

## 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