

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