

Spiritual But Not Religious

Spiritual but not religious,
Welcome to today!
To a world in which our gods find themselves in play,
Spiritual but not religious,
Shall we be defined?
Then where is the guide to help us decide
These questions that come to mind?

CHORUS:

Who do I pray to?
Where do my prayers go?
Do they have any effect at all?
What shows us what's true?
Gives us faith to know
That all those prayers are just like an angel's call. . . ?

Spiritual but not religious,
What does that mean?
If I don't go to a church, is my soul unclean?
Spiritual but not religious,
Can we have a song?
Something to take the courage to make
It up as we go along?

CHORUS:

Where on earth do we go from here,
Making some sense of life's trip?
Is there some way to make clear
That we have needs,
And that we are needs
Of worship?

Spiritual but not religious,
No, it's not a joke,
It's a fair direction for some spirit-minded folk,
Spiritual but not religious,
Are we our own church?
Are we the ones, the daughters and sons
Of an enlightened search?

CHORUS:

The Endorphin Express

CHORUS: Let's do something that's a plus,
Let's go where the answer is yes,
Let's take a ride and see how we glide
On the Endorphin Express!

To purify the soul,
To purify the heart,
Some really righteous exercise
Is a good place to start,
Burn off those stinking thoughts!
And make yourself fit to see
Where to look for a deity.

CHORUS:

To purify the mind,
To purify the flesh,
To make yourself a vessel
Where the body and spirit mesh,
You've got to move!
Pilgrim, you can't stand still
If you intend to flex your will.

CHORUS:

The Endorphin Express
The Endorphin Express
The Endorphin Express

It's time to purify
The things you have been taught,
It takes an independent mind
To ride on this train of thought,
And just like a real train
It's a way to a goal,
To bring you closer to your soul.

CHORUS:

A Higher Power

I believe in a Higher Power who points my thoughts above,
Above the clouds of daily life and toward the sun of love,
And toward the things we can achieve
When we couple work with a firm belief,
I believe in a Higher Power who helps me to believe.

How hollow life would be if I had nowhere spiritual to turn,
If there were no thing I believed beyond my own concern,
But I embrace a Higher Power
Who opens up my eyes to the visions there,
And who equips me with belief that I should love and care.

Yes, I sometimes pray from fear and sometimes from torments,
And ask the Higher Power to steer my heart to its own defense,
So I might contribute good
To the precious life that we humans share,
I believe in a Higher Power whose love is always fair.

The Attitude of Gratitude

Give thanks to each day with genuine devotion
To help you see the things you hold dear,
Give thanks to each day with genuine emotion
So the universe will know that you're sincere.
The attitude of gratitude is healing,
It takes the mind away from petty woes,
And focuses the willing heart on
Random acts of kindness
And the feeling that you share what Heaven knows.

Make time in each day for you to count your blessings,
Whether in prayer or just a lusty "Thank you!"
It's a method to resist wicked oppressings
By the devil and his devilish crew.
The attitude of gratitude is freeing
From arrogance and selfishness and greed,
The attitude of gratitude is seeing
All the blessings we possess
And sharing them with someone's need.

Thank you for sunshine and thank you for rain,
Thank you for seasons which come 'round again,
Thank you for winters and thank you for springs,
For colorful autumns and summertime flings,
Thank you for heat and thank you for cold,
Thank you for delicate, thank you for bold,
Thank you for so much to behold!

Thank you for morning and thank you for night,
Thank you for arms when they hold me so tight,
Thank you for purpose to help me belong,
Thank you for so many ways to be strong,
Thank you for bread and thank you for wine,
Thank you for sust'nance of every design,
And thank you for all that's divine!

Thank you for Leila and thank you for Suze,
Thank you for Ethan and all of his news,
Thank you for Candhi and thank you for James,
Thank you for friends with their beautiful names,
Thank you for music, for artists and arts,
Thank you for goodness wherever it starts,
For people with love in their hearts!

Praise Life!

