

# Current 93, Alone

whilst i thought i was climbing  
i found myself descending  
having lost my way let me go up  
having lost my way let me go down  
i have no other work to do  
it would have been better  
no to be the mother  
it is sorrowful  
when a son goes away  
let alone  
and when he dies  
i watched quietly  
when the grave was being dug  
knowing that he won't come back  
and i shall not be here  
for much longer  
even if i become  
like a king or like the wind  
never  
never will death  
stay away  
but when he called me from above  
neither voice nor word to say yes  
we just quietly say yes to him  
it is a debt  
which must be paid  
here is your flesh  
take it from me  
it seems to me  
that you can't destroy it  
having spent the day with pain  
am i going to spend the night with pain?  
this living to eat  
is so tiring for me  
i am feeling cold inside  
let me go on seeking fire  
even death is better  
than this useless life  
the mast of a ship  
a nakedness  
the leader of whores  
sheds the female breast  
he tramples down  
the vast furnace  
Godlike and piercing  
binding and bitter  
and cleaving asunder  
bones bound together  
and paleness breaking  
and rending  
abiding in a place  
tending into nothingness  
dampness tending onto corruption  
corruption  
corruption  
corruption  
and merchants in trembling  
dragged down into horror  
terrible and whirling  
the dust in the palm  
sublime circumcision  
solitude and desolation  
a goatherd unto lost  
all destruction

grinding thin powder  
withering and fading  
the reaping-hook of dullness  
earth thrown up  
all flesh turn  
the mountains are cast out  
lions trembling with fury  
thy braking in my barrenness  
the destroyer of days  
the silent lion  
we know him fury  
the death of flesh  
he moves with a creeping motion  
they destroy by the sky flame  
of their smoky breath  
the painbringers  
they shriek with a  
long  
drawn  
cry