

# Current 93, Chewing On Shadows

as i have not trusted  
i have not hoped  
in the bleak alleyways  
and the secondhand streets  
where misery waits  
and the turn of your hand

as i have no believed  
so i have not seen  
the uselessness  
the pettiness  
and in by the clouds are the sun and the stars  
by the walls and the rain  
i shall not come to you for tea  
as you may come back home with me  
not believing and not seeing the facts  
yapping into our face  
alternate fire  
alternate smoke  
i shall not wake  
at seven or eight  
as all the hours  
are now too late  
with the lead weights motionless  
i spy with my little eye

you and i my love  
you and i  
with our backs to each other  
chewing on shadows  
dissecting the lights  
that their brightness might be classified  
and then immasculated  
and finally killed