

Current 93, Riverdeadbank

Like dust
I'm lost in the world
I thought that I had
A particular place
Between the earths
Between the scarred sky

I feel the crunch of dirt
I smell the scent of flowers
My aimless feet
To be in the world
And not a part of it
That's the aim of the pain
I'm sorry that there seems
No happiness in life
I'm sorry that there seems
No one
Passing streams
Dying dreams
There seems to be no joy

You cannot see the ships sailing
You cannot see the sails sailing
Amassing as Christ on the horizon
Outstretched
Outstretched...