

Current 93, Locust

what is all this love for
if we have to go out in the dark

lalalalalala
what joy we had
in the locust summer
what fires we lit
in the locust years
black hundreds
black thousands

lalalalalala
what joy we had
in the locust summers
what fires we lit
in the locust years
black hundreds
black thousands

rivers that run
rippled with red
ravaged and raped
with our roar roar roaring

lalalalalala
what joy we had
in the locust summer
what fire we lit
in the locust years

for only the strong survive
all of the weak are trampled under
all of the weak are trampled under

lalalalalala
this is only here in this place
and with these parting tears pour of the flesh
a freaking and falling
a crying and calling
foreign words crawling rivers
beaches moment's ebbing
broken watches
launch cathar
mama in my room
you left me burning
you left me burning
you left me burning

lalalalalala
animals melting servants screaming
crouched in corners coughing crying
renting scalding masts of walls
chanting scalding baby dying
and life force ebbing

lalalalalala
what joy we had
in the locust summers
what fires we lit
in the locust years

bloody tower of hysteria
a bloody vase of rape
he calls the living

he calls the dying
he breaks the thunder
and then it seemed as if
the whole world was burning
for only the strong survive
all of the week get trampled under

lalalalalala
what joy we had
in the locust summers
what fires we lit
in the locust years
black hundreds
black thousands

rivers that run run rippled with red
ravaged and raped
with our roar roar roaring

what screaming joy
in the locust years

nick my life away
lick my life away

lalalalalala
what joy we had
in the locust summers
what fires we lit
in the locust years