

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...