

Moonlight, You Will Say

Current 93

I remember walking in the fields around York
Miserere
Oh miserere
I remember sitting in a small room in London
Miserere
And I remember thinking
Miserere
Miserere
I was sad
Miserere
Miserere
This was the stage of building brokengods
Oh miserere
Miserere
This was the stage of reading the blackbooks
Miserere
Miserere
And possibly I rented my soul
Possibly
Oh, but anyway
Miserere
Miserere
Miserere
Miserere
Loss
Loss
And if so I ask for pardon
And if not
I ask for pardon, anyway
I have seen this world as a great howl of pain
I have seen this world as a great ocean of blood
I have seen this world as the acme of suffering
I have seen this world as the great disappointment
I have seen this world as the great zero gape
In which all our hopes flicker out
Goodbye they say as they go
Goodbye they cry loss flies

Moonlight, you will say

"And what does it matter whether God
Speaks to us from amongst the thorns
Or the flowers?"
St. Francois de Sales, 1607

But still and still He shrieks to me
"Miserere miserere miserere miserere miserere"
Oh, wretched
Oh miserere
Moonlight, you will say
Moonlight, you will say