

Current 93

"A Lament For My Suzanne"

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There's the odour of incense
And I double in pain
And I flick through the past
As arrayed in my mind
On a bed in a room
That's locked on some hill
I'm gripping her hand
As she cries to the wall

The years stumble away
And the pain dissipates
Suzanne is clad in blues
With a mark in her hand
The lines round her lips
Are now scars in my mind
Down at the quayside
Through the sun's rising mists
Suzanne drags me down
All this world's in your mind
Can salvation emerge
From the well of this dream?

Where the horses run formless
The sky cancels it's stars
Then the fumes of the incense
Rise across the walls
And she watches me sideways
Like the world is on fire
Between the beat of her heart
And her gesture of fingers
The twist in her hands
As it beckons through me
She smiles through my pain
And my loss yet to come
I wait on the platform
For our lives to restart
And I wanted to tell her
How all my hearts felt
But my words barb inside me
And my lips cannot part
From the twisting of smokes
As we sit in her room

To the sorrow I feel
As I fall out of dreams
Inexplicable sadness
This gash that I feel
Devoid of her moon
And ripped of my sun

If I knew at that joining
If I knew at that parting
If I knew at that second
If I knew at that moment

The candlewax melts
And the water stops shining
That which is started
Is so easily falling
From cathedrals of sand
That the ocean laps away
And sometimes I wake empty
And she floats through my symbols
And I move as to hold her
And

Lament for my Suzanne
I wait for you still

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