

# Passenger Aleph In Name

## Current 93

Beyond I am  
Bails out the stars  
Starting the sound of  
First the air goes and then the heart So was that Omega point?  
Just butterfly to the sun  
Points fingers as the graves awake  
The moon is dead, long live the moon And 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 prophecy So 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 fields On 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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