

# Current 93, Steven And I In The Field Of Stars

Circles within circles  
We ride through them all  
Circles within circles  
&quot;In the midst of the Southern regions...&quot;  
There a man rests and weeps  
This year, next year,  
Sometimes,  
Never, oh never

If we think then that there is  
No joy

But listen:  
On the edge of winds  
Is the rustling of the greens  
All many greens, manifold and lovely  
The sighing and crying of the wind  
The lovely boughs  
The lovely light  
The lovely light  
The lovely starts, jewelly nobles  
The pitted starheads of a burning fire  
Burn far brighter burn brighter -  
Starry glory golder flamey and lambent -  
Than any other fires we know  
The moony wetmouthed cradle of bluenight  
The plumd bird, lovely voiced  
Thestreakd cat, rooted hairshine  
Head of furlight  
Purr of bright sound  
Lovely and noble, jewelly lords  
So sparkling, glimmering spitting lights  
Little houses of fire  
In little towns of fire  
Open and shut their fiery sandsheet eyes