

# 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