

Oh when I saw you standing there  
Wild flowers dying in your hair  
Child of harvest time coughing up must  
Black flowers' dull perfume trailing in dust  
Hoisting dark pennants at the spike of the hill  
Your smile started bleeding and then the mill  
Shearing and sharing your love and your rage  
Whilst hawk's head descending  
Spewed out a new age

It isn't very good  
In the dark dark wood  
In the middle of the night  
When there isn't any light

There are four corners to the world she said  
And every one is manned with fire and ice  
Through black glass darkly I can see her truth  
Arrayed and raised and raising walls of war  
She points to squares of wax and writes backwards  
I veil my face from her and from her light  
The pointless games she plays out for want of power  
To slake her bloodlust and for sake of pain  
Her ugly shapes breeding in her secret mound  
The Call of Aethyrs and the Dog Star Crawl  
There's one cracked bottle with no label on  
She nods and gestures limply with her broken smile  
Do you fear death she says to me  
And shows me seven stars  
The seven seals of her seven years of Rose Cross madness  
Well christus tell us that little children suffer  
It's only right that we should learn to suffer too!

The first seven are red as blood  
The second seven not so red  
The third seven like whitish smoke  
And all the world seemed to be in darkness  
And all the world seemed to be in brightness

There are four corners to the world I lie  
In forms of fire have lurked across it's floor  
And little banners displaying their little creeds  
Have made our season on earth as red as poppy fields

There are four corners to the world she sighs  
There are four corners to the world she cries  
There are four corners to the world she lies  
There are four corners to the world she dies