

## A Lament For My Suzanne

Current 93

There's the odour of incense  
And I double in pain  
And I flick through the past  
As arrayed in my mind  
On a bed in a room  
That's locked on some hill  
I'm gripping her hand  
As she cries to the wall

The years stumble away  
And the pain dissipates  
Suzanne is clad in blues  
With a mark in her hand  
The lines round her lips  
Are now scars in my mind  
Down at the quayside  
Through the sun's rising mists  
Suzanne drags me down  
All this world's in your mind  
Can salvation emerge  
From the well of this dream?

Where the horses run formless  
The sky cancels it's stars  
Then the fumes of the incense  
Rise across the walls  
And she watches me sideways  
Like the world is on fire  
Between the beat of her heart  
And her gesture of fingers  
The twist in her hands  
As it beckons through me  
She smiles through my pain  
And my loss yet to come  
I wait on the platform  
For our lives to restart  
And I wanted to tell her  
How all my hearts felt  
But my words barb inside me  
And my lips cannot part  
From the twisting of smokes  
As we sit in her room  
To the sorrow I feel  
As I fall out of dreams  
Inexplicable sadness  
This gash that I feel  
Devoid of her moon  
And ripped of my sun

If I knew at that joining  
If I knew at that parting  
If I knew at that second  
If I knew at that moment

The candlewax melts  
And the water stops shining  
That which is started

Is so easily falling  
From cathedrals of sand  
That the ocean laps away  
And sometimes I wake empty  
And she floats through my symbols  
And I move as to hold her  
And

Lament for my Suzanne  
I wait for you still