

Current 93

"Calling For Vanished Faces II"

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If only I could take all of you at once
I would take you for ever and ever and only so
Lose myself in you
And so I smile and skip green god like there
The picture of allrage all lust and wanton
The inmost night
And lay waste to the playgrounds
The concrete covers all
The grass sleeps and waits to rise again
It listens for the final trumpet of
The inmost light
And I clench my left hand
Then I open it
The Gods I loved
Are all dead pages metal signs all gone
Edward Alexander in some sadhome falls alone
And sees clearly now the inmost light

The sadness of the inmost light
The growl the grip an final sigh
Paint by numbers of the inmost light
The plastic form illusion
We just have time to swallow
Before the doorknock of the inmost light
He waits at the door he waits at the door
And if you see me try to grin and then I hide
Myself behind a ball
A sign I wish to play and run hideandseek
The sound is gay and full of joy
It masks the binding of our eyes

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