

Current 93, Black Ships Ate the Sky

I had already seen
Black Ships ate the sky
I was sweet sixteen
The fences folded
And the trees surrounded
Black Ships in the sky
Devouring the clouds
And the thought came to me
Just sweet sixteen and full of night
Who will deliver me from myself?
Who will deliver me from myself?
And I looked up at the sleeping lion
Black Ships ate the sky
Colours untold
Kissing my eyes
To unmake myself
And to be unborn
To be unborn
And not to see
Black Ships in the sky
With their cypress night
Following in the wake
Of the churning rudders
Of Black Ships in the sky
Cartoon Messiahs became
Cartoon Destroyers
If I was unborn
I would have nothing to be grateful for
I would have never seen love
I would have never held cats
I would have never buried my friends
And prayed for their souls
In reddening churches
I would never have kissed
And I would never have wept
And I would never have seen
Black Ships eat the sky
And I would have been unborn
And not have seen circuses
Whilst watching the flowers
Rise flags made of atoms
Who will deliver me from myself?
Who will deliver me from myself?
Who will deliver me
From Black Ships in the sky?
Black Ships ate the sky
And I am unborn