

## Current 93

### "The Inmost Light Itself"

Visit "[The Inmost Light Itself](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

And when I saw the little children sing  
Their mouths were red and sad (their lipsticksealed smiles)  
And in their minds they hold and hope some sign  
(Some hope)  
The gaudy sequinned dragging banner of  
The Inmost Light  
Around my eyes the sewers spew and laugh  
The fallenflower gazes at me reaped  
The crippled cuckoo falls brokenwing  
And turns around to me and brokenbeak  
grins from its head  
"Thus so: no fear: thus so: It has arrived:  
The Inmost Light"  
And if I turn my head for shame  
And see my lovers' rivers burst and folding  
there  
I'll cross my eyes and close my heart  
And whisper to her womb  
"Greatbloodgreatsilencemymotherthemysteryofall  
Nothingmaygrasptheenoonemaygraspthee  
Letmeholdtheenowohcomeohcomeatlast  
TheInmostLight"  
OhGod I trail my hands up to my eyes  
Up to my eyes up to my eyes up to my eyes  
And say "if only then my Light" -  
And "if only if only if:  
I had not despised  
The Inmost Light"  
And so I kneel at bluegateblackmouthdeath  
And offer as my feeble explanation: "I  
thought so much was left and so much  
time to praise and call The Inmost Light")  
And, I suppose, fullhalf and more of these  
are dreams  
Some broken code of morals rising after I  
had touched  
Her very pith and marrow - oh! her Inmost  
Light  
  
If I could scatter children

If I could scatter children

And while I gaze and count my coins  
(After Your godgoldglow they're dead; the  
head is dead and lead)  
I see and feel the hiding glow blaze behind  
You; The Inmost Light  
And if Your lips are taut  
Don't move Your teeth to speak  
The lines will start to fall  
And pull the structure of Your world then all  
apart  
And thus you see You'll call The Inmost  
Night  
(It wispered to me and laughed and said  
You lied and shamed  
The Inmost Light)  
And if You recall I bent yewlike and roared  
You did not see the cloudburst wind dead  
towards You  
Of The Inmost Light  
Our hands tumble towards the skies  
To block visions of The Inmost Light  
And if I pointless arch  
And spit whitenothings at the sky  
Oh Bigboys - check it out: too fucking late  
(The children move through town  
And skip tornskirted and roll the hoop into  
the arms  
Of Inmost Light)  
Sheer, char, shrift, and sharp  
Christ is risen: You may creep to the Cross  
too late  
But it's much too late to welcome  
The Inmost Light  
Branch, sallow, willow and yew  
And trees notso gay no more  
So falling faster and faster we fall  
Nearer cataclysm  
Or salvation  
Or nothing - how terrible  
If we are snuffed out, with just the  
momentary mark of smoke  
To array our passing  
So we stand, milky in moonlight

(Is this all there is?)  
(Is this all there is?)  
(Is this all there is?)

Our eyes so fixed

That the darkness surrounds us  
Unnoticed  
And we are drowned by the loss of light  
Unnoticed

Is this all there is my friends?  
Is this all there is?

(Goodnight goodnight The Inmost Light)

Westron wynde when wyll thow blow?  
The smalle rayne downe can rayne can rayne.  
Cryst! Yf my love were in my armys,  
And I yn my bed a gayne

Will You wait for me there  
By the dead clock?  
No more dying  
One red bird  
Will You meet me there?  
Before I sputter out?  
Dragonflies and mayflies  
Hovering candles  
As alabaster guardians for me  
If you open that door  
All hell floods out  
But quietly, drably  
The colour of  
The smell of  
The texture of  
The choke of  
Dust

Visit [Current 93](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.