

# The Kingdom

Jesca Hoop

All of the falling on the ground  
holder in ground  
I lay down a shrine  
and I come with the autumn to tear it down  
orange and brown  
and I lay a soft down  
for all the waiting old and thine  
brethren bathing bones and brine  
separate your light from mine  
multiply

Under the spell of full November moon  
light on the broom  
frost in my room  
in through a window came a ghost I knew  
oh she paid me a visit while I was in my bed  
sleepy, she said,  
"sleep as though dead  
for in the morning you are called"  
is what she said

To the high desert all is raging  
you must go to the battlefield  
and follow the cry of men rampaging  
and gather the ones that won't heal

Down through a cloud of smoke  
to the promised land  
many are dead  
river runs red  
for my god and for my king  
is what he said

Oh I came down to my knees  
with my lips to his ear  
my hand to his chest  
his wounded breast  
for my god and for my king  
I will not rest

But in the high desert  
you are dying  
for your god and his ghost and the son  
do not hold to the earth  
on which you are lying  
for the kingdom can never be won

All of the falling on the ground  
holder in ground  
I lay down a shrine  
and I come with the autumn to tear it down  
orange and brown  
and I lay a soft down  
for all the waiting old and thine  
brethren bathing bones and brine  
separate your light from mine  
let go of the earth