

# Current 93, Diana

Lust he follows virtue close  
Through the steaming woodlands  
His darkened blood through bulging veins  
Through the steaming woodlands  
Virtue knows he follows softly  
Through the steaming woodlands  
Travel light the deathly shudder  
Down the leafy pathway  
The dim light she comes peering through the forest pines  
And she knows by the sound of the baying  
By the baying of the hounds  
Diana Diana kick your feet up  
Lust bares his teeth and whines  
For he's picked up the scent of virtue  
And he knows the panic signs  
Lust cries running with his eyes  
The white-clad figure fleeting  
Mud burns his eyes but desire burns his mind  
Fear in her eyes as the forest grins through the steaming woodlands  
Lust now his soul destroyed with enmity disarmed