

# Current 93, The Dissolution of the Boat: Millions of

As for 'The Boat Millions of Years'  
I saw it sink crash explode implode  
How ever many years of destiny?  
Dead duck anyway  
Two crowns same end  
God holocaust in the sky over Memphitic mud  
Pharaonic massacre!  
Ten thosand years of blood in mud  
Despite the funerary magnificence  
Cats( revenge on the static staggered beetle divinities  
With their solar discs and pyramidal rocket ships  
Shifting Satan through the cosmos  
Away from this Hell  
I was counting chickens through my fingers  
When I saw the stars gurgle the Gods' regal blood  
Over North-East London when it was raining  
No calamity on subway whilst cycles cease  
And wordless aeons/whatevers/Maats/Horus  
Hover in disintegration and debris over the bus  
"Oh pale Galilaeen! You have conquered";  
And with not much resistance  
In the North or South or East or West  
Or anywhere  
Moloch fell with perhaps a belch  
And the kits and kids came tumbling out  
Of the brisket basket cradled in his hateful guts  
And back in black to Hell he grunts  
Baal scuttles with ten tails  
Between as many legs as he could carry  
Perhaps Thomas poking through the holes  
And finding resolution beyond the scales  
And incorporeal pain of the Hammered Messiah!  
Immaculately macerated God!  
Bringer of starbirths and uncertainty  
At your feet pour rivers of sanguine beauty  
And starful questions  
I kneel and laugh  
If I saw shiny shining stars  
Eventually I'll reach them  
And with a bucket pail out belief from  
A thousand conjugations of chance and grammar  
"Lente, lente, nocte";  
Currently I have no number  
Or face or body worth anything at all