

# Current 93, Locust

what is all this love for  
if we have to go out in the dark

lalalalalala  
what joy we had  
in the locust summer  
what fires we lit  
in the locust years  
black hundreds  
black thousands

lalalalalala  
what joy we had  
in the locust summers  
what fires we lit  
in the locust years  
black hundreds  
black thousands

rivers that run  
rippled with red  
ravaged and raped  
with our roar roar roaring

lalalalalala  
what joy we had  
in the locust summer  
what fire we lit  
in the locust years

for only the strong survive  
all of the weak are trampled under  
all of the weak are trampled under

lalalalalala  
this is only here in this place  
and with these parting tears pour of the flesh  
a freaking and falling  
a crying and calling  
foreign words crawling rivers  
beaches moment's ebbing  
broken watches  
launch cathar  
mama in my room  
you left me burning  
you left me burning  
you left me burning

lalalalalala  
animals melting servants screaming  
crouched in corners coughing crying  
renting scalding masts of walls  
chanting scalding baby dying  
and life force ebbing

lalalalalala  
what joy we had  
in the locust summers  
what fires we lit  
in the locust years

bloody tower of hysteria  
a bloody vase of rape  
he calls the living

he calls the dying  
he breaks the thunder  
and then it seemed as if  
the whole world was burning  
for only the strong survive  
all of the week get trampled under

lalalalalala  
what joy we had  
in the locust summers  
what fires we lit  
in the locust years  
black hundreds  
black thousands

rivers that run run rippled with red  
ravaged and raped  
with our roar roar roaring

what screaming joy  
in the locust years

nick my life away  
lick my life away

lalalalalala  
what joy we had  
in the locust summers  
what fires we lit  
in the locust years