

Dead Can Dance, The Arcane

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 we have sown.