

Christian Death "Mother"

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R. Williams

good-bye dreamer, insane stranger on the shore
There is no one left here, not a soul
Aid the confusion, expecting nothing
Not a soul
O, Mother, could I come back to you?
A terrible vision of order out of control
In accordance with human history
Here in the company of death
We approach - new graves, divided for love's sake
Refined in rapture - ready to fly or to die
Mother could I come back to you?
I'm lifted up into the presence of divine forces
Mother
Open-mouthed in magnificence and beauty
Mother
Or shall we suffer the same fate as all the others
Stuck on a plane which does not suit them
Lost in thought, forgetful of primitive desire
Good-bye dreamer, not a soul
Mother, could I come back to you?
Mother, could I come back through you?
Mother, could I come back to you?
The animals - I know how you make out
Welling with authority, vilely enthusiastic, enduring
bitterness
"My husband's been dead for five years, though
largely unobserved"
The demons, the clowns are gone
..And so is my Mother
Mother, could I come back to you?
Mother, could I come back through you?
Mother, could I come back to you?
O, Mother, could I crawl into you?
Back into you
O, Mother
O, Mother could I come back to you?
Mother?

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