

Imperium  
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This life of man is but a span  
We all come down in fields of rape

Our little eyes do glitter like the sun  
But the leaves do wither  
And the branches decay  
And all are born of  
Will soon fall away  
He gave me honey  
All mixed with gold  
He gave me words  
Envowed with awe  
He gave me a delicate gown to wear  
All stitched with sorrow  
And hemmed with fear  
And twisted steel and broken wheels

In a million years ten million years  
I curse all gold and silver  
This life of man is but a span  
We all come down in fields of rape

As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit  
Nor how the bones do grow  
In the womb of her that is with child  
Even so thou knowest not the words of God who maketh all  
In the morning sow thy seed  
And in the evening withhold and apprehend  
For thou knowest not whether she'll prosper  
This or that  
Or whether they should both be

In a million years ten million years  
I curse all gold and silver

Remember now thy creator in the days of life  
How evil days come out  
And the years go by  
Then thou shalt see  
I had no pleasure  
How the sun or the light  
Or the moon and the stars be all darkened  
How the clouds return after the rain  
In the day when the kings of the house shall tremble  
And the strong men shall bow themselves  
And the quiet de-cease for there are few  
And those who are gone to the windows be darkened  
And the door shall be shut on the streets  
When the sound of the quiet days  
And we shall summon the voice of the birds  
And all the daughters of music  
Shall be brought low  
And men shall be afraid of that which is high

And fear shall be in the way  
And the almond tree shall flourish  
And the grasshopper shall be a burden  
And desire shall fail  
Because man goeth to his long home  
And the mourners go about the streets  
Or ever the silver gone be loose  
Or the golden bone be broken  
Or the pigeon be broken at the fountain  
Or the wheel broken in the system  
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was  
And the spirit shall return into God who gave it

Vanity of vanity sayeth good job  
All is vanity  
All is vanity  
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