

## Current 93

# "The Great, Bloody And Bruised Veil Of The World"

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The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world  
The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world  
The trees wave in England  
The streams flow in England  
The poor halt in England  
The poor heart of England  
"And did those feet..."  
Hobbled and crippled as They were  
By our disbelief  
Hope here to find  
Some honesty  
(Green colour of the grass  
The horsefresh smell arising  
From it's quietly glowing glory)  
And did They  
As They move from one sad gap of heart  
To another  
Did They hope to find us open  
Look: much is my armour  
I can show you all the walls that may be built  
But mostly most of all-  
There's a wall of words  
Around my heart which is my soul which is my all  
God is not dead for all of us  
(And goodbye to you all)  
This is all Paradise  
Here is Garden Of upon Garden Of  
Upon  
Suns and Beetles  
The Ladybird lands upon my knee  
The Lark is all joy  
There are birds upon birds  
Beyond the great, bloody, bruised and silent veil  
Of this world  
The kind one waits  
Staggered pain of being  
The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world  
The great, bloody and bruised veil of this world

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