## 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

Black Ships ate the sky

And I am unborn