

# Current 93, Horsey

She's pouring brown gold  
Into her veins  
She lost her own way  
Years ago  
Her sister calls her  
From the dark side of the night  
And she falls with that call  
It's the only way out  
She tells me "I love you";  
But it's only a game  
And she slides through the silence  
Fixing her time  
To slide to the darkness  
Again with a smile  
&"Don't touch me, I'm falling";  
She laughs in the night  
&"Don't touch me, I'll return  
When the wheel comes around  
Do not feel fear  
Or think about me  
We're all born to suffer  
We're all born to fall  
In a grey shaded world  
That calls us to zero";  
Her mother mouth slits  
Her sister lies taken  
She touches my body  
But I crouch up to die  
Down the Ramblas we're walking  
In Reykjavik we're talking  
The snow is moon-cold  
The room freezes over  
She's reading a book  
She finished it years ago  
She's tearing up paper  
She's tearing up life  
But she only starts thinking  
When her blood is brown

Gold is the colour  
She promised to wear  
Christ's Blood turns black  
His body she wears  
But she dips Him in waters  
Confession of faith  
It's hard to believe you  
When you spit in my face  
I don't want to touch you  
I don't want to lie  
In the brown red gold slumber  
You've taken to ride

I Remember I was thinking  
Only of you  
But you shattered me nightly  
You broke all the rules  
I found myself falling  
And then  
And then  
Through the wreckage of this parched life  
And the pain of the next one  
I said "fucking over  
All of this is shit";  
But still the wind calls

"imperium";

When you rage at the Conqueror  
You only rage at yourself  
When you torture the Anointed  
You only torture yourself  
And you've listened to Piaf  
But not to the Christ  
So you sparkle for seconds  
Then dissolve into mist  
And the fog closes in  
And you talk about Crowley  
You think it's a game  
But the game is just you  
When shall you stop hiding  
In the heart of your night?  
When the cold darkness beckons  
Where the cold tramway stops  
And - Christ - I was thinking  
Of your bended arm  
"It is blue on the inside  
It is blue on the outside";  
You said, and then buckled  
As if you might die  
"There's no point in living!  
There's no point in life!";

And sometimes I hear you  
At the back of my mind  
And a golden door opens  
But no light appears  
It closes at three  
But the time is now midnight  
Time all runs out  
And the sands are not solid  
"My foundation is solid";  
You said  
And you laughed  
But something was brooding  
Beneath your feet

And you ask about Nicholas  
And beg me for Crystal  
But HORSEY runs speechless  
Through your wake  
And your dreams  
I'll build you a playground  
It's surround by crosses  
But you want a valley  
Where HORSEY can run free  
We knew it was over  
When you started your lying  
It's hard to keep riding  
When your grip has grown slack  
It's hard to keep riding  
When your structure is sliding

We where listening to lions  
At Fluntern with James  
We where ringing the tram  
To ride to the wake

But I don't believe this world  
That has touched me  
It's hard to keep riding

When the HORSEY is the lord  
It's hard to keep riding  
When the HORSEY is the lord  
And it's hard to believe  
When you worship dead flowers  
It's hard to love people  
Who struggle to stand  
On the back of black wings  
On the lake's shore  
at midnight

Though Christ is impaled  
On the Cross through His Hands  
You'd make your own Gospel  
And centre it on HOOVES

There's spit on the bridle  
There's blood on the saddle  
And you slip in the shit  
You've shat in yourself  
And Christus is Equus  
And Equus is Lord  
And His name flies with fury  
And the wind cuts through Him  
You follow in footsteps  
Trode by another

Oh I wish I could hold you  
But You're destined to fall

I was thinking of you

When the water froze over  
In a foreign land  
In a foreign town  
You prepare to go on a journey  
To pasture

Then you said "Forever";  
It's a picture of nowhere  
I don't have your face  
Or comprehend you  
A bottle is ordered  
And I wait on another  
And the words flow as liquid  
And the pain starts to ease  
Oh do not pass judgement  
On those that fall  
For those that first fall  
Are the first that shall call you  
And those that fall after  
Into sadness and waste  
These bodies that fall  
Are red essence  
Red rain  
Train  
Train that rides  
To the heart of the dead  
When you're trampled by holes  
The holes come to you  
I do not know what to do  
When you offer me something  
You said you were joking  
But I felt it was true  
And I don't want to lose you

I don't want to die  
But you cannot take silence  
When silence takes you  
You cannot take life  
When life's taken you  
And you cannot stop turning  
When you're bound on a wheel  
As the wheel keeps on turning  
You'll rise and then fall

Throw back to zero  
To fall and then rise  
As the sky fills with HORSIES  
That shudder and then stamp  
In the bloodred pastures  
Where no-one runs free  
Where the monkey is nailed  
To that wound in your arm  
When you see monkey carry  
Both chalice and spear  
The HORSEY has a face  
That grins and then slides  
Back to the filthy stables  
To be born once again  
In the HORSEY monkey year  
You'll be born for eternity  
Reborn to keep riding  
And carrying your burden

The sound of the HORSEY  
The sound of silence  
The act of the HORSEY  
Is the trampling of life  
The breath of the HORSEY  
Is the breath of bad moons  
The sign of the HORSEY  
Is the sign of denial  
The jaws of the HORSEY  
Eat up the universe  
The teeth of the HORSEY  
Forms sewers for rivers  
And the eyes of the HORSEY  
Are sightless with stars  
The limbs of the HORSEY  
Gallop mindless  
The love of the HORSEY  
Masturbation eternal  
Pursuit of the HORSEY  
Is the fruit for the hopeless  
The piss of the HORSEY  
Smells of poppyred rivers  
The blood of the HORSEY  
Is a snake with no ending  
From out of its body  
And then into yours  
And out of your body  
And then into fields  
To be ploughed back into mire  
The mire of your life  
Fields full of poppies  
And fields full of bodies  
They suck in the flowers  
They fuck in the dust  
Where they lie under wheels  
And they lie under stones

The voice of the HORSEY  
Is the sound with no meaning  
Four horsemen riding  
But only one HORSEY  
Four horsemen riding  
But only one scythe  
With green vines spreading  
Up to the hilt  
And it's written in the mist  
Unto the world  
Golden triangle  
Full of red windows  
Red exits  
Red doors  
Re-entry barred  
"A white medicine" he tells me  
In Kathmandu  
Tyre people drag bodies  
Crippled for coin  
sMan dKar  
People die for  
They give up there lives for  
They spew on their own  
As they spew on the others  
They care for themselves  
And the scum that they stable  
And the scum that they stable  
Is the scum they shall ride  
And the scum that they ride  
Is the scum that shall tumble  
The scum that shall trample  
Fall and destroy  
Enough to keep pumping  
When your fire's gone out  
Over the table we fall and we fall  
Slow-motion  
Stuck in a discarded film  
Ecce Equus  
Behold the HORSEY