

Current 93, The Magical Bird In The Magical Wood

i saw the slot of the sun
the final cut of the sun
start like a hare
over the shoddy grey walls
i saw you dimple and crease
and turn a card from the pack
by your bed
as though swords, cups, discs and wands
might tumble into your head
and give you a glimmer of something profound
but your gods made no sound
the gods made no sound
your gods made no sound
you were cartwheel and sommersault
but not at your ease
i was not at my ease
as through unfolding vistas
of dullness and deadness
i saw the metal buckets
fatigued and buckled
with nimbus of rustflowers
in sheds by the lake
i was already falling and fallen and lost
and it was not at your cost
and i was not at my ease
and it was not at your cost
by aimless pools with no surprise
i counted the flickerings of your eyes
and saw the magical bird
in the magical woods
fly over the hills
and far away
from the sea it's you i see
by the glowing seashore it was you that i saw:
the magical bird in the magical woods