

Current 93, Forever Changing

all is cold hard beauty, pain is never done
and we remain clothed in space
forming from space
space we come and return
and i saw within the mystery of god
in the midst of the southern breezes
a wondrously beautiful image
it had a human form and it's countenance was of such beauty
that i could have more easily gazed at the sun
than in that face
for a broad golden ring circled it's head
in this ring above the face there appeared a second countenance
like that of an elderly man
it's chin and beard resting on the crown of her first face
and on both sides of the figure a wing grew out of the shoulders
the wings rose above the face and were joined there
then at the top part of the wing on the curve appeared an eagle's head
it's eyes were like fire and in them the brilliance of angels streamed forth
from the mirror
on the part of the left wing's curve there was soothed a human head
which shone like the gleaming of the stars
both faces were turned towards the east
and from the shoulders of the figure a wing extended to it's knees
the figure was wrapped in a garment that shone like the sun
it's hands carried the lamb which shone like a brilliant day
the figure's feet trod upon a monster of black
a serpent had fastened it's teeth into it
and it's body was wound around the wound
it's tail extended to the left
it said "i am the highest in fiery power
i have kindled every spark of life
i am it, nothing that is deadly
i decided on all reality
with my wings i fly above this little world
with wisdom have i put the universe in order
i am the fiery life of essence
i am a flame beyond the beauty even of the meadows
it is i who gleam in the waters
it is i that burn in the sun
it is i that burn in the moon
it is i that burn in the stars
with every breeze as with invisible life that contains everything
it is i that awaken every thing to life
the air lives by turning green and being in bloom
and the waters flow as if they were alive
the sun lives in it's light and the moon is enkindled
after it's disappearance once again by the light
of the sun so that the moon is again revived
the stars too give the light with their beaming
i have established pilars that bear the entire globe
in the same way too the body envelopes the soul
and maintains it so that the soul will never blow away"
and all is cold hard beauty, pain is never done
never done