

Current 93, Inerrant Infallible (Black Ships At Nine)

1.

I was wondering if the Bible
Is inerrant infallible
Considering the heptadic structure
But I saw the artificial dogs
Chattering possessed
(??)
On slant sidewalks
Yellow fur scorched ceaseless
Metronomic liars!
It turned my mind to
Killers disguised as flies
They are everywhere and follow me
At the end of the false air
It is the rainbow who lies
Widdershins? Who cares!
Backwards shut sparrows
And Jhonn cracked his head until he bled
Until he was dead
I am however saved or unsaved
Who cares about Nineveh or Edom?
Or how I arranged their downfall
As the Prehistoric Messiah?
Rising over the drains is the beautiful flower
Singing songs from the mango swamps
When I built lotuses on the pedestal
Of logos it manufactured the robots
That sniff and smell your dreams
Can Cain culled the world with his butcher's knife
And saved the top of the Universal Title?

2.

Souls grow off twigs
Black sticks with green smiles
There are no other songs
I have given Reese Witherspoon
Some conscious angel
In the scullery I cleared out the dead last week
I have set fire to the peg fairy's blood
Whilst Pol Pot is in flames
The keychain holds nothing severer
than the will of the Queen
And obsessiveness descends and hangs like curtains
Goblins savely say the metal bird has flown
But the chickchickchickens are home to roost
in the dead red house
How many miles to hell for the weekend?
Further than Pomtor?
My sleeves are empty of telescope dead
Whose eyes draw carriages on the moon
By 9, I only held one grudge
Camera! Camera!
White horses in Boomland!
I love you, of course I do
I am tippytoes on top of the pole
Soulwinner, Methodist war crime
Playing Twister with ancestral hosts
Who have met in constellatory hospital
Gracing tutelary telephones

3.

Well, that is the snow fall
It's tempting the floods that break the grand world
If I see ships passing by

I close my eyes and hope to die
And if I turn to clench the sky
I know I've seen the reason why
Black Ships pass by
The mice are falling in love with hedgehogs
They have created armies of ears and spines
And they will clink glasses at the top of towers
I have ordered all Tarot packs to be burnt
And consequently the tower of Babel is reborn
Is that the Toronto blessing?
Have I loosed arrows on the Patriarchs?
The colour of apples is never seen
So clearly as when they fall
For the Black Ship feast
For the sake of the Queen
And I have rebuilt Atlantis
Or was it Mu?
Anyway the cement is made of snow there
so I am told
And the flowers all speak kitsch
But Coptic cats run loose in the ruins
They are screaming for release
Chi-Rho, so we go
To sleep in bluebell meadows
Whilst the mighty tractors trundle by
To create this great new world
Ruled by black ships
One shot from the book is enough to kill
Two shots from the book is enough to kill
And all three shots kill/kill/kill
Whilst the pangolins trill
And the umbrellas erect Governance (Satanical)
Over Gog and Magog