



Mortal Moroni

I.

Let it be known our man of Utah
is mortal, ever imperfect

Yet this Moroni, our Moroni
is not without his church

Pagans dance to an Earthen beat
and sway to reason's raucous chorus

Arches are his altar
rivers his holy water

Socrates too was taken
by a mob

Cancer is today's ugly fissure
a vengeful taker

Pain ceases with life
another movement complete

Mortal Moroni rejoins the unborn
and born again

This is the place
where angels point the way

From the tops of holy temples
and the lonely peaks of Deseret

In wild canyons
angels sing heavenly songs

II.

What is love? Love is
the active ingredient in consciousness

A light that can not be extinguished
by the icy chill of time

From Mortal Moroni's horn
this universal note

Be kind, be a friend
pick 'n' grin, mix in gin

Our man of Utah no longer stands
he freaks no more

You freak on
forever find the groove

Dance to the music
knees up near your ears

Full tilt boogie friends
epic adventures for the soul

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III.

From pioneer stock he came
priesthood on a platter

The garments did not fit
his lanky frame, nor his frame of mind

A western wind lifted his spirits
his faith was rugged

An Atheist he said he was
and a believer in love, beauty and truth

Some fall to get to Terrapin
some climb

What our man of Utah can no longer do
you do

Stand tall, reach high
Eat, drink and be merry

Walk many miles in cool mountain rain
always the mountain

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By David Burn