

## A Sadness Song

Current 93

When we touch the world  
And it falls away  
When we feel that we're born  
Just to fall apart  
And our mother lies in state  
And the broken pitcher glistens  
And the snow is at the window  
Creating neither sign nor symbol  
And the earth covers earth  
And the mud lies in pools

Where the sanddunes stretch unbroken  
And the dry wind bends and sighs  
And the geese are running harmless  
And our desires are running wild  
Then we're looking at the smoke  
That's rising from the incense  
Neither coming here nor going  
Neither heaven here nor hell  
Neither borning here nor birthing  
Neither dying here nor death

And we're wrapped inside our troubles  
And we're wrapped inside our pain  
And wracked with fires with longing  
And our eyes are blind with night  
With our fingers clutching coins  
And our thoughts burning with I  
And our eyes cannot be sated  
With the world and its nightmares  
With the world and its dreams  
Though later they'll be filled  
With a small handful of dust  
And the Gods appear on the altars  
And we recognise their face  
It's a face that we have carved there  
And it's full of fear and longing  
And promises and threats  
But they neither stoop to conquer  
Not do they stoop to praise  
And the mines are void of diamonds  
That we carry in our rags

Then all the world seems  
A sadness song  
And all the world seems  
A sadness song