

Current 93, The Inmost Light Itself

And when I saw the little children sing
Their mouths were red and sad
Their lipsticksealed smiles
And in their minds they hold and hope some sign
Some hope
The gaudy sequinned dragging banner of the inmost light
Around my eyes the sewers spew and laugh
The fallen flower gazes at me reaped
The crippled cuckoo falls brokenwing
And turns around to me and brokenbeak grins
From its head
Thus so no fear thus so it has arrived
The inmost light
And if I turn my head for shame
And see my lovers' rivers burst and folding there
I'll cross my eyes and close my heart
And whisper to her womb
Greatbloodgreatsilencemymotherthemysteryofall
Nothingmaygrasptheenoonemaygraspthee
Letmeholdtheenowohcomeohcomeatlast
The inmost light

Oh God I trail my hands up to my eyes
Up to my eyes up to my eyes up to my eyes
And say if only then my light and if only if only if
I had not despised
The inmost light
And so I kneel at bluegate blackmouthdeath
And offer as my feeble explanation
I thought so much was left and so much
Time to praise and call the inmost light

And I suppose full half and more of these are dreams
Some broken code of morals rising after I had touched
Her very pith and marrow oh her inmost light

If I could scatter children
If I could scatter children

And while I gaze and count my coins
After your godgoldglow they're dead
The head is dead and lead
I see and feel the hiding glow blaze behind you
The inmost light
And if your lips are taut
Don't move your teeth to speak
The lines will start to fall
And pull the structure of your world
Then all apart
And thus you'll see you'll call the inmost night
It wispered to me and laughed and said you
Lied and shamed the inmost light
And if you recall I bent yewlike and roared
You did not see the cloudburst wind dead towards you
Of the inmost light
Our hands tumble towards the skies
The block visions of the inmost light
And if I pointless arch
And spit white nothings at the sky
Oh bigboys check it out too fucking late
The children move through town
And skip tornskirted and roll the hoop into the arms
Of the inmost light
Sheer char shrift and sharp

Christ is risen you may creep to the cross too late
But it's much too late to welcome the inmost light
Branch willow yew and tree
Not so gay no more
So falling faster and faster we fall
Nearer cataclysm
Or salvation
Or nothing how terrible
I we are snuffed out with just the momentary mark of smoke
To array our passing
So we stand milky in moonlight

Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Is this all there is?
Our eyes so fixed
That the darkness surrounds us
Unnoticed
And we are drowned by the loss of light
Unnoticed
Is this all there is my friends?
Is this all there is?

Goodnight goodnight the inmost light

Westron wynde when wyll thou blow?
The smalle rayne downe can rayne can rayne
Cryst yf my love were in my armys
And I yn my bed a gayne

Will you wait for me there by the dead clock?
No more dying
One red bird
Will You meet me there?
Before I sputter out?
Dragonflies and mayflies
Hovering candles
As alabaster guardians for me
If you open that door
All hell floods out
But quietly drably
The colour of
The smell of
The texture of
Dust