Current 93, Christ And The Pale Queens

i am without origin and from whom every beginning comes forth
i am the ancient of days to declare that i am a day by myself
alone i am the day that does not shine by the sun rather by me
that the sun is ignited i am the reason that it is
not made perceptible by anyone else
rather i am the one
i own every being that lives, draws breath, and soothes to gaze at my countenance
i have created mirrors in which i consider myself without end
through wonders of my originality i have prepared for myself these mirrors
so they may revend and maintain song of praise
for i have a voice like a thunderbolt by which i keep in motion the entire universe
in the living sounds of all creation and this i have done who am the ancient of days
by my word which was and is without beginning i calls all the mighty lights to emerge
and in this light countless sparks which are angels
but when the angels came to awareness withint their light
they forgot me and wanted to be as i am
therefore the vengeance of my punitive zeal rejected in thunderclaps those beings
which had presumed to contradict me
for there is only one God and no other but me

Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
and we bow our knees before him
who is dead from the beginning
and his law was the law of the lies
and his temples were temples of pain
his Christ and his pale queens mighty in sorrow
with their dogma and their doctrine of deceit
he created thw world in his glory
so we should offer him praise
but Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
wait in judgment with their feet bathed in blood
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
a world without end, amen
from Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
a trinity of lies and deceit
and their love was for them and their friends
and their lies for books they wrote
and their deceit bring down my pain
and the mushroom clouds were falling
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
shall wait at the end of all time
will you believe in a God that is dead?
who may die in an article of faith
whose beauty is nailed to our face
a Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
the fates and faith of the dead
sometimes falling softly like winter's snow
sometimes falling ice so hard with red rain made of blood
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
a throne at the end of the road
we shall crawl with our knees so broken
ripped and torn and burned and pulled and dragged on the way
we were turning, we were burning in the fires
and the people that stoked it are they
it was Christ that left tenants of love
the Armageddon angels of bliss
Apocalypse with a kiss
from Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow

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and every Apocalypse was theirs
and the fun of the fare, impaled
and their flames were the shadows on our lives
flames filled with war
turning and burning at the gods
of Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
how much longer do we live under a cloud
in the shadow of shit that they gave us
every religion has its price
and we have all paid and paid and paid and paid
again and again and again
and we carry our pain in our blood
he was not alone when he shed the red fluid of his life
it was finished for him but not us
and they stand still in their judgment of us
oh Christ and the pale queens
Christ and the pale queens
and soon their turn shall come
will they turn on the rack as before
and dogs cast their throats to the sun
as we cast down these idols
oh Christ and your pale queens mighty in sorrow
give us your blessing, give us your hearing
look upon on us your children with love
we have sinned, we have burned, we are wrong
but give us your blessing, not your vengeance
oh Christ and your gods
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Christ!
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
look on this, look on this your handiwork
all of this is yours
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
again and again you give and you take away
and all that we are left with now is filth
gentle, innocent and mild
mighty one is love alone
my saviour's love to me
love to the loveless
so that we might love thee
gentle, Jesus is a shine
you in your sole corner
and me in mine
i am the law of the laws
he came down from heavens and danced on the earth
the tune of Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
and wars upserged the flame of locusts
and many years of many more to come
thanks to Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
and give every Christmas wrapped in the colour of the pale sheep of Galilea
nail to each promise
oh Christ and the pale queens give us mercy
they're so good and they're so fine
giver and taker of life
a kiss from the Apocalypse
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
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