Current 93, Whilst the Night Rejoices Profound an

As we stared beyond the windows there
Over all the gardens
That have never been
And will never grow again
How long
How long
The shining winking stars

The clouds too high
So high
Pointing to some final star
The dull face of the sky
And the sound of the calling
Of the distant village bell
And all that
The sun is not enough for us
Any longer
And her smile
Though she wears her hat
And her cheery rays
Do not blanket with their glorious glare
The burning body
With distorted nimbus
I see too well
Just beyond my neighbour's house
It does not blank out
The last sigh of the soul
Whilst the night rejoices profound and still
At the edge of your street
Both shadow and destroyer
But not alas
The comforter