

## St. Peters Keys All Bloody

Current 93

Hello darkness my old friend  
I've come to talk to you again  
Because a vision softly in-creeping  
Crushed my mind while I was sleeping  
And the vision like silent cancers stay  
Through nights and days  
And there was the sound of silence

And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon god they made  
And the sign said the words of the prophets  
Are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls  
And echoed in the sounds of silence