

John Cale, In The Library Of Force

We kill in the world

We live in it

We live in it

Then you smiled crawling as your houses were burning for God

Books crawl down from the shelves Read themselves to you Read themselves at you In the Library

In the Library of Force

William the Conqueror flipping from the pages of History

Drink from the pages

Come the precious stones of guilt

The tracking of detention

Was lurking in the Souls of Man

From the Last Day of Language

Beaten

Bludgeoned

Ransacked

Stoned

The Written Word

The Written Word

Written Word

Commands to the Sky to Starve the Sky

And the crawling skin of God