

## Whilst The Night Rejoices Profound And Still

Current 93

As we stared beyond the windows there  
Over all the gardens  
That have never been  
And will never grow again  
How long  
How long  
The shining winking stars

The clouds too high  
So high  
Pointing to some final star  
The dull face of the sky  
And the sound of the calling  
Of the distant village bell  
And all that  
The sun is not enough for us  
Any longer  
And her smile  
Though she wears her hat  
And her cheery rays  
Do not blanket with their glorious glare  
The burning body  
With distorted nimbus  
I see too well  
Just beyond my neighbour's house  
It does not blank out  
The last sigh of the soul  
Whilst the night rejoices profound and still  
At the edge of your street  
Both shadow and destroyer  
But not alas  
The comforter