

Current 93, The Starres Are Marching Sadly Home

and shall i see You once again
and see the flags of InmostLight
and shall i turn towards the dusk
and dream of dust and broken ships
and shall they sink without a sigh
and line the deeps and banners sleep
and winds blow still and clouds amass
so with a gun or with a cross
or with a shrug or with a god
we catch through cracks
and hear through creaks
the bruises of the echoes of
theInmostLight
theInmostLight
it says hello and fartoolate
i shall not laugh and
you still fall crippled and broken:
these days shall not come again
the starres are marching sadly home
the seahorse rears to oblivion
these days shall not rise again
i shall no longer believe all
he visions of my youth
they have dissolved into nihil
her arms will not hold me again
except at night at night
in dreams i patch together
from sleepydust
as rain falls as honey and drenches the trees
the children run ragged
the children run mine
(i wish)
nothing shall fresh spring again
the starres are lost in distorted twilight
notblue, nor streaked with
regalslash of red
this is the final TwistedBlackGash but
notmine notmine
notmine notmine
children shall always weep
the woods are archen now
no coptic blanket
the vaults... so
i break all the boughs in front of me
i glimpse the dog bounddeadsmile
(goodbye...)
into these parched woods...
the crippled line the path to the white lodge
they are the entrance sight and exit sigh
the crippled line the river banks
and through their praying ferociously
the bloodbells whine unbearable
they scream now unbearable
they are perched against the wetwhite cliffs
the starres are marching sadly home
(fall with me)
the starres in file are fallen
then now great
how little now
when You look here
there are no eyes to see You
any longer we dance together
you and i away in dead woods
take Your brightness away

my eyes blurred before
they could not touch You
in all my sounds of Your farewell
and songs of the radiance of Your body
(all of it: even the filth was gold to me
the fountain was gold)
as You thrust Your throat
towards the pallid sky
i could never reach You truly...
when i open my lips
i have no words any longer
my mouth is blind and dead
and this life
though i have shielded myself
with a rosaried wall
i came to see no meanings
but loss and death
endings, all endings
and asforlove, forlove, forlove:
i know the face i shall see
at the final zero
i have tasted the Teeth of paradise
and i have seen the Teeth of paradise
and i will know them Again
briefly:
but i took You into fields of rape
forgotten:
our children dress in lace
2121 the throats 2121
their throats
all the unsung promises i hoped to catch to hear
the throats humming in my mind
of Inmostlights hung in trees
with the walkways and swings
the roundabouts spiralling
In on themselves
IT IS ALL EMPTY
my mouth would wish to cut Your throat
i have controlled it with a crucifix
until now whilst
the blood makes another
useless halo for us
the gold the throat
the teeth
and there over there
the starres are out
theInmostLight prepares His FinalFire
... there may well be ways to catch the silence. as the
words pour like honey from our mouths - as they yap
and pour sweetness that rots our teeth and others
ears, and we weave gross nets of nothings to try and
to trap meaning into this world so without meanings -
we must look into a mirror and see our lips forming a
series of a hundred rows of nothings. we must look into
the mirror: see the selfsaneimage englassed and
blabbing away into eternity. from the mirror a small
step to the windows: the smudges and stains tell us of
the myriad faces till they might crack against the
glass: as they mouth that wide hopeless
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO, it is impressed, by the grace
of LordNothing foreverandever, into the structure - the
smudges are inside the pane... no-one shall know us,
nor ever shall... and love, I believe, does not exist... and
on the starres march... on and on and on... to oblivion...
and so we fall under the hooves of all the pretty little

horses... and we see clearly, now, TheInmostLight.
"Some day I think I shall strange my soul."
hush you bye
don't you cry
go to sleepy, little baby
when You wake
you shall ride
all the pretty little horses
blacks and bays
dapples and greys
coach and six a little horses
way down yonder
down in the meadow
lies a poor little lamby
bees and butterflies
pecking out his eyes
poor little thing cries
"mummy"
hush you bye
don't you cry
go to sleepy, little baby
when you wake, you shall see
all the pretty little horses