

Mother

Christian Death

Good-bye dreamer, insane stranger on the shore
There is no one left here, not a soul
Aid the confusion, expecting nothing
Not a soul
O, Mother, could I come back to you?
A terrible vision of order out of control
In accordance with human history
Here in the company of death
We approach - new graves, divided for love's sake
Refined in rapture - ready to fly or to die
Mother could I come back to you?
I'm lifted up into the presence of divine forces
Mother
Open-mouthed in magnificence and beauty
Mother
Or shall we suffer the same fate as all the others
Stuck on a plane which does not suit them
Lost in thought, forgetful of primitive desire
Good-bye dreamer, not a soul
Mother, could I come back to you?
Mother, could I come back through you?
Mother, could I come back to you?
The animals - I know how you make out
Welling with authority, vilely enthusiastic, enduring bitterness