Passenger Aleph In Name

Current 93

Beyond I am
Bails out the stars
Starting the sound of
First the air goes and then the heartSo was that Omega point?
Just butterfly to the sun
Points fingers as the graves awake
The moon is dead, long live the moonAnd Ms. Tricky hides
Beside your lying eyes
The hotel snuffed in snow
In the wrappers the rubble was sugar sweet
Smelled of paper eyes and the lovely smoke
Of the forests burning in the storms
Baal storm and in the house of mercy
On the airline screen pops up in prophecySo I caught in the worlds of the star makers
And the fakers of grief
And there was no sadness in the tractors broken
Over ghost fieldsOn the wall of grace buffeted by the Baal storm
Bowed heads as sinner's turns of phrase
And bowed trace mild in the heart of the wood
At frost or fear
She was queen Apollo
She was queen of gates
Well, the lamb's blood's washed me clean
Called me to sing Omega
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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