

Falling Back In Fields Of Rape

Current 93

In a foreign town
In a foreign land
Reaping time had come
In fields of swaying rape

It could not happen here
Pushed to one side with the flick of a wrist
Out of sight
And out of mind

Falling back in fields of rape
In yellow heads of blossom
Mothers babies bleeding
You stand there laughing

Unquestioning unconforting
Poetic lines on the art of dying
Falling back in fields of rape
That was the way

Those were the horrors
As daddy went a-reaping
In nodding heads of rape
No mark on your spotless conscience

No blemish on your immaculate body
Untouched by sight or sound of misery
Close the eyes
Shift the responsibility

It was not you
It was not you
Falling back in fields of rape
My children

Falling back in fields of rape
It could not happen here
Pushed to one side with a flick of the wrist
Out of sight

And out of mind
Falling back in fields of rape
Poetic lines on the art of dying
Falling back in fields of rape

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And those were the horrors
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Shift the responsibility
It wasn't you

Falling back in fields of rape
My children

Falling back in fields of rape

Here we go round the mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
Here we go round the mulberry bush

On a cold and frosty morning

In a foreign town
In a foreign land
Reaping time had come
Falling back in fields of rape

My love
And that was the way
And those were the horrors
As daddy went a-reaping

Falling back in fields of rape
My children
Crushed, crushed, crushed
In mud and wars

Mother children bleeding
You stand there laughing
Falling back in fields of rape

Never eating
Bags of bones dying quietly
Homeless
Drinking foul water

Sorting garbage
With flies in heat
Raped
Axed

Burned with acid
Locked away for thirty years
Thrown out of a helicopter
Forced to labour endlessly

Castrated
Burned alive
Killed so easily by firing squads

In a foreign town
In a foreign land
Reaping time has come
They're falling back

In fields of rape
In fields of rape
They're falling back
In fields of rape

My love
And this is our way
And these are the horrors

As we go a-reaping

They're falling back
In fields of rape
In fields of rape
They're falling back

In fields of rape
My darling
And crushed, crushed, crushed
In mud and wars

Still you stand there laughing
They're falling back in fields of rape
In fields of rape they're falling back
My lovers

In fields of rape the ravens
Descend. the yellow beak slashes
Corn, the sickles are sharpened
And the cattle bleed, and reaping

Time has come, our voices grow
Shriller, and our eyes glitter, but
In this last summer the Rapture
Descends, and father's mask has

Turned to grey, and mother's
Breasts are leper white, and
Children's laughter cracks, and
Reaping time has come, body and

Blood, body and blood, body and
Blood, body and mud, body and
Blood, body and mud, and
Christ's eyes, I am weary, and

Christ's eyes, I want to melt
Bleeding Jesus, be quick, be quick

(And what would you do, my gentlest
One...?)

Falling back in fields of rape