

# Laibach, The Great Divide

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.