

# Rotting Christ, Lucifer Over London

Lucifer Over London  
The twisted wings and clouds unfold  
And the great page of He who feel  
Makes arkened shadows / over pointed spires  
Little children point and sign  
And little children run and dance  
Over the setting sun  
Oh over the setting sun  
Lucifer over London  
And under that the silent stars  
And under that the weeping sky  
And under her the laughing world  
Balance sits / in western parts / and piles spare Spares  
In his / gabled room  
Lucifer over London  
Great Anarch and Monarch of not  
The flight of Lucifer over London  
And my little grandson  
Wrinkled son forehead  
All tiny blue pain  
The mother Blood emerges  
Then the mother grief  
And the blue gates of Death  
Open armwide  
Open teethwide  
Lucifer over London  
All dead like the leaves  
Old time shiver  
Old dead calendar / past / blurred / sunsets / cinders flying  
In his heart / his heart / his fingers  
Punch holes in the sky  
All the little Christs I count  
Lucifer over London  
All the little Christs I call  
Laughing through the green green fields  
Some of these angels have the face of God  
Some of them the face of dogs  
By the tower of Moab  
See the sky's green angel form  
Lucifer lickers all around me  
His hooded eyes alight  
Look into him just a little longer  
See the true face of the... moon  
So he weels there / through the heavens  
His eyes as dotted bright lights  
Licked with lust  
A golden seabird  
Half dead with spray  
His banners / are / broken / flags in the wind  
Devouring life / he / breaks at walls  
Lucifer over London  
The glint of dead fruits glint  
And then the moon...  
And then the moon...  
And then the moon...