

Current 93, Be

from a swerven shore to bend of bay
just as easy to die on a bright sunny day
when my mind and heart return
to count the crackings of my faults
to try and tell the form is dark
to pitch a pain and make it hold
to crawl through rain in dust parched bowl
these are the things we may not do
this is where the light grows dim
this is where all voice is stutter
this is where all lips shall crack
this is where my life has led me
this is where i chose to stay
this is where i fall apart