

Sunn O))), My Wall

And I do walk upon Wan's Dyke
And I do survey the land
And I did become the Reaper with my own bare hands+
For I am Wodan,
Though, some call me Hermes,
Some call me Roman Mercury,
God of cargos,
God of weather,
Hanging God of boundaries,
Hanging God of Gibbet Hill
Killing God of hidden doorways.

Spinning the yarn from Wansdyke to Silbury
Spinning the taelbook, telling the tale
Telling the tellbook to all and sundry
Keltiberians and Irish Gael
Then I hear camp followers bellow afar
Their shrieking lament for Johnny Guitar:

"Look to the farthest far horizon
Look to the bloodlust deepest scar
Look to the scattering Brythonic uprising
Lyrics
For this be the wall of Johnny Guitar

There be the ditch that you shall die in
Here be the wall that I shall cry on
Ditch dug with antler and ox bone shovel
This rising wall that shades our ancient hovel."

Look to the north a quick mile yonder
Look to our Yggdrasilbury
Look to the Saxon chasing Viking
Look to the Norman chasing Saxon
Look to the German chasing German
German German German German
Here in the bloodlust deeper scar
For here be the wall of Johnny Guitar

"Play your gloom axe Stephen O'Malley
Sub bass clinging to the sides of the valley
Sub bass ringing in each last ditch and combe
Greg Anderson purvey a sonic doom."

To rage in sound this valiant despair
Doom and gloom as each a splendid pair
To rage in sound the valiant despair:

Not Abraham,
Not Moses
And not Christ
Neither Jove to whom we sacrificed,
Not Attis
Not Mohammed,
But to hilltop Thor
We rave and dance and weep and we implore:
Look to the farthest far horizon
Don't blame the messenger,
Don't blame the messenger,
Look to the farthest far horizon
Don't blame the messenger.
Don't blame the messenger,
For I am Death so Ragnarock with me
For I am Doom so Ragnarock with me.

And I stood upon Wan's Dyke
And I did survey the land
And I did become the Reaper with my own bare hands...

And then I was King Vikar with his arms outstretched
And then I was King Vikar with his broken neck
And then I was the villain and the victim and the priest
Was grim misunderstanding and was grim as death itself

My Wall My Wall caught in the thrall of my Wall
My Wall My Wall caught beneath the thrall of my Wall.

Here in the bloodlust deeper scar
For here be the wall of Johnny Guitar
Here in the bloodlust deeper scar
For here be the wall of Johnny Guitar
Play your gloom axe Stephen O'Malley
Sub bass ringing the sides of the valley
Sub bass climbing up each last ditch and combe
Greg Anderson purvey a sonic doom.

Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall of my tidal wall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall of my tidal wall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall of my tidal wall

Mothers to your bosoms,
Grab your child and sing,
As to your breasts cascade and sing:
Brothers and fathers,
Down to the thing in the middle of the town
To judge at the thing

These the effeminate priests of Frey
That don their drag
And shriek through the day
That drag their God through the muddiest fields
Spilling seed to raise the yields
These the odd castrated womb-men
On this onerous land of no men

There the infernal priestess of Freyja,
These her people layer on layer
There the infernal priestess of Freyja
Visiting the farms
The seething seer
Visiting the farms
And rarely leaving
Mounting the tumulus
The people grieving
Dodens doddering dead and dying.

Hear the modest priests of Ing
Who's harkening always let us sing
That let's us free our tightest waistband
Let's us fertilise our own land
Spunked entire nations from one phallus
Spunked the vegetation into being
Spilled the super seed into the one day superceded earth.

Old Mother Fucker
She was a cocksucker
To give her poor family a home
Went down on their ding dong
And drank for a sing song
But ended her sad life alone.

Around the church in Yatesbury the dead
Lie scattered underneath the sacred yew
As Sheila the Witch attending Sunday prayer
Praises a God but never tells them who
And from my Wall observing Sheila the Witch
Praises her God but never explaining which.

And every Monday night by the light of Moon
Those Meddlesome meddlesome meddlesome bells
And the heavy metal of the heathen bells
Meddlesome meddlesome meddlesome bells
And the bad heavy metal of the heathen bells
Meddlesome meddlesome meddlesome bells
And the heavy metal of the heathen bells
Meddlesome meddlesome meddlesome bells
And the bad heavy metal of the heathen bells

And Doggen can testify to my claim
That the Christians of Yatesbury are Christian in name
But their stomping pounding actions attest
To their Christianity happiest at rest
And Doggen who played at the John Stewart Hall
Can attest that its keeper is the heathenest of all
Is a shapeshifter tending to her hogweed hidden
And her dear Paul wallows in the village pond nay midden

For all of us are boundaried by Wan's Dyke at the west
And the great world hill which spies us and can never let us rest
Bringing on Iranian Mithra
From its home beneath the east
Caught always in the thrall of my Wall
Caught always in the thrall of my Wall

Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall of my wall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall of my wall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall
Stand in the thrall of my wall

Here in the bloodlust deeper scar
For here be the wall of Johnny Guitar
Here in the bloodlust deeper scar
For here be the wall of Johnny Guitar
Play your gloom axe Stephen O'Malley
Sub bass ringing the sides of the valley
Sub bass climbing up each last ditch and combe
Greg Anderson purvey a sonic doom...

Don't blame the messenger of gloom,
Don't blame the messenger of doom,
For this be the Ragmarockingest aeion
In stillness O'Malley and Anderson play on... play on... play on...