

Current 93

"The Ballad Of The Pale Christ"

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On bended knees we pray for war, a blade draws blood
but often tarnishes

Through blazing eyes I see new sunsets, sky now
breaking different shades of red

We pray for blades, ablazing locusts call for wars to
wet the earth

To cover the world in black and bracken, flaming
stubble with church bell battles

And then I lie in the arms of a smiling girl who prays to
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

When did I stand before I touched the shadows of this
life that touch the dark and dream of ice

An endless winter in this dogday-age, I kiss the cross
but dream of wars

A bagatelle for a massacre or wars of fire were build to
last

Old men die and stone will turn to stone

And then I kiss the mouth of a smiling girl who calls on
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Immaculate heart of immaculate love a tawdry
scarecrow for a tarnished crown

His five wounds bleed but only on his throne, his
toothless smile cuts wide across his face

And then I kiss the mouth of a smiling girl who calls on
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

And what shall I receive a little drum to beat when I
march with scorched earth's steps

A rocking horse for a little warrior to trample around
and down from fields of rape
An alabaster doll for the little maid while she waxes
and wanes through the blood of the moon
And camouflaged smocks for the purest of pure, a
masculine mark, and the flag of their shame
And I kiss the lips of the smiling girl who calls on Christ
and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow

And where shall I go back there and back, furthest and
far, to the edge of the shore
The snow falls thick his mantle of strength descends
with a winter on those in his service
The snow is the winner
Message of winter, your hope shall be crushed
The lightflame grows dimmer
Child's laughter ceases on a front with no ending
Within words with no meaning
Child's laughter sickens
Child's fever rages
Smouldering pages
Inquisition!
And I die in the arms of a smiling girl who prays to
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow

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