

# The Ballad of the Pale Christ

Current 93

On bended knees we pray for war, a blade draws blood but often tarnishes  
Through blazing eyes I see new sunsets, sky now breaking different shades of  
red

We pray for blades, ablazing locusts call for wars to wet the earth  
To cover the world in black and bracken, flaming stubble with church bell ba  
ttles

And then I lie in the arms of a smiling girl who prays to Christ and the pal  
e queens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

When did I stand before I touched the shadows of this life that touch the da  
rk and dream of ice

An endless winter in this dogday-age, I kiss the cross but dream of wars

A bagatelle for a massacre or wars of fire were build to last

Old men die and stone will turn to stone

And then I kiss the mouth of a smiling girl who calls on Christ and the pale  
queens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Immaculate heart of immaculate love a tawdry scarecrow for a tarnished crown

His five wounds bleed but only on his throne, his toothless smile cuts wide  
across his face

And then I kiss the mouth of a smiling girl who calls on Christ and the pale  
queens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

And what shall I receive a little drum to beat when I march with scorched ea  
rth's steps

A rocking horse for a little warrior to trample around and down from fields  
of rape

An alabaster doll for the little maid while she waxes and wanes through the  
blood of the moon

And camouflaged smocks for the purest of pure, a masculine mark, and the fla  
g of their shame

And I kiss the lips of the smiling girl who calls on Christ and the pale que  
ens mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

Mighty in sorrow

And where shall I go back there and back, furthest and far, to the edge of t  
he shore

The snow falls thick his mantle of strength descends with a winter on those  
in his service

The snow is the winner

Message of winter, your hope shall be crushed

The lightflame grows dimmer  
Child's laughter ceases on a front with no ending  
Within words with no meaning  
Child's laughter sickens  
Child's fever rages  
Smouldering pages  
Inquisition!  
And I die in the arms of a smiling girl who prays to Christ and the pale que  
ens mighty in sorrow  
Mighty in sorrow  
Mighty in sorrow  
Mighty in sorrow  
Mighty in sorrow  
Mighty in sorrow  
Mighty in sorrow