

Current 93, Children Of The Nodapoc Gather Round

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?