

# Death In June, Rocking Horse Night

Hold me as I slip away  
Into this coldness  
Hold me as I slip away  
Into these colours  
Hold me as I pay respect  
To broken spires  
Of dreadful night

My flesh has been torn  
My eyes have seen clouds  
My nails have gripped the clay  
Of crawling black flowers  
Recalling dead sorrow  
Recalling black love

You and I  
in pleasure parted  
You and I  
In sadness racked  
You and I  
In flowers falling  
You and I  
Invoke culling  
You and I  
In soulless searching  
You and I  
In heartfelt hurting  
You and I  
At our first bleeding  
You and I, You and I . . .

This little child's death  
This bundle of cloth  
With prayer book precision  
On rocking horse night  
Casting the runes  
Odal, hail and thorn

Hold me as I slip away  
Into this coldness  
Hold me as I slip away  
Into these colours  
Hold me as I pay respect  
To dreadful spires  
Of tired life.