

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