

Of Ancient Memory (the Oblivion Seekers)

Jarboe

as far as the eye can see heat is rising off the sand
somewhere out on this holy land time once
was held in their hands
but it bleeds now down the mountain red to the river
bank
where they burn their dead
and it sinks deep in the blackest sea
to a bed of ancient memory-
the incense is sweet fills the air this night: lulls you to sleep
the past and the future are here in this fever
from the cold star that makes no sound
a cruel poison comes down as we bathe nude
in the wind, metallic blue becomes our skin
strange is the magic
the waters make no sound
strange is the magic
we lay our bodies down
love dark and tragic
we lay upon the ground
love is the magic
now we spiral round
we drink the waters
filled with delight
the past and the future
closed to our sight
no need for the wisdom
words from the sages
for here is oblivion
come down through the ages
you don't come to this place on your own
you're born to this pain it's your home
it's useless they say to run and hide
you know it's useless they pay who stay and fight
we didn't come here of our own volition
it's prophesy, apathetic contrition
and we didn't come here of a free will
to grip a silent unknown fear then lay quite still
we close our eyes, turn our face
close our mind now go away
shut your eyes and turn away
you've closed your mind but it's here to stay
in the flickering blue century
the blue eternity
blue bombs explode on the screen
blue arms outstretched as they plead
see the cold star, it makes no sound, poison comes down
it sinks in the black sea: a bed of ancient memory