

Current 93

"They Returned To Their Earth (For My Christ Thorn)"

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When serpents come
They cover the Christ thorn
Two heads
And cock heads
Serpents feet of emotion
Lidded eyes and smudged reality
Everything has two faces
One is earthly without true form
The other blackened and blackening

And mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

You know well it's tortured form
It's locked within a particular place
It's locked within a particular form
It's jailed by a falling light
With angles shapes and size
It's held by true what
It's held in through place
It's an aim that has no name

And mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

It's a form creating formless
Formless creating form
Oh four towers reaping backwards
Do not spell the sound
Do not move to the lies
Speak the words and they create the universe
And they destroy all universe

And mother sleeps in the fields
Father he reaps in the fields

Heavy-lidded eyes do not mask his pain
They shade us from the burning light
Listen one face one form one truth
I see it through the shading glass
I see it fractured in the world

This is not true
It's appearance only

And mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

An eagle flies his bloody face
Behind bloody claws behind bloody claws
His pain is blackened rain
His rain is Roman
Sire the pain it is not finished
I happens now
Matchstick man in a matchstick world
Take the prime slice the sickle
Take the sickle slice the core
Time stops when he was thirty-three

And mother is in the fields
Father is in the fields

Time stops when I am thirty
Time stops then and time stops there
Then is now
Oh why do we not say it
Time stops time breaks time folds
Time ceases
And pestle grinds the mortar
The mortar turns to dust
The metal turns to rust
Words they fail they fall apart
The corn it dies and is reborn

And mother stays in the fields
Father is in the fields

Blond hair moves in the blond corn
Boyd wears black he talks of death
But all his faces spell out light's on the roof
He's kissing a rose
A blooddrop comes from the heart of her life
Something hangs above there in the skies
Something hovers above his brown hair
Life without us in the background of light
And the birds don't sing
When the curtain snaps
Anita's in Ireland
She's falling over rocks
Stars of the sky stars of the pain
And all stars meet in a falling star
And some make money from weapons' blood
And some make money from fear's blood

And some make money from hunger's blood
And some make money from politics' blood
And some make money from religion's blood
The world falls apart
The world starts to cease

And mother is in the fields
And father has died in the fields

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