

## In The Heart Of The Wood And What I Found There

Current 93

In the heart of the wood  
In the closed forest  
Christ appeared to me  
In several forms  
One two three four  
Swastika I'm told  
On the Cliffs of Moher  
I walk with Mary  
Behind the eyes  
Of his innocence or guile  
The young old man talks  
Of the brittle walls  
That held his son  
Pinioned pinioned pinnioned  
Mary walks on the Cliffs  
But not on waters

Then Christ appeared as wind  
Mary runs down from the highwalls  
Christ appears as flowers  
Down longpath she walks  
Christ appears as the rubble  
That holds the stones  
That holds the paths  
That holds the feet  
To the bones of the earth  
If she waits  
Oh if she wakes  
Christ manifests slowly  
As the dust on her eyes  
Before she falls again  
Into fields of sleep  
(I would like this anger to dissolve)

And I wait for another  
Revolution or revelation  
It doesn't too much matter  
If I see blood in wheals  
"All shall be well" she said  
But not for me  
Not for me  
The skeleton of the universe  
Barbed wire of blues and stars  
Remains unmoved  
When the mother ocean covers me  
I rush to drown  
With her breakers

"All shall be well" she said  
She said  
"All shall be well"  
But not for me  
Oh, not for me