

Rocking Horse Night

Death in June

Hold me as I slip away
Into this coldness
Hold me as I slip away
Into these colours
Hold me as I pay respect
To broken spires
Of dreadful night
My flesh has been torn
My eyes have seen clouds
My nails have gripped the clay
Of crawling black flowers
Recalling dead sorrow
Recalling black love

You and I
in pleasure parted
You and I
In sadness racked
You and I
In flowers falling
You and I
Invoke culling
You and I
In soulless searching
You and I
In heartfelt hurting
You and I
At our first bleeding
You and I, You and I...

This little child's death
This bundle of cloth
With prayer book precision
On rocking horse night
Casting the runes
Odal, hail and thorn

Hold me as I slip away
Into this coldness
Hold me as I slip away
Into these colours
Hold me as I pay respect
To dreadful spires
Of tired life