

# Current 93, Hitler As Kalki

These are the dregs  
The last grains of the age  
It may be the hourglass  
Or earth covering earth  
But not in Bethlehem  
Not in Jerusalem  
Not in Chorazaim  
And not in Bethsaida  
We will not again see  
God humbled on an ass  
But see  
See  
On a white horse he comes  
Blazing sword in burning hand  
"Lo, I am become death  
The destroyer of worlds"  
His hands are backed up  
They're straining at his neck  
What colour shall we rank in him?  
What face shall we deliver him?  
There may be the black dog  
There may be the white dog  
Hitler comes as Kalki  
Kalki comes as Hitler  
Teeth. Teeth. Teeth. Teeth.  
But meaningless lights  
Still hold our attention  
We think that the holy books  
Are written in blood and fire  
But what if it's water?  
The fire's turned to blood  
The blood's turned to water  
And the water's turned to what?  
Milk? Piss? Lies? Dust?  
Hitler comes as Kalki  
Kalki comes as Hitler  
Everything becomes emptiness  
But goes through fire  
Secret mother (gsang yum chen mo)  
Secret fater (gsang yab chen po)  
Hitler becomes Kalki  
Kalki becomes Hitler  
White horse and red horse  
Christ twists on the cross  
Christ smiles in the guttering rubble  
He brings not peace but a sword  
Maybe the ocean roars immaculate  
Maybe the stars fall incomprehensible  
Oh these all tell me  
These all spell to me  
Hitler as Kalki  
Kalki as Hitler  
Where's your god now?  
I'll point out his varied forms to you:  
One: He hangs on the end of a tree  
Two: He's nailed to the arms  
Of that self-same tree  
And three: He spins and soars  
And laughs through space  
One day the world sees  
Oh one day the world sees  
Hitler as Kalki  
Kalki as Hitler  
He lies matted

Half in time and half in space  
Through the rising incense smoke  
I see him in a crowded room  
I see him crossing the mountain range  
If we see man at his most bloody  
If we see man at his most base  
Shall we then and there say  
"This is reality; this is his nature"?  
what makes the pain  
More real than the joy?  
Both are so mingled  
And muddled together  
To pull them apart  
We butcher the essence  
And cripple its meaning  
God is on the cross  
Or three gods perhaps  
If they are all one  
Neither coming nor going  
Neither waxing nor waning  
But immense in their unity  
Matter and space  
He rides between the spaces  
And he rides between the pain  
In the secret heart of becoming  
In the secret modes of darkness  
His eyes are now shuttered windows  
Oh man man man man  
With his claws and his lies  
With his peace and his pain  
With his love and his sorrow  
With his candle of hope  
That stutters and dies  
No liberation through hearing  
When the sound of the world's collapsing  
Deafens deafens deafens our ears  
And pierces our hearts  
Hitler as Kalki  
Kalki as Hitler  
Rolling and roaring  
Exultant and trembling  
Sorrow sorrow sorrow  
Where the eagle flies  
Where the eagle shudders  
Where the eagle drops  
Where the eagle plummets  
All things merging  
And all things dissolving  
Then stars collapse  
The vortex commences in space  
The rubble collects  
The debris gathers  
Time starts to shiver  
By heart's blood  
If I dissolve into your body  
If I hoped to find  
White light in your soul  
If together we fall into forever  
Would we not notice the turbulence  
That no longer waits?  
First he comes  
From on a hill  
Then he's running  
Throughout the town  
Then he stands

Devoid of peace  
Devoid of place  
Devoid of pity  
Oh my dear Christ  
Carried broken from sad brown earth  
Teeth. Teeth. Teeth. Teeth. Teeth.  
Hitler as Kalki  
Kalki as Hitler  
Hitler  
Kalki