

Current 93, The Dream Of A Shadow Of Smoke

"So is every man. He is born in vanity and sin. He comes into the world like morning mushrooms

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

"Others ride longer in the storm, maybe until seven years of vanity be expired and then, pread

Homer calls man a leaf, the smallest; Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow, another, the dream

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

In my mind is the sound
Of rudderless ships
A time, and a time
And a time
And a time
So much silence
Deafens our ears
So much emptiness
Hinders our movements
Lost in the earth
And lost in the air
Around my hollow globe
Broken feathers
Blocking my words
And the no-one speaks
Oh no-one moves
Broken in snow
The sun bares teeth
So one: I shall build a boat
Two: I shall not fly a flag
Three, three, three:
God's three functions
So three: I shall cross myself
Four: and hope to die