

Current 93, Dormition And Dominion

In the mind of god
The dead sleeping lie
And the little cogs though unmoving
Hover over the turning wheel
All life's a farce
The broken bird is draped over the paths
And paths and paths and paths
And those who say this world is not
The bloody gleaming paradise of blood and jewel
Lie
Opal and pearl bloodsocket castings
Ruby jasmine jasper and onyx
Chalcedon throne and ambergriscrown
Golden green leafwork
Scrolled with the farstars
Pitted with the moonworlds
Mother alldewey
Arrayed with the twinkling lights
The wovengold spungilded blinking godeyes
The spearshafts of heaven
The souldwelling rockhomes
Are...
Dormition and Dominion
Dormition and Dominion
The Mother is dead
The Mother awakens
Dormition
She sleeps
Dominion
He rules
She sleeps and rules
In her starry bodied glory
The Mother sleeps
The Mother loves
Dormition and Dominion
I wait
...Are the holders of the world and its dreams
I say there is no death
No death
We have lived before and shall live again
And again

We have slept before and shall sleep again
We have danced through the shallow pools
And shall rejoice once again
To those who say there is no hope
I say liars
Liars
Liars you are
Over the starry dancing stars
There is a land
Under the sweatribbed brow
There is a land
And this is the globed world of the Pantocrator
Finally I have understood
I have understood
I have understood
Though when I slip sleeping and silently
From this ribbed room of sighs
You shall not find the history of His personal visit
Sewn into my linings perhaps
Nevertheless I have understood
Where the logician watches god hinge all on a die
Nevertheless I have understood!

That all this is the breathbetween moment
Our eyelids open and close
Between is the land
Between the time I first was accepted
In between Your brightboned body
Between then and there and the time You wept:
"Goodbye my love goodbye to you"
There there was the land
In the pearls of our heart
There is the immaculate heavenly loveland
In the middle of the forest Acton is slain by his own hounds
In the middle of the forestEustace meets the crisscross Stag
There is the land he has reached paradise
There is no death
There is no death
There as the stag turns and smiled loved
There he was takencaught by the prey
All the flowers are blossoming
And all the world calls to you:
"Dormition" - so you sleep
"Dominion" - so you rule
Dormition - oh You sleep, Mother
Dominion - Father, You rule