

# Current 93, Black Ships Seen Last Year South of

Black Ships seen last year south of Heaven  
In their wake  
Pharaoh stares into the Amentine Night  
And gives us a ghost and wraps it in gold  
A thousand years is nothing  
Two thousand years still less  
And it shone that  
We are all Pharaohs  
In our hearts  
The double crown  
Eats double portions  
And gobbles the soul  
Whilst doing tricks  
For deadeyed camels  
Who are trotting blearily along  
The highway made of bells  
Black Ships of dark  
And latched with politeness  
That makes this frenzy at home  
That you call World War 3  
And I called it bullshit  
There are liars who I know they are liars  
And the big pot boils  
With centuries of conspiracy  
And cabbages and kings  
Who have had their cake and ate it  
With another head parallel to the one they knew  
It fed Big Moloch and pacified Azrael  
And joyed up Samael (lucky lackeys)  
With a knack for cracking the heart of the party  
And killing the laughter with frosty fire  
It's Samael time  
The hoedown is heavy on Bumble Bee Terrace  
The frisky piskies sitting on toads  
The Godfish are eating pies of eyes  
And gills turn out cornwakes to clap their hands  
As the fiance's passing  
Peace to those who have genitalised Kingdom  
This is not their cabbage patch  
Get out and save your souls  
There is too much to take from the bubbles  
That lined the Milky Way with terror  
Fourteen years ago to this day  
Bighead has eaten Dustface  
Dustface barks back and the crowflies flee  
Who was that wasting twilight?  
Oh well I?  
I hopscotched their eyes with Lightning Jack  
Bloodface waits for me in the distance with his mother  
It's time for sea!  
The Eucharist waits  
Immaculate in incomprehensible paradox  
The piping hot tea  
The slaughtering giddy moons  
The broken crown corroded with moths  
How many horses were killed this year by human sick?  
The ponies are made into sleighs for demons  
(I call them Bonesledge!)

Equine motion murderer Christ Mass  
What bound these together I saw at last at seven  
His years as breath his teeth as walls his eyes as colours  
Oh! Such beauty beyond what I dreamt  
Black Ships seem far away  
I wait for the news and pray in my pyjamas

Tonguface says to Bloodface  
"Stop the Ships! Stop the Ships!"  
Their prows hover into view  
They gobble the Pleiades before lunch  
At this rage they will devour the sky  
And Coptic Cats will sleep in fear  
Of the foam and froth  
That so hated the world  
They devoured  
His Only Begotten Son  
Stop the Ships  
Stop the Ships  
And stop the Ships