

The twisted wings and clouds unfold
And the greatgape of He who fell
Makes darkened shadows over pointed spires
Little children point and sing
And little children run and dance
Over there the setting sun
And under that the silent stars
And under they the weeping sky
And under Her the laughing world
(Balance sits in western parts
And piles spare Spares in his gabled room)
Great Anarch and Monarch of Not
The Flight of Lucifer over London
And my little grandson
Wrinkled son forehead
All tiny blue pain
As the Mother Blood emerges
Then the Mother Grief
And the Blue Gates of Death
Open arms wide
Open teeth wide
All dead like the leaves
Old times shiver
Old dead calendar
Past blurred sunsets
Cinders flying in His heart His heart
His fingers punch holes in the sky
(And all the little Christs I count
Are covered in the breathwhite snow
And all the little Christs I call
Are laughing through the green green fields)
Some of those angels have the face of God
And some of them have the face of dogs
(By the Tower of Moad see the sky's Green angel form)
And Lucifer flickers all around me
His hooded eyes alight
In the smoky musk
Look into Him just a little longer
See the true face of the Moon
So He wheels there through the heavens
His eyes are dotted bright lights
Licked with dust
A golden seabird
Half dead with spray
His banners broken flags in the wind
Devouring life he breaks at walls
The glint of dead fruits glint
And then the Moon
And then the Moon
And then the Moon

And sixsixsix
It makes us sick
We're sicksicksick
of 666