

## 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