

## Where The Long Shadows Fall (Before the inmost light)

Current 93

Where the long shadows fall  
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Around me: I stand on the shore  
The waters are black and swirling  
I hold a black mirror in my hands  
The "swastiked" winds sweep around me  
Their arms the nightbreath sleepwalking  
The sighing of imminence and ending  
All there the waves curl under and over me

Around me: I see things coming to a close  
The door is "nearly" shut  
As we stare at it the tiny light squeaks out  
Slower and slower  
I see things coming to a close  
The folding cerecloth shrugs down over the windows  
The lights burn still: invisible to us now  
I see things coming to a close

(My mind kissed Myrinere last night)  
I dreamt  
I cannot see  
I cannot see  
I can no longer see  
And nor would I want to  
Anymore  
Clear blind laye red light colour blind death come come come come  
Go away

The pale toothed face inverted  
At the feet of the "Rose Garden"  
By the hedge and by the dream  
By the post and by the bell  
By the dawn and by the form  
By the stars and by the babes  
("Formless He Lay and Dreamt")  
And formless we lay and shall dream  
And then the rain  
And then the rain

"My pain beneath your sheltering hand"  
He cried  
And gave himself up to the Tempter  
The rebel angels (he thought and knew)  
Would indeed array him with robes of water  
But not mad  
But clear

Why can't we all just walk away?