

Current 93 "The Inmost Night"

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And I drown a little more every day
The wind blows so slowly now
The trees are dry dead
Walls to me they cannot hold back the storm any longer
It will bread around us first
If there's a god
If there's a God
When I stand there at the piled bloodcamp
Again I flick open the inner eye
If you too open your eyes you shall see
The entire sky filled with weeping angels
The entire heaven filled with weeping angels
And the centralsun and sum of all
God too weeping

We shall be judged

So anyway so your garden is most fullgreen
And the many birds alight on it's budding branches
And anyway the lambs gambol
And the children sing yours perhaps
Or mine God
And anyway
So anyway we fall beneath the waves
And hope to be remembered anyway
Anyway the bluebirds wait over the white cliffs of Dover
So anyway they to fall
The grass dies the moss goes the chalk chips away
Then below that the rocks grain away
This is the sound of the earth dying so nothing new
So anyway you may wait under a tree
Or at the foot of a hill
Anyway

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