

# Current 93, Be

from a swerven shore to bend of bay  
just as easy to die on a bright sunny day  
when my mind and heart return  
to count the crackings of my faults  
to try and tell the form is dark  
to pitch a pain and make it hold  
to crawl through rain in dust parched bowl  
these are the things we may not do  
this is where the light grows dim  
this is where all voice is stutter  
this is where all lips shall crack  
this is where my life has led me  
this is where i chose to stay  
this is where i fall apart