

Current 93, Black Ships in the Sky

Sudden the colours
And I see peace
Not as a sword
But as a candle
My legs were like frogs
Bubble green blisters
I was a dog or a calf
Licking the Eucharist
With my bride back lake
Tigrous fibre blooming
Shining like daffodils
The clouds scud along the wires
Left trailed hawk
Mothlike your eyes
Tender antennae
And curious your face at Evensong
Whilst the dwarves offer big faces
To clipped cracked songs
Dreaming of "Hey-ho, the old grey mare is dead"
She died in the pantry
Whistling for dead Dixie
Black Ships sucked her soul
And took her to that good old-time
Armageddon music
Eclipsed by words
I woke up this morning
I woke up this morning
I woke up this morning
with pieces on my mind
The huge tree bubbles in its arms
And long processions
Kill the kings and cover
The babies in soap paradise
Pure glass in the cactus smile
Of the Madonna of Chandeliers
And I do believe
And I don't believe
And I do believe
And I don't believe
In the ghosts of your eyes
That call to me from trees
In the muddy distances
There's Black Ships in the sky
Black Ships in the sky
And Black Ships in my eye
Black ships in my eye
And snakes borrowed from the sky