

## Kala

Bill Laswell

Dawn is the sacred hour  
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Saffron and rose - colored it throws open the doors of the sky

Mists, like evil spirits, shrink and shrivel  
Vanish into thin air  
The sun pierces them through and through

It lights the recesses of cavelike shrines  
Flashes on the brass and copper vessels of bathers in the river  
Pure grace

Once the breath goes out, it's fit to burn

Your head  
Your turban, artfully arranged, will adorn it  
With the beaks of crows  
Ahh  
Your bones will burn like tinder  
Your hair will burn like hay

While Vishnu reclines on a serpent called Endless  
Don't fear death; welcome it  
Ahh  
Ahh  
Once the breath goes out, mmm  
Once the breath goes out, it's fit to burn  
Ahh  
Ahh

Dawn is the sacred hour

World  
Secular or social interests as distinguished from the religious or spiritual  
Nah nah  
Here's the cause of it all  
It's a house of tricks

Life has slipped away  
No-one is left on the road  
And in each direction, the evening dark has come

Mah mah  
(They will consecrate several sacred threads ... faced with ... that served  
each of the castles ... special .... of purification ...)  
Here's the cause of it all  
(It's a house of tricks)  
It's a house of tricks  
Ignore the world  
Ignore the world  
Ignore the world

Ahh