

Current 93, Mary Waits in Silence

I shall return no more
The sea covers me
To pick gold from the skies
I shall wait beneath the spaces

I shall return no more
Imperium et nihil
The silence has folded
Inside and out

And Mary waits in silence
Imperium nihil est
In the gap between
His thought and his word

Something is finished
And something is born
In the place where words cease
In the moment when

Actions no longer matter
Oh the sky may darken
The curtain tear
She shall wait

Silver dust falls from her hair
Waits a span or a time
Sketches of her life swirl
Around her silence silent

The sounds of her silence
The forms that they take
They cover me still
My fingers twist in pain

Words are finished
And I come swiftly
And with a vengeance
And Mary waits in silence