

# Current 93, All This World Makes Great Blood

Sorry then bird flight  
Passes across my window  
Sorry then dog crouches  
Under the still sun  
Sorry then moi je  
Regrette tout ce que  
J'ai fait  
O le soleil se couche I  
Lie me down I lay  
With Your body under the  
Honeysun  
Suckled lovewing mine  
You were  
I was not yet dressed Tibetan red  
And into You, as You'll recall  
I fled

The twig-smashed landscape  
Is rolling and waving  
Wolf wild wide wind walking  
Soft smoke star space stalking  
This is the comic book end  
We have waited for  
And not believed in  
Oh nearly not at all  
Oh nearly not at all  
Once when we were young  
Oh once we were so young  
And the rainways licking the glass  
Made us the observers of the distant distance  
We there watched the sky's goddy tears  
Only once did GoodGod cry black  
And then all the clockmovements start  
To crick crack crick  
By the hairs on my head  
By the stare in my eyes  
By the pain in my heart  
I shall whisper through signs:  
All this world makes great blood  
All this world makes great blood  
All this world makes great blood  
All this world makes great blood  
All this world makes great blood  
All this world makes great blood  
All this world makes great blood