

The Arcane

Dead Can Dance

Here in the garden
of the arcane delights
dark shadows overwhelm us
and and we become blind.

Blind to the needs of
those who would be free
from the breath of fear
and the prisons of the mind
ahhhh...

Amidst the throes of perplexity,
Phobia moves amongst us
in her hand is held the seed
Extermination angels
stood beside the road
In violent retribution for
the seeds that we have sown...
ahhhh...

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