

# 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