With Flowers In the Garden of Fires

Current 93

You look beautiful still in the cloths
You wear in the photograph
If you could see the missiles that count time
As I have seen them and ride them
["I am the hare with the eyes of coiled ropeDrawing the teeth of the lupine moon"]
The Hunter lounges beside her studded with petals
Magnifies the Valley
In the Garden of Fires
["Come with me and take my handAnd walk the Gospel Milewide Smile"]
The head of the face
Of the grave of heaven
The fear on the tiny smile of
SilverFlashState
The agnoised pain of collisions of Crescents
The apocalypse girlâ€”Chiara in her hatâ€”
Sits and talks to atoms and planets
That descend from the trees
Bending their knees
She calls my name knowing
She is famed for the flowers
That pour from her teeth
Sometimes before Aquarius
Gave birth to murders in armour
Oh yeah! camoflage!
Before the Stars of the Seas contacted me
When we were still [Ã†ons]
Long, long times ago
Haunted I wound string
Haunting them
Pulled umbilical cords from lovers' dream
Made savage thread
Worshipped pricks or frocks or creatures
Called ["Oh Lord!"]
Or ["Death!"] or ["Party!"]
Look! The walker is on the grass
Ebony or words for forms
Let's piss peace on the shadows
The ["Oh Yeah! Oh Death!"] chorus
Rolls like sores over the wreckage

Of minor moons and white electrics
Lectures on despair
Points to the Queer Queen's toes
In silk or shit or space
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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