

Current 93, Broken Birds Fly I (Maldoror Waits)

Cut the wind
I see broken birds fly
I hear dead children sing
The wind moves again
And when she awakens
She shall shout
"Thalassa"
On all sides
Broken birds soar
The waves move
The sound does not diminish
The sound shall not diminish
The crops shall cease
Life-stirrer
Life-begetter
Mother
Light-giver
Father
Light-bearer
And where is the eagle?
He has gone
And where is the sun?
He too has gone
And where too is the children's laughter?
This too is gone.
Where love and beauty?
It is taken
And where now the blackbird?
She is silent
And something for the harvest
Something comes for the harvest
And black water only
Black water
Bracken
I see the ruins now
In the heart of the city.
Lost
In the heart of the master
Lust
And where is the nature of man?
This is dead.
And where in the sea?
And where in the earth?
And where in the sky?
And where in the heaven?
And where in the hell?
That we have built us?
Is raped and razed
Is snatched and scorched
Is taken from all
That I once said is "mine"
And where is the purity?
This too has been raped
Blood on the altar of the innocents
Slaughter for its own sake
Slaughter of the innocents
They are lost in carnage
Not of their own making
At the back of my mind too
Where is my youth?
And this too is taken
Where the corn
Grows fresh in the heart
Of the night

No gods arise now
We have lost our faith
We have lost our face
And who laughs?
Who prays?
Who calls on the most high?
Where is the flight of the eagle?
This is gone
And where has this led us?
Nowhere
Nothing
Dissolution beckons
Call once
Call twice
Fall again
Make sharp the sound of the bowing
The breaking and burning
Christ is before me
Christ is behind me
Christ to my left
And Christ to my right
And all around me
He blazes in glory
The world turns
And Maldoror cries
He cries in the darkness
He waits at the crack
The red cunt of time
And I wait for him too
To take me to the house and the harvest
Where the children wait
Where silence screams
Immaculate red phases
The bloody spasm of time
He waits in the darkness
He burns in the heart
He said it was finished
He said it had died
But Maldoror waits
In the back hole of time
The black cunt
He waits in the darkness for me
He waits in the darkness
For all of us
The black split
Scratch red sound
That breaks the night
He waits at the black heart
The black cunt of time
Maldoror waits