawness, ruddy horns,
To pluck the rose with thorny briar,
The horn of Om Namah Shivayah:
For ever since it all began,
In pagan world of pagan man,
The magick mantra-yantra take,
To run the race but not forsake,
The magick sounds, the circle, rod,
In homage to our pagan god:
To naked dance before the shrine,
With naked priestess to be thine:
In Tantra take and tell and kiss
With Shiva-Shakti's magick bliss.

O, give to mankind once again,
The open world of heath and plain,
The forests thick and fields of grain,
The sun, the wind, and silver rain.

Let puritans in snuggy snot
Conserve their semen till it rot;
But I will plant in fleshy field

And get a better, joyful yield.
I'll snub society, the sods,
And germinate a race of gods:
With MahaKali in the lead,
The magick of the cosmos freed;
The goddess by her mystic might
Will put the world of fools to fright,
Shut out the sun and bring dark night,
A cosmic storm to blind all sight,
And wind and waves, a woeful gust
Will pound your cities into dust.

When all is gone, in peaceful air
Sweet nature will the world repair:
In woodland, meadow, dale and glen
A world for only pagan men.
Now gone the cant-hypocrisy,
Where no one ever could be free;
Philosophies, religions too
Which made an awful mess of you;
And gone that artificial dress
Which hid our joy and happiness.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath