

Current 93

"Moonlight, Or Other Stars, Or Other Fields"

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Caught when I was still a child
By a terrible vision of my Christ
And caught in the throat by your signs and tears and
goodbyes

I picked me up
And walked too far
With thought of no return
And not to see your face again and drowning all my
hopes
And wishing no longer upon stars

Believing
No longer in moonlight
Or other dreams or other fields
Upon all of which we so beautifully play
I saw a waste of all

And so I put away
All talk of death's heads
And a little glimpse is a bloodblossomed force
And all talk of apocalypse

Apocraphon and Apollyon
Abaddon
All abandoned
Then I saw in myself the bowl and a gun
And the glory that was to come

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