

JIM MORRISON

Dal disco *An American Prayer* (1995)

Testi poetici e voce: **James Douglas Morrison** (1943-1971)

Produzione musicale: **John Densmore, Robby Krieger, Ray Manzarek**, con **Frank Lisciandro**

01 – An American Prayer ([ascolta il file mp3](#))

02 – Hour for magic ([ascolta il file mp3](#))

03 – Freedom exists ([ascolta il file mp3](#))

04 – Lament ([ascolta il file mp3](#))

AN AMERICAN PRAYER

Do you know the warm progress under the stars?

Do you know we exist?

Have you forgotten the keys to the Kingdom

Have you been borne yet & are you alive?

Let's reinvent the gods, all the myths of the ages

Celebrate symbols from deep elder forests

[Have you forgotten the lessons of the ancient war]

We need great golden copulations

The fathers are cackling in trees of the forest

Our mother is dead in the sea

Do you know we are being led to slaughters by placid admirals
& that fat slow generals are getting obscene on young blood

Do you know we are ruled by T.V.

The moon is a dry blood beast

Guerilla bands are rolling numbers in the next block of green vine
amassing for warfare on innocent herdsmen who are just dying

O great creator of being
grant us one more hour to perform our art & perfect our lives

The moths & atheists are doubly divine & dying

We live, we die
& death not ends it

Journey we more into the Nightmare

Cling to life
Our passion'd flower

Cling to cunts & cocks of despair

We got our final vision by clap

Columbus' groin got filled w/green death

(I touched her thigh & death smiled)

We have assembled inside this ancient & insane theatre

To propagate our lust for life & flee the swarming wisdom of the streets

The barns are stormed

The windows kept
& only one of all the rest

To dance & save us

W/the divine mockery of words

Music inflames temperament

(When the true King's murderers
are allowed to roam free
a 1000 Magicians arise in the land)

Where are the feasts
we were promised

Where is the wine

The New Wine
(dying on the vine)

HOUR FOR MAGIC

resident mockery
give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling flight & velvet hour
We of arabic pleasure's breed
We of sundome & the night
Give us a creed
To believe
A night of Lust
Give us trust in
The Night
Give of color
hundred hues
a rich mandala
for me & you
& for your silky
pillowed house
a head, wisdom
& a bed
Troubled decree
Resident mockery
has claimed thee
We used to believe
in the good old days
We still receive
In little ways
The Things of Kindness
& unsporting brow
Forget & allow

FREEDOM EXISTS

Did you know freedom exists in a school book
Did you know madmen are running our prison
w/in a jail, w/in a gaol
w/in a white free protestant maelstrom
We're perched headlong on the edge of boredom
We're reaching for death on the end of a candle
We're trying for something
That's already found us

LAMENT

Lament for my cock
Sore and crucified
I seek to know you.
Acquiring soulful wisdom,
You can open walls of mystery,
Stripshow.

How to acquire death in the morning show.
TV death which the child absorbs
Deathwell mystery which makes me write
Slow train, the death of my cock gives life.

Forgive the poor old people who gave us entry
Taught us god in the child's prayer in the night.

Guitar player,
Ancient wise satyr,
Sing your ode to my cock.

Caress its lament,
Stiffen and guide us, we frozen.
Lost cells,
The knowledge of cancer
To speak to the heart
And give the great gift:
Words Power Trance

This stable friend and the beasts of his zoo,
Wild haired chicks,
Women flowery in their summit,
Monsters of skin.
Each color connects
 To create the boat
 Which rocks the race.
Could any hell be more horrible
 than now
 and real?
I pressed her thigh and death smiled.

Death, old friend,
Death and my cock are the world.
I can forgive my injuries in the name of
Wisdom Luxury Romance

Sentence upon sentence
Words are healing lament
For the death of my cock's spirit
Has no meaning in the soft fire.
Words got me the wound and will get me well,
If you believe it.

All join now and lament for the death of my cock
A tongue of knowledge in the feathered night.
Boys get crazy in the head and suffer,
I sacrifice my cock on the altar of silence.