

Current 93

"The Dream Of A Shadow Of Smoke"

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"So is every man. he is born in vanity and sin. he comes into the world like
Morning
Mushrooms, soon thrustling up their heads into the air,
and conversing with
Their
Kindred of the same production, and as soon as they turn to dust and
Forgetfulness,
Some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but that
They
Made their parents a little glad and very sorrowful..."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

"Others ride longer in the storm, maybe until seven years of vanity be expired
And
Then, preadventure, the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the
Shades below, into the cover of death and darkness and the grave to hide them.
But
If the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chance of a
Child
Or a careless nurse, or drowning in a pail of water, or being overlaid by a
Sleepy
Servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble,
Empty
And gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which has no
Substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical. And so he dances
Out
The gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only
Because
He is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger

pain, or crushed by the
Pressure
Of a load of undigested meat, or quenched by the
disorder of an ill-placed
Humour

Homer calls man a leaf, the smallest;
Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow, another, the
dream of a shadow of smoke;
But St. James spake, by a more excellent spirit, saying
our life is but a
Vapour,
That is to say, drawn from the air by a celestial
influence, made of smoke and
The
Lighter parts of water, tossed by the wind and moved
by the motion of a superior
Body, without virtue in itself and lifted up on high or
left below, according as
It
Pleases the demands of it's foster fathers..."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust

In my mind is the sound
Of rudderless ships
A time, and a time
And a time
And a time
So much silence
Deafens our ears
So much emptiness
Hinders our movements
Lost in the earth
And lost in the air
Around my hollow globe
Broken feathers
Blocking my words
And the no-one speaks
Oh no-one moves
Broken in snow
The sun bares teeth
So one: I shall build a boat
Two: I shall not fly a flag
Three, three, three:
God's three functions
So three: I shall cross myself
Four: and hope to die

