

The Great Divide

Laibach

the rising of the century
did not bring catharsis.
the rising of the century
did not bring salvation.
the crack is getting deeper,
the flames are burning higher.
lost and hunted refugees
are chanting in the circle.
the predators of the great divide
are cutting their throats,
slicing their guts,
and drinking their blood.
this world was always fertile
at the root of our tongues.
our tongues were always cut
at the root of our words.
we have reached the good and evil
and we didn't speak much.
bloody soil - fertile land,
bloody soil - fertile land.
but then we had to leave
to go further,
through blistering heat,
chasing death,
erasing distance
devouring time with
infinite greed.
now we are here
sensitive to shadows,
speaking to the dead
and burning alive
in our ritual songs.
the sky is set alight as though the stars
were at war.
the desert is burning
with cold flames.
white astronauts
are reflected on the surface.
golden mountains
are shining in the distance.
this is the black circle
and this the black cross.
this is the dark funeral at midnight.
a bloody horizon
has consumed the sun
in the machine
2000 and one.