

Current 93, This Autistic Imperium Is Nihil Reich

This autistic Imperium
With paint and spick and span
Is Nihil Reich
Whilst wine calls meat
My friend at teatime
Wonders at the weight
Of the armies that wait
For Golden Caesar
Have face of Beast
With lips of long love wasted
In Trojan seas
I called God on the phone
Just yesterday and spoke to Breathface
He told me death arises for Bloodface
Doctor without possibilities of crime
(Let's call that "pixie time")
To make light of the shouting in my head
I want to have lunch with the Umbrella Ladies
I want to make love with the Umbrella Ladies
Who inhabit the stealing time
I got this from the night-owl singing
"Policeman, policeman, is there anyone there?"
If the Great Turk eats Empire
Well is that countdown?
Or just Twinkletoes eating his face?
Whilst the wicked incense batters the church
Outside the church
Outside the church walls
Bloodface waits
He is twisting time
And selling sweets to sweethearts
Who have painted mountains for money
They sell their bodies to the Ice Cream Queens
Autistic Imperium
You have arisen as a way of cutting the Centre
Out of this world
Christ made a dance
Which turned into a trance
A thousand pick-axes are stored in Babylon
Destroyer? Nihil Reich?
Empty as the face
I saw when I awake with eyes as big as bugs
God made a nothing of nothing
He called the swans to roost in the ruins
Of fast-food lakes
And I say like Lazarus I arise in time
For tea and toast and judgement
And all that stuff that rests in the land of Jack and Jill