

# Suddenly the Living Are Dying

## Current 93

Nero with his axes  
And piles of skies gurgling  
Behind him  
Diocletian smiles  
And the garlands of meat fall tall Who made the windmills?  
And who made the whirlpools?  
Who made the crows?  
And who made the stones?  
Who formed the foam  
From Aleph the Father?  
Behind the flowers  
The mother of the cows  
Dreaming of trees  
In the colouring fields  
My face dissolves in folds  
And I disappear

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