

Current 93, All The World Makes Great Blood

Sorry then bird flight
Passes across my window
Sorry then dog crouches
Under the still sun
Sorry then moi je
Regrette tout ce que
J'ai fait
O le soleil se couche I
Lie me down I lay
With Your body under the
Honeysun
Suckled lovewing mine
You were
I was not yet dressed Tibetan red
And into You, as You'll recall
I fled

The twig-smashed landscape
Is rolling and waving
Wolf wild wide wind walking
Soft smoke star space stalking
This is the comic book end
We have waited for
And not believed in
Oh nearly not at all
Oh nearly not at all
Once when we were young
Oh once we were so young
And the rainways licking the glass
Made us the observers of the distant distance
We there watched the sky's goddy tears
Only once did GoodGod cry black
And then all the clockmovements start
To crick crack crick
By the hairs on my head
By the stare in my eyes
By the pain in my heart
I shall whisper through signs:
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood
All this world makes great blood