

# Current 93, Judas As Black Moth

All the blossoms have been paid for  
Pettled with blood  
Back over their moulded walls  
With spiteful flames  
I can't hear the voice  
I can't see the form  
The wallpaper peeling  
Let the walls down  
And the bone answers  
Eternity  
To my question  
When?  
What time is it?  
What place is this?  
Which conjunction is this?  
All this waste  
Where the clocks tick away  
All around  
What hour is this in the middle of the night?  
The cats cry in the street  
The car sweeps by with a murdered child  
The car sweeps by with a violated girl  
The car sweeps by with its trunk full of death  
Do you believe in God?  
Do you believe in Christ?  
What monsters we've become  
This flight from ease will finally kill us all  
And all we need is something  
Let us lie and sleep and dream  
Other dreams  
Brighter dreams  
Better dreams  
Please