

Current 93

"At The Blue Gates Of Death"

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Before and beyond the blue gates of death
Oh only two birds they soar through the sky
Take two blackbirds crossformed in poppy fields
And sprung in the springtime in Europe's fertile years
When the rain was immaculate not scarred and twisted
And where in the heart that beats in man
And where in the soul that beats in this heart
Are the pastures of the little shining man

He has reached the blue gates of death
He is at the blue gates of death
Of death... the blue gates of death

She tells me she loves me but he always beckons
Through the forests of green
Though the night slides in

His glass in hand
Slumps over the table
And birch she sits there scowling
Another eagle darkens the stage
And over the fissures
The moss everywhere
And the ships blackblue
Statues point to the sky
Birth
Earth
And dawn

The blue gates of death
We have reached the blue gates of death
We are at the blue gates of death

And her eyes horizontal
Like her heart
Like her secret
There is no pain for me to feel
"Do not touch this pain of mine"
She says "it is all darkened fear"
And London Bridge has fallen down
My mother drinks Victoria gin
Eating gingerbread men

Two ciphers straddle the stage
Reclaim, declaim and decant
Their moves are pointless
Their promises echo through the cinema

They have reached the blue gates of death
They are at the blue gates of death
They shall go through the blue gates of death

And his name is carved in stone
But the time has soaked it away
Where the rain runs to the sea
It takes the moisture from this world
Where riverruns to the sea
It drags ships to the courses
Where the blue is to green
And the waves lap at the night

All have reached the blue gates of death
It has come to it's end at the blue gates
At the blue gates of the threshold
Of threshold of blue gates

And love is the law is written in notebooks
The desert ships and the sand

The desert blossom grows
And blows in the wind he wails
And sand is all everything
He waits in the corner watching
He waits in the quarter
Behind the roses fields and pastures
Where madness is the norm
And laughing is the wine
Full garlands hang on the head of porcupine god
Training tresses and vines
Ripping and raving
World without end
And purple is the colour
Scarlet is the dress
Round about his blues

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