When there's a perfect day outside,
Praise Life! Praise Life!
When there's a perfect wave to ride,
Praise Life! Praise Life!
Did you ever think to offer Life a drink
And then politely ask, "How was your day?"
"Kudos for a job well-done to keep the moon and stars and sun
And all those balls in play!"
Life is the giver to us all,
Life is the giver, can't you see?
Life is the constant sacred source,
And here's one thing we can all agree:
Without Life where would we be?

To worship something you can touch,
Praise Life! Praise Life!
That you can feel very much,
Praise Life! Praise Life!
Life is an infinitude that still provides the daily food
For all the human race,
Life is really like a god who's sometimes even, sometimes odd,
But easier to trace,
Life is the giver to us all,
Life is the giver, can't you see?
Life is the constant sacred source,
And here's one thing we can all agree:
Without Life where would we be?

How do we praise Life strongest and best?
By being stewards put to the test
Of next generations and what we bestow
For their survival
And for their chance to love and grow,
By the compassion we show.

A Portrait of Joy

He's a portrait of joy with his arms outstretched,
Doesn't know the tragedy three years ahead,
One day there's a phone call and his lover's dead,
It's only joy that is in this photo etched.

There's the Golden Gate Bridge and below the bay,
Sunshine in abundance in the Golden State,
He has yet to learn how cruel can be one's fate,
There is only joy in his young heart today.

Who is responsible for all the tragedies?
Who is responsible for all the pain?
Who plucks away a young life in full flower
And tramples on joy again and again?
What is the name of this merciless culprit
Who chooses to move in mysterious ways?
Is it an Almighty nefarious force
Upon life who preys?

Had he seen the future, would he choose to love?
Knowing that his damsel would too soon be lost?
Knowing that life can come with a tragic cost?
Would it scare him away from the tasting of?

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What is the name of this merciless culprit
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It's our job as caretakers to nurture joy,
So that it can be a comfort and defense
For when life comes knocking with grotesque events,
Such as the intrusion that befell this boy.

The Abduction

How do I make sense of your loss?
How do I explain what can't be explained?
Can't be contained in a brief word?
Darling Sophie, where have you flown?
In what other realm are you occupied,
Taken away so abruptly?

Where have you gone? Where are you now?
Why does no dawn your warmth allow?
How I ache for your lips,
For your softly voiced goodbyes,
For your tender fingertips
And the love that filled your beautiful eyes. . .

How did you make your way across?
Was there an ingress that death left unchained?
That you are dead is beyond absurd!
Now I am bereaved and alone,
Wondering if there is some other side
Where we will all finally be?

Where have you gone? Where are you now?
Why does no dawn your warmth allow?
How I yearn for your lips,
For your softly voiced goodbyes,
For your tender fingertips
And the love that filled your beautiful eyes. . .

Life is change and life is strange,
And life and death sometimes exchange,
Leaving us to hurt and grieve,
And knowing not what to believe.

Evil and Good

How can the soul contain the elements of evil and good?
How can this mystery of human beings be understood?
In the Garden of Eden was this tree
Hanging with savory fruit,
Evil and good were seeds inside,
That's how they both took root,
Call it a myth or call it human nature viewed as it should.

Evil and good make quite the everyday inseparable pair,
Evil and good, why, they're as common as the earth and the air,
Why do we wonder when folks snap
And shoot everything in sight?
They're just the pawns from evil's trap,
The spawn that's tainted with blight,
Evil and good – you'll find their fingerprints on life everywhere!

Adam and Eve, what were they smokin'
When they succumbed to the taste?
Did they believe the Lord God was jokin'
When he said they'd be disgraced?

Evil and good would hardly be mistaken lately for twins,
Most of the time it's the normality of good that wins,
But once in a while the fiends get loose,
Erupt in a murderous rage,
They're the emcees who introduce
The dead to center stage,
Evil and good: where life of interesting experience begins.

A Prayer for Brian

Prayin' for Brian to keep him from dyin',
It seems that the boy's much too young,
What is the answer to Brian's cancer?
To keep him from being too stung?
Yes, there are doctors, yes, there are nurses,
They say it's under control,
But what are they doing? How are they brewing
The medicine for Brian's soul?
Prayer is that force,
Prayer is that wand,
Prayer is that powerful bond. . .

