Idumea

Patrick Wolf

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown

A land of deepest shade
Unpierced by human thought
The dreary regions of the dead
Where all things are forgot?

Soon as from earth I go
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be

Waked by the trumpet's sound
I from my grave shall rise
And see the Judge with glory crowned
And see the flaming skies

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