

Current 93, The Teeth Of The Winds Of The Sea

then I looked into her young eyes
from eighty years she looks back
into my young eyes
and she is gone
to where?
where has her soul gone?
body found yes but her very mark her sign
lost it seems to me now
though I feel that she is here still
all around me windsouled
to love is always to live somehow
as long as our eyes are still this colourdull glass
I will not now know her still
this parched scorched earth
endless wheel of suffering
great ocean of pain
bloodbucket of grief
roaring mouthgaped oooh
of disappointment and despair
will not then exist
and we shall smile
we shall smile as big as the big crescent moon
which lies on its arched back and dreams
of cats and stars and snow
and as before we saw smiley shining stars
and disreaching them
our arms would wave like a desperate windmill
hoping hoping to welcome them home
now we shall touch them close to our hearts
and what we are
and what we may be
maybe
why I have failed?
and all I could have been
and am not
and all I had hoped for
and were not
and everything I hoped
and hoped and hoped and hoped for
I prayed in the morning
and I prayed in the evening
and I got not
from the rotgut God
when all the world starts to shiver
and shimmer and shake all around me
and all the worldlight was piecemeal and peaceless
this is the atomic pain of the world
the molecular tears
the final crystalline structure of misery
that wind its way around the wooden snakejawed growing spine
of the worlds, listen; I was taken to be betrayed whenever is hate
to be betrayed wherever is hate
as the body is abused by man
there in the patrapassion egde of the world
the hanging God is invaded
in heart and soul I suffer
you all suffer
you suffer all
I suffer
suffer suffer suffer
the tearblowing world creaks around
and we are broken
loss
loss

light an darkness
light and darkness
it seems to the little blue and green world
that they do not know each other
but they must finally
the Master says that Satan too shall be forgiven
forgiven
and suffering before
we suffer too
here's sixpence here's sixpence
go and play and play
in the flaky pale fields that still are somehow this land
and spend oh spend your life away
spend your spend your night
away
and waste and waste your life away
under the bright starlight
under your yewboned archlight body
you are dead under this shitstained sky
you are dead under the loveless muddy almoststars
you are dead under the sleeping closed eyes of the bhagavan
you are dead under the road and the track and the path
along the green grass slipping away
along the snaking way
you are deady deady
deady deady
dead
goodnight
the lights are dead and so are you
the light is dead and so are you