

Calling For Vanished Faces II

Current 93

If only I could take You all at once:
I would take You for ever and ever and only so
lose myself in You
And so I smile and skip greengodlike there
The picture of allrage alllust and wanton
The Inmost Night
And lay waste to the playgrounds
The concrete covers all
The grass sleeps and waits to rise again
It listens for the final Trumpet of
The Inmost Light
And I clench my left hand
Then I open it: the gods I loved
are alldead; pages, metal, signs allgone
(Edward Alexander in some sadhome falls alone
And sees, clearly now, the Inmost Light)

The sadness of the Inmost Light
The growl the grip aan final sigh
Paint by numbers of the Inmost Light
The plasticformillusion
We just have time to swallow
Before the doorknock of the Inmost Light
He waits at the door He waits at the door
And if You see me try to grin and then I hide
Myself behind a ball
A sign I wish to play and run hideandseek
The sound is gay and full of joy
It masks the binding of our eyes
The scorch of all the bonefire burns
We hop and skip and trick and treat
Just watch Your heart and soul and all
And watch Your back - it's waiting there
Unsmiling there
Unforgiving there
So broken there
The Inmost light
Howling
The Inmost Light

bad bad bad Inmost Light