

Current 93, A Gothic Love Song

I'm clicking your fingers for a gothic twilight
that actually existed just in your head
your fingernails painted black
or bloodred
I forget

And your fake-leather volumes
jabbering on hell
manifest decadence was what you hoped to exhail
your eyes tried so hard to glitter

A star-snuffing black
so you opened your books
and you opened your legs
and so opened your heart
and let in the badness
you claimed
as your friend
with un-angels hovering
like flies round the orchard
that had covered your soul
their empire increasing
and your country
deserted by yourself

The bells of St. Mary call us to remember
that life is with end
and the gestures can kill us
moreover destroy
and there is one jugdement only

Your letters came daily
in French or in German
but they meant to me nothing
I caught the slow cords
and dry ice fogging your mind
I see all too clearly now
why you should be discarded
and though I could pray for you
I probably shan't
having had my cup filled up
with your lies
and your makeup
you were nothing
thinking you're something

And nonetheless I still write this gothic lovesong
a sign to myself
and the memory of my past
I still write this gothic lovesong
and the memory of my past
and a way to shut out your face