

Current 93, A Sadness Song

When we touch the world
And it falls away
When we feel that we're born
Just to fall apart
And our mother lies in state
And the broken pitcher glistens
And the snow is at the window
Creating neither sign nor symbol
And the earth covers earth
And the mud lies in pools

Where the sanddunes stretch unbroken
And the dry wind bends and sighs
And the geese are running harmless
And our desires are running wild
Then we're looking at the smoke
That's rising from the incense
Neither coming here nor going
Neither heaven here nor hell
Neither birthing here nor birthing
Neither dying here nor death

And we're wrapped inside our troubles
And we're wrapped inside our pain
And wracked with fires with longing
And our eyes are blind with night
With our fingers clutching coins
And our thoughts burning with I
And our eyes cannot be sated
With the world and its nightmares
With the world and its dreams
Though later they'll be filled
With a small handful of dust
And the Gods appear on the altars
And we recognise their face
It's a face that we have carved there
And it's full of fear and longing
And promises and threats
But they neither stoop to conquer
Not do they stoop to praise
And the mines are void of diamonds
That we carry in our rags

Then all the world seems
A sadness song
And all the world seems
A sadness song