

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 pale
queens mighty in sorrow

When did I stand before I touched the shadows of this life that touch the dark
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

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

And what shall I receive a little drum to beat when I march with scorched earth'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 flag
of their shame

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

And where shall I go back there and back, furthest and far, to the edge of the 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 queen mighty in sorrow
Mighty in sorrow