

I Looked to the Southside of the Door

Current 93

Adam stands on docetic mountain
The woman's face is full of stars
 In the words of the book
 And with the lips of the book
 And the trumpet and the seal
 And the candlestick that lights
Up your bed with seeds and flowers
 And the lion on your rug
 That's roaring like a lamb
 On the rack and on its back
I call the martyrs on wheels
 To this piss-poor mess
And the blood spreading like flies
 Under the table and the gable
 Breathing curtains of eyes
 That shift uneasily
 And sniff like foxes at count
With feathers following the mind
 That stitches quilts
 And pours cats into comets
Oh microwave oh galaxy kill
 All the night and its names
On docetic drawn mountain
 My dragon arises
 Scaling plastic Christs
 With no back and no face
 He has stolen space
 And has solemn to spare
 And kisses mountains
Covered with useless snow For Paise and for Thekla
 Under low volcanoes
 Fearful wails to fall
 Under his brothers
 And Bloodface kills again
 And smothers the wheels
Drawing in the dirt There is Ashkai
 Under psychic attack since eight
 I saw the bells by the jar
 I saw the teeth in the jaw

And saw the pale drains
Mind sinking empty wine
Useless in the heathen Eden
How great was the jungle
Dogs clutch heads and
Catch and call fall bulls
Murmuring like lovely streams
That pulse and hurtle
My clock shot shut

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>