

Rotting Christ, Lucifer Over London

Lucifer Over London

The twisted wings and clouds unfold

And the great page of He who feel

Makes arkened shadows / over pointed spires

Little children point and sign

And little children run and dance

Over the setting sun

Oh over the setting sun

Lucifer over London

And under that the silent stars

And under that the weeping sky

And under her the laughing world

Balance sits / in western parts / and piles spare Spares

In his / gabled room

Lucifer over London

Great Anarch and Monarch of not

The flight of Lucifer over London

And my little grandson

Wrinkled son forehead

All tiny blue pain

The mother Blood emerges

Then the mother grief

And the blue gates of Death

Open armwide

Open teethwide

Lucifer over London

All dead like the leaves

Old time shiver

Old dead calendar / past / blurred / sunsets / cinders flying

In his heart / his heart / his fingers

Punch holes in the sky

All the little Christs I count

Lucifer over London

All the little Christs I call

Laughing through the green green fields

Some of these angels have the face of God

Some of them the face of dogs

By the tower of Moab

See the sky's green angel form

Lucifer lickers all around me

His hooded eyes alight

Look into him just a little longer

See the true face of the... moon

So he weels there / through the heavens

His eyes as dotted bright lights

Licked with lust

A golden seabird

Half dead with spray

His banners / are / broken / flags in the wind

Devouring life / he / breaks at walls

Lucifer over London

The glint of dead fruits glint

And then the moon...

And then the moon...

And then the moon...