

Current 93, Diana

Lust he follows virtue close
Through the steaming woodlands
His darkened blood through bulging veins
Through the steaming woodlands
Virtue knows he follows softly
Through the steaming woodlands
Travel light the deathly shudder
Down the leafy pathway
The dim light she comes peering through the forest pines
And she knows by the sound of the baying
By the baying of the hounds
Diana Diana kick your feet up
Lust bares his teeth and whines
For he's picked up the scent of virtue
And he knows the panic signs
Lust cries running with his eyes
The white-clad figure fleeting
Mud burns his eyes but desire burns his mind
Fear in her eyes as the forest grins through the steaming woodlands
Lust now his soul destroyed with enmity disarmed