

Current 93, Moonlight, You Will Say

I remember walking in the fields around York

Miserere

Oh miserere

I remember sitting in a small room in London

Miserere

And I remember thinking

Miserere

Miserere

I was sad

Miserere

Miserere

This was the stage of building brokengods

Oh miserere

Miserere

This was the stage of reading the blackbooks

Miserere

Miserere

And possibly I rented my soul

Possibly

Oh, but anyway

Miserere

Miserere

Miserere

Miserere

Loss

Loss

And if so I ask for pardon

And if not

I ask for pardon, anyway

I have seen this world as a great howl of pain

I have seen this world as a great ocean of blood

I have seen this world as the acme of suffering

I have seen this world as the great disappointment

I have seen this world as the great zero gape

In which all our hopes flicker out

Goodbye they say as they go

Goodbye they cry loss flies

Moonlight, you will say

"And what does it matter whether God

speaks to us from amongst the thorns

or the flowers?"

-- St. Francois de Sales, 1607

But still and still He shrieks to me

"Miserere miserere miserere miserere miserere"

Oh, wretched

Oh miserere

Moonlight, you will say

Moonlight, you will say