

Current 93 "Riverdeadbank"

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Like dust
I am lost in the world
I thought that I
Had a place
Between the heavens
And the earths
Between the starred sky

I feel the crunch of dirt
I smell the scent of flowers

My aimless feet
To be in the world
And not of it
That's the aim of the pain
That's the aim

I'm sorry that there seems
No happiness in life
I'm sorry that there seems
No one

Passing streams
Dying dreams
There seems to be no joy

You cannot see the ships sailing
You cannot see the sails sailing
Amassing was Christ
Amassing as Christ
Outstretched

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