

# 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