

Current 93, Anyway, People Die

Who am I? Who do you say I am? As I hobble on to the land of the dull... Wings or wheels, wings or

Scythes
And the oil staggers
Over waters
Blue sky may stay
Blue sky or grey
And the rain falls
On life
On life
On life
On life
On life

And once you go beyond
Once you go beyond
The line between
Human
And inhuman
Disappears
Disappears
Disappears...

How the trees stand
Oh how the wind strives
And people to bend
Are we left with nothing?
A Cross appears
Between the horns
Of a stag
And burning light
Blinds the hunter
And firstly I stood proud
Fuelled by white and beast
Then bowed till I...
Almost broken
A row of Christs
Stare down on me
And their several likenesses
Flame and torch my walls
Othal, odal bloody
Then scared and scabbed

Who am I?
Who do you say I am?
As I hobble on
To the land of the dull
Wings or wheels
Wings or wheels
Now I'm like a silly boy
Now I'm like a Wandering Jew
And he goes on
And thus I linger
And anyway
People die
And anyway
People die...