

H.i.m. (his Infernal Majesty) "Borellus"

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