You are a husband, you are a father,
You are a part of a clan,
You are a colleague, a friend and a brother,
You are an outstanding man,
Robustly living and caring and giving,
The world needs more of your kind,
And we are appealing to aid in your healing
When all of our prayers are combined,
Prayer is that force,
Prayer is that wand,
Prayer is that powerful bond. . .

Let us pray with a pure goal!
Let us pray that you be whole!
Let us pray and direct our prayers to your healthy soul!

Prayer makes us stronger, makes our lives longer
Because it expresses our love,
Like a seed or a flower, prayer gives us power
To nourish the taking care of,
Yes, there are doctors, yes, there are nurses,
And they have a medical role,
But ours is the treating, the love for completing
The nourishment of Brian's soul.
Prayer is that force,
Prayer is that wand,
Prayer is that powerful bond. . .

Let us pray with a pure goal!
Let us pray that you be whole!
Let us pray and direct our prayers to your perfect soul!

Angels'R'Us

Angels'R'Us when we lighten the burden
Of someone who's standing in need,
Angels'R'Us when we make it a point
To respect a benevolent creed,
Angels'R'Us when we're [naturally] generous,
And do more than simply believe
That it is more blessed to give than it is to receive.

We can be angels or devils or nothing,
It's all in the choices we make,
Whether to get involved, whether to volunteer
When something vital's at stake,
The challenge for angels is simply expressed:
To do all we can and we should,
Angels'R'Us when we lead by examples of good.

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Timeless is kindness and timeless is charity
And timeless to work for relief,
Timeless to nourish the weak and afflicted,
To comfort another one's grief,
In every society goodness is timeless,
You don't need a god or a sect
To tell you an angel's role lies in the life you protect.

Luscious, the Morning!

Luscious the morning which bathes us in glory,
Luscious the morning which bathes us in light,
And puts the world's sweetness on fine display.
Luscious the morning which paints us the story
Of how we will rise from the darkness of night
Into the open arms of another day!

Luscious the morning with its possibilities,
Taking us places that we need to go,
Making the most of each of its precious hours.
Wake up, you sleepyheads! There's a day to seize,
Just like a plant you're invited to grow
Into the perfect fullness of all your powers.

If we could capture moments like this
And make them a part of a prayer,
God would be listening,
Watching the ways we work and plan and share,
Watching us hope and watching us strive
To find the joy of being alive!

Luscious the morning which brings us to breakthroughs
Of how we are going to get the job done,
Of how we will make the new day replace the old,
Blessed is the inspiration to take cues
From all of the warmth and the light of the sun,
Luscious the morning bathing us all in gold!

If we could capture mornings like this
And make them a part of a song,
God would be listening
To our determination to be strong,
To love and to give and to dare to aspire,
And sing with the fearless voice of a choir!

Luscious the morning which bathes us in glory,
Luscious the morning which bathes us in light,
And puts the world's sweetness on fine display.
Luscious the morning which paints us the story
Of how we will rise from the darkness of night
Into the open arms of another day!

Apocalypso

CHORUS:

Sing Apocalypso, comin' tomorrow,
If not tomorrow, then on the next day,
God delighted, men united,
Peace on earth on the Judgment Day.

People are worryin' if the world will last,
While they worry, the present becomes the past,
Thinkers thinkin' all day
Tryin' to keep the future away,
When the only answer to fate
Is just to cross your fingers and wait. . .

CHORUS:

People are seekin' to taste the Fountain of Youth,
All they are seekin' is to escape from the truth,
When the trumpet calls from afar,
It will not matter how old you are,
The young will go with the old
Whenever Heaven's secrets are told.

CHORUS:

To meet the angels you've got to show that you love,
The Savior is takin' no reservations above,
You take your chance with the rest
Hopin' that you will go with the blessed,
And for the one who is kind,
He can leave Hell and Satan behind,
So know the end of the earth
Is for the faithful children a birth,
The world over and then
Jesus will come to seize us again.

Sing Apocalypso, comin' tomorrow,
If not tomorrow, then on the next day,
God delighted, men united,
Peace on earth on the Judgment Day!

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