

## A Song For Douglas After He's Dead

Current 93

He crouches on the floor  
There's a mask on the wall  
And he leafs through the pages of a book  
But wait as he may in the shadow of other leaves  
His heart in embraces to times long since scorched

The horizon folds over with a purple sunrise  
And the wind carries smoke from a world that is burning  
The smoke locks in his hair and he's covered with patterns  
And the descent of his life, trees on his camouflaged soul

With a winter of memories carved powder-bone white  
Beyond his skull's form a scorpion lies  
In the crunch of the snow as his darkness increases  
A twilight of ice encircles his teeth

There's a swastika carved  
In the palm of his hand  
There's a crooked cross  
That is caught in his mind  
There waits a falling sun in his eyes  
There's the honor of violence on his lips

His father waits for him near the Towers of Silence  
Where they worship the fires so long quenched  
Under two willow trees with elhaz inverted  
The force of life snapped  
There father and son  
Shall mingle in dust  
As if life itself  
Has been mostly illusion but partially real  
And partially pain

And over some wall  
If you look through the rubble  
Amongst ruins of churches where life conquers death  
Though empires cannot last  
Where blood and soil's concepts  
Have faltered and failed  
A cloud still sows teeth  
As the world disappears

This is a song for Douglas  
After he's dead  
This is a song for my Douglas  
His Mercury dances