

The Great, Bloody And Bruised Veil Of The World

Current 93

The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world
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The trees wave in England
The streams flow in England
The poor halt in England
The poor heart of England
"And did those feet..."
Hobbled and crippled as They were
By our disbelief
Hope here to find
Some honesty
(Green colour of the grass
The horsefresh smell arising
From it's quietly glowing glory)
And did They
As They move from one sad gap of heart
To another
Did They hope to find us open
Look: much is my armour
I can show you all the walls that may be built
But mostly most of all-
There's a wall of words
Around my heaart which is my soul which is my all
God is not dead for all of us
(And goodbye to you all)
This is all Paradise
Here is Garden Of upon Garden Of
Upon
Suns and Beetles
The Ladybird lands upon my knee
The Lark is all joy
There are birds upon birds
Beyond the great, bloody, bruised and silent veil
Of this world
The kind one waits
Staggered pain of being
The great, bloody and bruised veil of the world
The great, bloody and bruised veil of this world