

Current 93, Judas As Black Moth

All the blossoms have been paid for
Pettled with blood
Back over their moulded walls
With spiteful flames
I can't hear the voice
I can't see the form
The wallpaper peeling
Let the walls down
And the bone answers
Eternity
To my question
When?
What time is it?
What place is this?
Which conjunction is this?
All this waste
Where the clocks tick away
All around
What hour is this in the middle of the night?
The cats cry in the street
The car sweeps by with a murdered child
The car sweeps by with a violated girl
The car sweeps by with its trunk full of death
Do you believe in God?
Do you believe in Christ?
What monsters we've become
This flight from ease will finally kill us all
And all we need is something
Let us lie and sleep and dream
Other dreams
Brighter dreams
Better dreams
Please