

# 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