

Current 93

"A Song For Douglas After He's Dead"

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He crouches on the floor, there's a mask on the wall
And he leafs, through the pages of a book
But wait as he may in the shadow of other leaves
His heart, in embraces to times long since scorched

The horizon folds over, with a purpose sun rise
And the wind, carry smoke, from the world that is
burning
The smoke clogs in his hair, and he's covered with
patterns
And a decent, of life trees, on his camouflaged soul
With a winter of memories, carved ponder bone white
Beyond his skulls for, a scorpion lies
In the crunch of the snow, as his darkness increases
A twilight of ice, encircles his teeth

This is a song for Douglas, after he's dead
This is a song for Douglas, his mercury dances

There's a swastika carved, in the palm of his hand
There's a crooked cross, that is caught in his mind
There waits a falling sun, in his eyes
There's the honor, of violence, on his lips
His father waits for him, in the towers of silence
Where they worship the fires, so long ago quenched
And the two willow trees, with el has inverted
The fork of life snapped
They are father and son
So mingling dust, as if life itself, had been mostly
illusion
But parchly real
And parchly pain

And over some wall, if you look through rubble
Amongst ruins of churches, where life conquers death
Thou empires can not last, where blood and concepts
The folted and failed
A cloud still sow his teeth
As the world disappears

This is a song for Douglas, after he's dead
This is a song for my Douglas, his mercury dances

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