

Return to the Jungle

By Tom DeFrango

So said the race of man, "The strongest shall survive."

As in jungles we began our quest to stay alive.

Our enemy was the cold and hunger was our pain,
and nature was the beast that we were born to tame.

Thus driven by our fear, by our power we befell
to prey upon the land and upon ourselves as well.

Till some of us in time were moved to understand,
so "good and evil" dawned in the consciousness of man.

And so a god we made that fitted our veneer,
a jealous angry god that we could learn to fear.

And we gathered our distrust and into nations we became,
to claim our cause as just all in the God-heads name.

We preyed upon the weak and made war against the strong.
With our god of fear to guide us, we could surely do no wrong.
As we counted up our dead there was none to stop the flood
Our altars running red with sacrificial blood.

So said the Son of Man that scripture tells us of.

The Father's only plan is the balanced law of love.

Our enemy is ourselves and judgment ours alone.

By nature we are blessed when we know it as our own.

For all our ills are born of unbalanced interchange.

The universal law of love cannot be rearranged.

The miseries of "hell" both after death and here
are made by us alone. There is no god of fear.

There is no god of sorrows who bears our sins so well.

No jealous angry god who threatens us with hell.

For God is only love. That's all that He can be.

He binds us by his law to be the same as He.

We haven't come so far from the jungle of our birth.

The gods of greed and fear are still governing the earth.

So listen race of man, unless we quickly learn
From the jungles we began. To the jungles will return.