

Ethereal Gloom

The New York Room

the funeral drum beats on
when all the feeling is gone
the curse that you have laid
these mortal hands have made
the burning sun will lie
against the shapeless sky
then buried in the sand
buried by your hands
we will stand in heavens fire
in flames, eternal flames
this doom, ethereal gloom come into this cage, come into this rage
come into this fate, come into this hate
come into this room, come into this gloom
these mortal hands, this mortal skin
these mortal thoughts, this mortal sin repeat it twice:
"your words my sacrifice"
and fall down on your knees
to cleanse of this disease
the breaking moments pass
your body is free at last
your spirit rises high
into the shapeless sky

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