

The Arcane

Dead Can Dance

Here in the garden of the arcane delights
Dark shadows overwhelm us and we become blind
Blind to the needs of those who would be free
From the grip of fear and the prisons of the mind

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