Current 93, Children Of The Nodapoc Gather Rou

hi hello to all my friends! you are my friend and i'm your friend consider all your years lying dusty before you your dreams that lived in your sleep nodlike are now dead fear for the future a tiny child's glistening hand wet with a hundred a thousand a million years of tears she holds up a sheath of rosyred running poppies they're almost dancing silk like children a posy of pain a bouquet of boohoos and blobbing a cabbage wreath of cares a veritable batch of vague voices vapid echos from a vapid echo chamber of formless frightening fears not frail of feeble but ferocious full of filth seeing you already alas know all too well that this woe is not the whole picture for we live under a shadow or rather many shadows the bomb a mushroom grinning cloud scowl like an insane inane inanity and insanity Vietnam a cauldron in which the best of our youth die in the bloodtunnels and furtunnels of Ho Chi Minh the arms race at the Sovjet Union Americans and people from space struggle for control of the cosmos of life itself! TV and wireless with its sleazy saturation electronic rays of sickness sleaze and sex with a capital...ehh! there is another thousand things both you my friend and i both know we're thinking of at this moment why me? why you?! and what can i do about it? then hope comes from my wallet in the form of a photo and a wish that is what i want to share with you! thank you!

is it all a lie?