

These are the dregs
Of the last grains of the age
It may be the hourglass of earth covering earth
But not in Betlehem
Not in Jerusalem
Not in Chorazaim
And not in Bethsaida
We will not again see
God humbled on an ass
But see
See
On a white horse he comes
Blazing sword in burning hand
Lo, I am become death
The destroyer of worlds
His hands are backed up
They're straining at his neck
What colour shall we rank in him?
What face shall we deliver him?
There may be the black dog
There may be the white dog
Hitler comes as Kalki
Hitler comes as Kalki
Kalki comes as Hitler
Kalki comes as Hitler
Teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth

But meaningless lights still hold our attention
We think that the holy books are written in blood and fire
But what if it's water?
The fires turned to blood
The bloods turned to water
And the waters turned to what?
Milk? Piss? Lies? Dust?
Hitler comes as Kalki
Kalki comes as Hitler
Everything becomes emptiness
But goes through fire
Secret mother (gsang yum chen mo)
Secret father (gsans yab chen po)

Hitler becomes Kalki
Kalki becomes Hitler
The white horse and red horse
Christ twists on the cross
Hitler smiles in the guttering rubble
He brings not peace but a sword
But maybe the ocean roars immaculate
Maybe the stars fall incomprehensible
Oh these all tell me
Oh these all spell to me
Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler

Where's your God now?
I'll point out his varied forms to you
One he hangs on the end of a tree

Two he's nailed to the arms of this selfsame tree
And three he spins, he spins and soars and laughs through space
Ah, one day the world sees
Oh, one day the world sees
Hitler as Kalki
God as Kalki

And he lies matted
Half in time and half in space
Through the rising incense smoke
I see him in a crowded room
I see him crossing the mountain range
If we see man at his most bloody
If we see man at his most base
Shall we point then and there
This is reality, this is his nature
Oh, what makes the pain more real than the joy?
Both are so mingled now and muddled together
To pull them apart
We butcher the essence and cripple it's meaning

God is on the cross
Or three gods perhaps
If they are all one
Neither coming nor going
Neither waning nor waxing
But immense in their unity
Matter and space
He rides between the spaces
And he rides between the pain
In the secret heart of becoming
In the secret modes of darkness
His eyes are now shuttered windows
Oh, man, man, man, man
Man with his claws and his lies
With his peace and his pain
With his love and his sorrow
With his candle of hope that stutters and dies
No liberation through hearing
When the sound of the worlds collapsing
Deafens deafens deafens our ears
And pierces our hearts

Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler
Rolling and roaring
Swooping and soaring
Exultant and trembling
Sorrow sorrow sorrow
Where the eagle flies
Where the eagle shudders
Where the eagle drops
Where the eagle plummets
All things merging dissolving
Then stars collapse
The vortex commences in space
The rubble collects
The debris gathers
Time starts to shiver
My heart's blood

If I dissolve into your body
If I hoped to find

White light in your soul
If together we fall into forever
Would we not notice the turbulence
That no longer waits?

First he comes from on a hill
Then he's running throughout the town
Then he stands
Devoid of peace
Devoid of place
Devoid of pity

Oh, my dear Christ
Carried broken from sad brown earth
Teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth, teeth
Hitler as Kalki
Hitler as Kalki
Kalki as Hitler
Hitler as Kalki
Hitler as Kalki