

## Current 93

# "Lucifer Over London"

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The twisted wings and cluds unfold  
And the greatgape of He who fell  
Makes darkened shadows over pointed spires  
Little children point and sing  
And little children run and dance  
Over there the setting sun  
And under that the silent stars  
And under they the weeping sky  
And under Her the laughing world  
(Balance sits in western parts  
And piles spare Spares in his gabled room)  
Great Anarch and Monarch of Not  
The Flight of Lucifer over London  
And my little grandson  
Wrinkled son forehead  
All tiny blue pain  
As the Mother Blood emerges  
Then the Mother Grief  
And the Blue Gates of Death  
Open armwide  
Open teethwide  
All dead like the leaves  
Old times shiver  
Old dead calendar  
Past blurred sunsets  
Cinders flying in His heart His heart  
His fingers punch holes in the sky  
(And all the little Christs I count  
Are covered in the breathwhite snow  
And all the little Christs I call  
Are laughing through the green green fields)  
Some of those angels have the face of God  
And some of them have the face of dogs  
(By the Tower of Moad - see the sky's Greenangel  
form)  
And lucifer flickers all around me  
His hooded eyes alight  
In the smoky musk  
Look into Him just a little longer  
See the true face of the Moon  
So He wheels there through the heavens  
His eyes are dotted brightlights

Licked with dust  
A golden seabird  
Halfdead with spray  
His banners broken flags in the wind  
Devouring life he breaks at walls  
The glint of dead fruits glint  
And then the Moon...  
And then the Moon...  
And then the Moon...

(And sixsixsix  
It makes us sick  
We're sicksicksick  
Of 666)

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