

Current 93

"Hourglass For Diana"

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My life is measured by this glasse, this glasse
By all those little Sands that through passe
And see how they press, see how they strive, which
shall
With greatest speed and greatest quickness fall
And see how they raise a little Mount, and then
With their own weight do level it again
But when they have all got thorough, they give over
Their nimble sliding downe, and move no more
Just such is man whose houres still forward run
Being almost finished 'ere they are begun;
So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we
That ere we are, ought at all, we cease to be
Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly
And while we sleep, what do we else but die?
How transient are our Joys, and how short their day!
They creep on towards us, but fly away
How stinging are our sorrows! Where they gain
But the least footing, there they will remain
And how groundless are our hopes, how they deceive
Our childish thoughts, and only sorrow leave!
and how real are our fears! They blast us still
Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill;
How senseless are our wishes, yet how great!
With what toil we pursue them, and with what sweat!
Yet most times for our hurts, so small we seem
Like Children crying for some Mercury
And this gapes for Marriage, yet his fickle head
Knows not what cares wait on the Marriage bed
And this vows Virginity, yet knows not what
Loneness, grief, and discontent attends that state
Desires of wealth anothers wishes hold
And yet how many have been choked with Gold?
This only hunts for honour, yet who shall
Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall?
This thirsts for knowledge, yet how is it bought?
With many a sleepless night and racking thought
This needs will travel, yet how dangers lay
Most secret Ambuscados in the way
These triumph in their Beauty, though it shall
Like a pluck't Rose or fading Lilly fall

Another boasts strong armes, alas Giants have
By silly Dwarfes been dragged unto their grave
These ruffle in rich silk, though ne're so gay
A well plume'd Peacock is more gay than they
Poore man, what Art! A Tennis ball of Errour!
A ship of Glasse, toss'd in a Sea of terrour!
Issuing in blood and sorrow from the womb
Crawling in tears and mourning to the tomb!
How slippery are thy paths, and how sure thy fall
How art thou Nothing when thou art most of all!?

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