

H.I.M., Borellus

Essential Salts of animals may
Be so prepared and preserved
That an ingenious man
May have the whole Ark of Noah in his own
Study and raise the fine shape of an animal
Out of its ashes at his pleasure

Unhappy is he to whom the memories of childhood
Bring only fear and sadness
Old years of play
Wretched is he who looks back upon lone hours
In vast and dismal chambers
With brown hangings
And maddening rows of antique books

Watch them in twilight groves
Oh in twilight groves
Oh in twilight groves

By method from the essential salts of humane dust
A philosopher may call up the shape of any dead ancestor
From the dust where into his body has been
Incinerated incinerated incinerated

You're under pressure baby
Christ has returned he's returning
In every new born child
In every new born child

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