

## Passenger Aleph In Name

Current 93

Beyond I am  
Bails out the stars  
Starting the sound of  
First the air goes  
And then the heart  
So was that Omega point?  
Just butterfly to the sun  
Points fingers as the graves awake  
"The Moon is dead!  
Long live to the Moon"  
And Ms. Tricky hides  
Beside your lying eyes  
The hotel snuffed in snow  
In the wrappers  
The rubble was sugarsweet  
Smelled of paper eyes  
And the lovely smoke  
Of the forests burning in the storms  
BaalStorm  
And in the house of mercy  
On the airline screen pops up in prophecy  
"Passenger Aleph in Name"  
So I caught in the worlds  
Of the starmakers  
And the fakers of grief  
And there was no sadness  
In the tractors broken  
Over ghost fields  
On the wall of grace-buffeted by the BaalStorm  
Bowed heads as sinners' turns of phrase  
And bowed trace mild in the heart of the wood  
At frost or fear  
She was Queen Apollo  
She was Queen of Gates  
"Well, the Lamb's Blood's washed me clean"  
Called me to sing Omega