

# HIM, 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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