

Where The Long Shadows Fall (Before the inmost light)

Current 93

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Around me: I stand on the shore
The waters are black and swirling
I hold a black mirror in my hands
The "swastiked" winds sweep around me
Their arms the nightbreath sleepwalking
The sighing of imminence and ending
All there the waves curl under and over me

Around me: I see things coming to a close
The door is "nearly" shut
As we stare at it the tiny light squeaks out
Slower and slower
I see things coming to a close
The folding cerecloth shrugs down over the windows
The lights burn still: invisible to us now
I see things coming to a close

(My mind kissed Myrinere last night)
I dreamt
I cannot see
I cannot see
I can no longer see
And nor would I want to
Anymore
Clear blind laye red light colour blind death come come come come
Go away

The pale toothed face inverted
At the feet of the "Rose Garden"
By the hedge and by the dream
By the post and by the bell
By the dawn and by the form
By the stars and by the babes
("Formless He Lay and Dreamt")
And formless we lay and shall dream
And then the rain
And then the rain

"My pain beneath your sheltering hand"
He cried
And gave himself up to the Tempter
The rebel angels (he thought and knew)
Would indeed array him with robes of water
But not mad
But clear

Why can't we all just walk away?