

Current 93, St. Peters Keys All Bloody

hello darkness my old friend
i've come to talk to you again
because a vision softly in-creeping
crushed my mind while i was sleeping
and the vision like silent cancers stay
through nights and days
and there was the sound of silence
and the people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made
and the sign said the words of the prophets
are written on the subway walls
and tenament halls
and echoed in the sounds of silence