

# Thine Is the Kingdom

Rotting Christ

This is the dead land  
This is cactus land  
Here the stone images  
Are raised, here they receive  
The supplication of a dead man's hand  
Under the twinkle of a fading star

Is it like this  
In death's other kingdom  
Waking alone  
At the hour when we are  
Trembling with tenderness  
Lips that would kiss  
Form prayers to broken stone

This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper

The eyes are not here  
There are no eyes here  
In this valley of dying stars  
In this hollow valley  
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

Between the idea  
And the reality  
Between the motion  
And the act  
Falls the Shadow  
For Thine is the Kingdom

Between the conception  
And the creation  
Between the emotion  
And the response  
Falls the Shadow  
Life is very long

Between the desire  
And the spasm  
Between the potency  
And the existence  
Between the essence  
And the descent  
For Thine is the Kingdom