

# Current 93, Idumea

And am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirits fly  
Into a world unknown

A land of deepest shade  
Unpierced by human thought  
The dreary regions of the dead  
Where all things are forgot

Soon as from earth I go  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my fortune be

Waked by the trumpet's sound  
I from my grave shall rise  
And see the Judge with glory crowned,  
And see the flaming skies