

Current 93, The Carnival Is Dead And Gone

dear sir dear lady
this carnival is dead and gone
and never anyway alas this party never yet began
the chairs and tables dust of dust
yes verydust of veryrust of verymust and farewelltrust
i thought i saw you in the crowd dear heart
you turned away from me and dissolved into light
the broken lights and faded buntings
call to us all the inmost light
and don't glare wide your eyes in wonder
they will flick back inside your mind
and on the bonescreen of your skull
they watch no musical salutes
so thoroughly modern now we are
but the last reel of all time
the inmost night
its frames are glared and slow and out of focus
Valentino Vallee Moss all dead!
the inmost night
and the little bells go tinkle
and your eyes begin to twinkle
and the joints and sinews crack
it's the expansion of your mind death
death
death
the inmost night
the cat's face glares from shiny card
the deadcat from my past
you tumble you froth and fun forever
an orchestra from another time
another world all dead
the churchbells silent the rainstained glass of God is smashed
and you take your choice you sup with the devil
you choke on your pride for ever and ever
my memory of my inmost light tumbles froth and fun forever
vulvaic memories imagined of my would-be-life
well that won't be
and that won't be
and that won't be
and for my troubles and my pain
and for the losses and the wains
i get a picture in my mind
the slyly smily smiling kiss
of your sweet heart and face
and your legs in some final benediction
your inmost warmheart says ta-ra
the inmost light
and i wished to die inside of you
and push up into your heart so violently that
face to face with matrix creatrix am
the inmost light
the inmost night