



WARE

ROME FALLS

Schizophrenic Or Shamanic

Live in a world of twilight imagining,
Marginal to the society.
Live on the fringes, content to drift,
In your own self-created value system.

We have no tradition of Shamanism,
We have no tradition for the journey.
The journey into these mental worlds.
We are terrified of the madness.

Fear it for the western mind is.
No more than house of cards.
Fear it for the builders know it's
No more than house of cards.

You don't fit in,
You are a problem.
You don't pull your weight,
You're not of equal worth.
You are sick,
You must be locked up.
You're on a par with prisoners.
You are no different from a lost dog

The Shaman swims in the,
Schizophrenic Ocean.
For millennia he has drawn upon.
Sanctioned technics.



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You are special.
You will cure.
You will prophesise.
You will guide.
You will be drawn out.
You will be cared for.
Your abilities are central.
You will take the most fundamental decisions.

There is an impulse to return,
To what is felt by the body.
What is authentic,
What is archaic.

A desire to return to,
A magical empowerment of feeling.
At the centre,
Is the Shaman.

Invoking a world of conscious living mystery,
For that is what the world is.
The world is not an unsolved problem.
For scientists or sociologists.



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The world is a living mystery.

Our birth.

Our death.

Our being in the moment .

Our culture has killed that.

Taken it away from us.

We have become consumers of shoddy products,

Shoddier ideas.

There is an impulse,

To return to what is felt by the body.

Self-exploration, empowerment and hope.

Hope, for the Human enterprise.

Hope, for the Human enterprise.