

Divina

"Gargoyles Ye Rose Aloft"

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[Peter:]

In weary lust they have been sate o'er aisle
Seem to be screaming:

[Demons:]

Come we will
Stranger!
Stay for a while...
You will be our capture
Why won't you be...

[Peter:]

So the dome is assailed by deviltry

[Demons:]

Virulence 'thro abominable sight
Come we will
Ye wait!
Tremendous ae!

[Peter:]

They frown upon earth and earth's centuries
Here the gargoyle's high above mighty kings
The beast has outdone 'em so she's got to wheeze
Lay wallow in cloudy skies
Watch 'em if you please

I was sick and tired of blear and rainy day
So I did decide to have my rest that way
In spite of ostensible spat in my heart
I sat at the pulpit in hall breathing hard

[Demons as gargoyles:]

What would you say if we asked
You to remain here
Until the time when days and nights are over
And then... come we will!
Did you not e'er happen to feel
As if you had lived somewhere formerly
And long ago?
And now you do discover

You're looking at something
You had seen long
Long ago

[Peter:]
I've lost the track of time
Wild slumber swept away 'em all
Foamy fog is upon the woe-stained floor
Pale gleam of silver chandeliers
Obscure and delusive chants
Have run over the choirs
So slow...

[Arthur:]
...Hence your virtuous mass
Shall be almost like the sacred grove
Where GOD himself does dwell and reign
Among such saints which all you have become!

[Peter:]
The last one I heard

[Arthur:]
Sow the seed of the faith
Deep into your hearts and lay open the gates
Do lead towards the skies
There's the only device
That does promise place for you in paradise!

[Peter:]
I was falling asleep so I did close my eyes...

I was assailed by the spectre of beast
Lay waste all those charges 'cause I can't resist
I was obsessed by the shadow of noose
Take away your husk
I cannot refuse...

[Oze:]
Insidious grove!
And you shall have
Your wooden scales for your very own!

[Peter:]
It seems to me I won't suffer this a-waiting for...

[Demons as gargoyles:]
As the darkness doth ravish the light wi' delight
Sae deceit decimateth all the devoted minds
Chase the moribund rays of that desperate dawn
Blood-red hues

That ye're hunting among for the crown
Ye had ne'er had
And probably never ye will...
Ae hath ne'er been belonging to yer majesty!

But... ye believe that they will
Reveal the unreal
The forces they hold
And the power they steal!

[Peter:]
Bemoan the lust of life with me!
Bewail their gloomy destiny!

[Oze:]
Just beware their bicker!
Of this ae...
I don't care!

[Caacrinolaas:]
Well
Ye lay bar those wooden gates!

[Oze:]
Run outwards the reality!
Over the yawning deep...

[Both in chorus:]
Where as ye sow so shall ye reap!

[Peter:]
Each one received
Swallowed and sipped
Of that holy host'
"body" and "blood"
Wafer and vine...
You'll do as divine
When yield shall arise
When you get Eucharist!

It seemed to me then...
They swallowed and sipped
Instead of that holy host'
Wafer and vine
Only acorns and water...
Like in sleepy nightmare!
All seemed to me then
"He seems to be dead!"

Lo! Whole vortex appears
Drawing all wicked things

Whining demons and imps
There is nothing to seize!
They reflowed forth again
Beating their wings in vain snarling
No one is to blame
But it's true all the same!

This bout mire before me spread forth the abyss
So the heaven e'en seemed to be
On the verge of tears
Were I asked what I'd seen
Through the veil of that mist
Thick and grey one had covered swamps with it's quilt
And the silence
Dead one did howl so through my ears
That I hardly could hear
I should probably say
Almost nothing I felt through that torture but pain
But that ominous emptiness did whirl me away...
As it seemed to me then
Far away from my corpse!
So that night swam before me
It turned out to be
One in which the moon barely shone over the sea
Of that desolate gloom 'n hardly anything was
Seen but blue marsh lights were skipping about in the
swamps
And quagmire before me spread forth the abyss...
O'er that dark one a rather small stump
Met my sight
Sticking out from the earth
Remnant of rotten trunk
Of a tree that had grown o'er that deep long ago
And roots spreading throughout this one
Like mighty snakes
Twisted roots reaching downwards into that bog
As if there to quench
Their blind and desperate thirst...
Met my sight deep
And roots simply hanging in the air

[Arthur:]
Behold his holy holt anon...

[Peter:]
But I shall be dead long before
Everything will have become clear to me...
I have never heard such improper song
E'en though incredible call it ye will!

[Demons as gargoyles:]

Call us inscrutable!
Then all the things of that sort shall cease!
Call 'em incredible wood or stone...
And bog if you please!
Which guise do you prefer?
Whose scales do you mean to be the chosen one?

[Caacrinolaas:]
You had better petrify!
Why won't you try to deify your way?

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