

Sanctus (Sanities)

John Cale

She was so afraid
Since her mother, white with time
Told her
She was a failure

She was so ashamed
Of everything she said
And everything she did
For her mother, white with time

Everything around her mother
White with time
And dirty
Her mother was greedy with dirt
Greedy

Then she heard choirs of angels
Singing choirs of angels
Greedy angels
Spitting glory on her failure

That stardust of failure
As if it was medicine
That didn't work
Anyway

Anyway
The windows they were closed
And the midwives had locked their doors
They didn't understand

And after all what was there to understand?
But the angels, sheer choirs of angels
In a friendship
No, more than a friendship
It was a marriage, a marriage made in the grave

In shivering night
The searching of the river continued

The bullet of searchlight
That searchlight found her so cockleshell and sure
Sick and tired of what she saw
But cockleshell and sure

Sure of what the world had offered a tired soul
From Istanbul to Madrid
From Reykjavik, to Bonn
To Leipzig, to Leningrad
To Shanghai, Phnom Penh
All so that it would be a stronger world
A strong though loving world to die in