

Current 93, The Ballad Of The Pale Christ

on bended knees we pray for war, a blade draws blood but often tarnishes
through blazing eyes i see new sunsets, sky now breaking different shades of red
we pray for blades, ablazing locusts call for wars to wet the earth
to cover the world in black and bracken, flaming stubble with churchbell battles
and then i lie in the arms of a smiling girl who prays to christ and the pale
queens mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow

when did i stand before i touched the shadows of this life that touch the dark
and dream of ice
an endless winter in this dogday-age, i kiss the cross but dream of wars
a bagatelle for a massacre or wars of fire were build to last
old men die and stone will turn to stone
and then i kiss the mouth of a smiling girl who calls on christ and the pale
queens mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow

immaculate heart of immaculate love a tawdry scarecrow for a tarnished crown
his five wounds bleed but only on his throne, his toothless smile cuts wide
across his face
and then i kiss the mouth of a smiling girl who calls on christ and the pale
queens mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow

and what shall i receive a little drum to beat when i march with scorched
earth's steps
a rocking horse for a little warrior to trample around and down from fields of
rape
an alabaster doll for the little maid while she waxes and wanes through the
blood of the moon
and camouflaged smocks for the purest of pure, a masculine mark, and the flag of
their shame
and i kiss the lips of the smiling girl who calls on christ and the pale queens
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow

and where shall i go back there and back, furthest and far, to the edge of the
shore
the snow falls thick his mantle of strength descends with a winter on those in
his service
the snow is the winner
message of winter, your hope shall be crushed
the lightflame grows dimmer
child's laughter ceases on a front with no ending
within words with no meaning
child's laughter sickens
child's fever rages
smoldering pages
inquisition!
and i die in the arms of a smiling girl who prays to christ and the pale queens
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow

mighty in sorrow
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mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow
mighty in sorrow