

Current 93, Antichrist And Bar Codes

antichrist and barcodes
in the air that we breathe
with a little black box i hide in the sky
in the water that trickles in our mouths
in the codes that flicker are lives
on and off
does the carton nights
starts to swallow and shiver
and to freeze
the fish belly up
the unborn served up
obeying the planets
no insense is strong enough
to make this life complete
alpha and omega
the great in the small
the butterflies flutter by
the foxes stop running
the moon
as sharp as a sickle
and as bright as a pin
breathed its heavy sick breath
as we fitfully slept
and heavily dreamed
to awake
back into endings
and quietly wait
for the trains to stop chugging
and the clocks to implode
his name is under our skin
and so by the hair
of my chinny chin chin
by hook or by crook
our necks are in the news