

Current 93, Black Flowers Please

Black flowers, please
Oh when I saw you standing there
Wild flowers dying in your hair
Child of harvest time coughing up musk
Black flowers' dull perfume trailing in dusk
Hoisting dark pennants at the spike of the hill
Your smile started bleeding and then the nill
Shearing and sharing your love and your rage
Whilst hogs head descending
Spewed out a new age

It isn't very good
In the dark dark wood
In the middle of the night
When there isn't any light

There are four corners to the world she said
And every one is manned with fire and ice
Through black glass darkly I can see her truth
Arrayed and raised and raising walls of war
She points to squares of wax and writes backwards
I veil my face from her and from her light
The pointless games she plays out for want of power
To slake her bloodlust and for sake of pain
Her ugly shapes breeding in her secret mound
The Call of Aethyrs and the Dog Star Crawl
There's one cracked bottle with no label on
She nods and gestures limply with her broken smile
Do you fear death she says to me
And shows me seven stars
The seven seals of her seven years
of Rose Cross madness
Well christus tell us that little children suffer
It's only right that we should learn to suffer too!

The first seven are red as blood
The second seven not so red
The third seven like whitish smoke
And all the world seemed to be in darkness
And all the world seemed to be in brightness

There are four corners to the world I lie
In forms of fire have lurked across its floor
And little banners displaying their little creeds
Have made our season on earth as red as poppy fields

There are four corners to the world she sighs
There are four corners to the world she cries
There are four corners to the world she lies
There are four corners to the world she dies