

Forfatter: Munch-Petersen, Gustaf

Titel: the god of the blood (2 song)

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## the god of the blood (2 song)

the old gods are dead,  
the old humanities are dead -  
the old priests are liars -  
the women of the old  
are wicked with no soul in their blood -,  
the men of the old  
are beggars with no will in their blood -  
the white blood of the old  
is the world's poison  
and the dragon before the world's treasures -

I am alone,  
I have found no mate,  
I am a half,  
I am proud,  
but I am nothing yet,  
I obey and I wait,  
and I hide my sword -

I know, the god of goodness  
is dead -,  
died in his own onliness -  
his timidity devoured him  
unborn -  
I know, the god of goodness  
has nothing left -,  
owns nothing himself -,  
has nothing to give -

I know, the goddess of love  
is mouldering away,  
withering deep in her own barrenness -  
her wine was a sterile fire,  
her goldenness an evil shade -  
I know, the impoverished goddess of love  
has nothing left -  
her withered limbs have no heat left  
to warm her age -  
she has nothing to give -

you dark god  
behind -, underneath -!  
you severe god,  
with black face  
and the blood-red hands  
and the silent eyes  
and the streaming, unhearable voice -,  
you dark god,  
who was always behind,  
you who held forth the others,  
the weak ones, the pale and the powerless,  
which are now dead,  
you dark god,  
who was always behind,  
you who exerts your power without man's devotion,  
you who knows our names,  
which we cannot see ourselves -,

show us your face -!  
kill the dying powerless gods  
from the lost humanities -,  
do free us from the nonpotent ashes  
of bewildered man -!

in the cleaving paws of the night,  
on the white at the bottom of the blood-proud sun,  
behind the potent helmet of the gathering moon  
I hear the voice -, streaming -  
I hear,  
and I obey -

but your name,  
I want your face,  
you with the two streams of life  
in your right hand -  
and the two black feathers of death  
in your left hand,  
I want your face,  
your name -!

you, the only god -,  
you, who was always behind,  
underneath -, you who let die  
the revengeful jehovah and the allforgiving christ,  
you, who has destroyed the joyous realm of mammon,  
stand out,  
show us your hands -!  
we are waiting -,  
to obey -  
we know, we are nothing apart from you,  
give us back the old faculties  
from before the reign of man,  
give us back our righteous names -,  
and our righteous piaces,  
give to our men the will towards you,  
which is all will,  
and the only -,  
give to our women the longing for you,  
which is all longing -,  
and the only -  
give to the earth  
and the sun and moon  
the proportion which is you,  
and you only -  
we claim everything from you,  
we have robbed ourselves of everything -!

o, we know that happiness is not in  
*your* eye,  
we know that blessed love is not in  
*your* crown -,  
we have caught your streaming voice  
from far-off -!  
we want *your* sway upon our blood,  
we want *reality*, which is you,  
we want the right,  
not love nor joy,  
*you* are our want,  
*you* to come in *our* hands, our eyes,  
*you* to wander, swaying, through *our* veins -  
we know you,  
o, we know you,  
you black god of rightness -,  
do crush our earth between  
the fingers of your right hand -,

let come forth the marrow of our ill-used earth,  
still waiting -  
we, the last men and women of this earth,  
we beg you to take our nakedness and  
rule us again -!  
o, black god, we beg you to give us back your severity  
over our crippled blood,  
we beg of you, o god,  
nothing but the sight of your two hands -,  
the two streams of life  
and the black feathers of death,  
we want your sword to wander among us  
as before the reign of man -

we men of god,  
we won't be reigned by anointed *men*,  
we, the men of god,  
we want back our righteous chief -  
- the men of god do want *you*  
god -!