

# Christ And The Pale Queen Mighty In Sorrow

Current 93

Christ and the pale queens

I am without origin and from whom every beginning comes forth  
I am the ancient of days to declare that I am a day by myself  
Alone I am the day that does not shine by the sun rather by me  
That the sun is ignited I am the reason that it is  
Not made perceptible by anyone else  
Rather I am the one  
I own every being that lives, draws breath, and soothes to gaze at my  
Countenance  
I have created mirrors in which I consider myself without end  
Through wonders of my originality I have prepared for myself these mirrors  
So they may revend and maintain song of praise  
For I have a voice like a thunderbolt by which I keep in motion the entire  
Universe  
In the living sounds of all creation and this I have done who am the ancient  
of  
Days  
By my word which was and is without beginning I calls all the mighty lights  
to  
Emerge  
And in this light countless sparks which are angels  
But when the angels came to awareness withint their light  
They forgot me and wanted to be as I am  
Therefore the vengeance of my punitive zeal rejected in thunderclaps those  
Beings  
Which had presumed to contradict me  
For there is only one God and no other but me

Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
And we bow our knees before him  
Who is dead from the beginning  
And his law was the law of the lies  
And his temples were temples of pain  
His Christ and his pale queens mighty in sorrow  
With their dogma and their doctrine of deceit  
He created thw world in his glory  
So we should offer him praise  
But Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Wait in judgment with their feet bathed in blood  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
A world without end, amen  
From Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
A trinity of lies and deceit  
And their love was for them and their friends  
And their lies for books they wrote  
And their deceit bring down my pain  
And the mushroom clouds were falling  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Shall wait at the end of all time  
Will you believe in a God that is dead?  
Who may die in an article of faith  
Whose beauty is nailed to our face  
A Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
The fates and faith of the dead  
Sometimes falling softly like winter's snow

Sometimes falling ice so hard with red rain made of blood  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
A throne at the end of the road  
We shall crawl with our knees so broken  
Ripped and torn and burned and pulled and dragged on the way  
We were turning, we were burning in the fires  
And the people that stoked it are they  
It was Christ that left tenants of love  
The Armageddon angels of bliss  
Apocalypse with a kiss  
From Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
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And every Apocalypse was theirs  
And the fun of the fare, impaled  
And their flames were the shadows on our lives  
Flames filled with war  
Turning and burning at the gods  
Of Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
How much longer do we live under a cloud  
In the shadow of shit that they gave us  
Every religion has it's price  
And we have all paid and paid and paid and paid  
Again and again and again  
And we carry our pain in our blood  
He was not alone when he she'd the red fluid of his life  
It was finished for him but not us  
And they stand still in their judgment of us  
Oh Christ and the pale queens  
Christ and the pale queens  
And soon their turn shall come  
Will they turn on the rack as before  
And dogs cast their throats to the sun  
As we cast down these idols  
Oh Christ and your pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Give us your blessing, give us your hearing  
Look upon on us your children with love  
We have sinned, we have burned, we are wrong  
But give us your blessing, not your vengeance  
Oh Christ and your gods  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Christ!  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Look on this, look on this your handiwork  
All of this is yours  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
Again and again you give and you take away  
And all that we are left with now is filth  
Gentle, innocent and mild  
Mighty one is love alone  
My saviour's love to me  
Love to the loveless  
So that we might love thee  
Gentle, Jesus is a shine  
You in your sole corner  
And me in mine  
I am the law of the laws

He came down from heavens and danced on the earth  
The tune of Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
And wars upserged the flame of locusts  
And many years of many more to come  
Thanks to Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
And give every Christmas wrapped in the colour of the pale sheep of Galilea  
Nail to each promise  
Oh Christ and the pale queens give us mercy  
They're so good and they're so fine  
Giver and taker of life  
A kiss from the Apocalypse  
Christ and the pale queens mighty in sorrow  
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