

Current 93, Happy Birthday Pigface Christus

In menstrual night
When red is black
And Christus crawls
From Mary's crack
Wrapped in tatters
And flailing in mud
Child defiled
With tears and blood
Pigface Christus is born
Pigface Christus is born

In menstrual night
When red is black
And darkness crawls
Out of the crack

Some were born
In fields of mourning
Some were ripped
In fields of rape
Some bowed down
In echoed splendour
All were torn
In fields of tears

Crushed by church
And raped by father
Bled by mother
Torn and tearing
In scarlet playgrounds
On iron railways
Christ's pale body
Crucified

Time was
Time is
Time shall be no more

Some with tears
And some with laughter
Some in sadness
All in vain
In fields fresh crippled
The glint of sickles
The scars of sunset
The sund of reaping

You and I
On threshing floors
Lost and losing
Parched and preying
All have numbers
None have names

Here open the gates of heaven
Here open the gates of hell

Time was
Time is
Time shall be no more