

White Stone

Funeral Mist

Numbered, weighed, and found wanting...

A white stone and a new name,
at peace with the lord and freed from blame,
all debts remitted, thy should washed clean,
O glorious splendours of the rebirth.

...But that stone is a lump of coal,
for thou hadst a whore's forehead,
thou refusedst to be ashamed.

A white stone and a new name,
restoring the years that the locust have eaten,
again clean enough to speak his name,
oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee

...But that name is a ghost unseen,
for thou hadst a whore's forehead,
thou refusedst to be ashamed.

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin...
thou refusedst to be ashamed.

Numbered, weighed, and found wanting...

A white stone and a new name,
thy lamp removed from the altar of shame,
but that name is a ghost unseen,
for thou hadst a whore's forehead,
thou refusedst to be ashamed.