

Current 93, Bennediction

Now cursed be thee who would ruin our fair land
And cursed be thee that would seal up the wells
And cursed be thee that abandon the God's hands
And build a strange place for our people to dwell
Now cursed be thy breath
And cursed be thy breathing
And cursed be thy eyes
And cursed be thy sight
And cursed be thy hands
That have slackened the harvest
And closed the old ways to the joy and the light

Now cursed be thy name
All cursed and forgotten
All cursed beyond memory
Place or recall
And cursed be thy soul
Out of nothing begotten
Nothing to no thing
And nothing to all

Now cursed art thee
Who have ruined our fair land
And cursed art thee
That sealed up our wells
And cursed art thee
That abandon the God's hands
And have built a strange place
For the children to dwell