

Current 93, Passing Horses

Gate gate paragate parasamgate bodhi svaha

Emptiness

Nothing rests on the mirror

Nothing to rest

Nowhere to rest

Clouds do not obscure

Passing horses

White snow melting

Snowflakes falling

Turn back into air

The end is painless

Already full we are

Although empty

Passing horses

White horses ripple

Throughh the blue sky

"Who would have thought

A dewdrop would last so long"

He said

"Your end which is endless"

He said

"As a snowflake melts

Into air"

He said

Trust yourselves

Your cup is full

Overflowing

Floating

Passing horses

Shining hooves

Emptiness is moving

And dancing

Sky-clad

Rainbow-coloured

And crystal-faced

"A net of fireflies"

Freedom itself

And motion itself

And suffering itself

And pain itself

And laughing itself

And shot through

With nothing

No one hearing

"And the foam on the last water

Has dissolved" he said

"I lean against the stove

And emptiness -- lo! Eternity"

He said

And where are they now

These passing horses?

In which wood

In which star

In which stream

"Alone into the alone"

She said

Not realising

Oh how alone

She already was

Dancing inbetween

The worlds

The swallow dips

The eagle hovers