

Current 93 "Or"

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Hear thou the things which must come to pass in the
last times
There shall be famine and war and earthquakes in
diverse places
Snow and ice and great drought shall there be
And many dissensions amongst people
Blasphemy inequity envy and villainy
Indolence pride and intemperance
So that every man shall speak that which pleaseth him
And the priests shall not have peace amongst
themselves
Shall sacrifice unto making deceit for mind
Therefore will I not look upon them
Then shall the priests behold the people
Departing from the house of the Lord and
Turning unto the world and setting up
Landmarks in the house of God
They shall claim for themselves many things
And places that are lost and shall be
Subject unto Caesar as also they were
Of all times giving poll taxes of the cities
Even gold and silver
And the chief men of the city shall be condemned
And their substance brought into the treasuries of the
kings
And they shall be killed
For there shall be great disturbance throughout all the
people
And death also
The house of the Lord shall be desolate
And their altars shall be abhorred
So that spiders weave their webs there
The place of holiness too shall be corrupted
Priests all corrupted
Agony shall increase
Virtue shall be overcome
Joy perish
And gladness depart
In those days evil shall abound
There shall be respecters of persons
Hymns shall seize out of the house of the Lord
Truth shall be no more

Covetousness shall abound amongst the priests
And the bright man shall not be found
On some nation shall arise there the last time a king
A lover of the Lord
Who shall hold rule not or long
He shall leave two sons
The first is named after the first letter A
The second named after the eight letter H
The first shall die before the second
Thereafter shall rise two princes to oppress the nations
Under whose hands there shall be a very great famine
In the right hand part of the east
So that nation shall rise against nation
And be driven out from their own borders
Again another king shall rise
A crafty man
Who shall command a golden image of Caesar to be
made
Therefore martyrdom shall abound
Then shall faith return unto the servants of the Lord
And holiness shall be multiplied
And agony increased
The mountains shall be comforted
And shall drop down sweepeth the fire from the face
Of the number of the saints maybe accomplished
After a little space there shall arise another king out of
the east
A lover of the Lord
Who shall cause all good things and necessary to
abound in the house of the Lord
He shall show mercy unto the widows and the needy
And command a royal gift to be given unto the priests
In his days shall be abundance of all things
And after that again another king shall arise in the
southern part of the world
And shall hold rule but a little space
In whose days the treasures shall fall because of the
wages of the soldiers
So that the substance of all the age shall be
commanded
And given to the king
Thereafter shall there be plenty of corn and wine and
oil
But great dearness of money
So that the substance of gold and silver shall be given
for corn
And there shall be great dearness
And at that time there shall be very great risings of the
sea
So that no man shall tell news to any man
The kings of the earth and the princes and the captains

shall be troubled
And no man shall speak freely
Grey hairs shall be seen upon boys
And the young shall not give place unto the aged
After that shall rise yet another king
A crafty man who will hold rule for a short space
In whose days there shall be all manner of evils
Even the death of the race of men from the east
Even unto Babylon
And thereafter death and famine and sword
In the land of Cain and even unto Rome
Then shall all the fountains of water and wells boil over
And be turned into blood into dust and blood
The heaven shall be moved
And the stars shall fall unto the earth
The sun shall be cut in half like the moon
And the moon shall not give her light
There shall be great signs and wonders in those days
When Antichrist draws near
These are the signs unto them that dwell in the earth
In those days the pains of great revile shall come upon
them
In those days when Antichrist now draweth near
These are the signs
Woe unto them that dwell on the earth
In the last days a great king shall come
Woe unto them who build
For they shall not inhabit
Woe unto them that break up the follow for they shall
labour without a cause
When I was a child in the belly of my mother!
Woe unto them that make marriages for unto man each
shall nay beget sons
Desolation!
Woe unto them that join house to house
Or field to field
When I was a child in the palace of my father!
For all fields shall be consumed with fire
Annihilation!
Woe unto them that will not look unto themselves while
titled
Silence!
For they shall be condemned
Silence!
Woe unto them that stay away from the poor
Silence!
When he asked him
When I was a child in the belly of my mother!
I am the son
When I was a child in the cannon of my father!
I am father of all

I am the father most high
I am the father of all spirits
These are the sad signs of the ending of the world
When I was a child in the belly of my mother!
When I was a child in the palace of my father!
Desolation!
There will be famine and great pestilence
Annihilation!
Then shall all men be lead captive amongst all nations
Take me to my dead Christ!
And shall fall by the edge of the sword
And shall fall by the edge of the sword
Take me to my dead Christ!
Then all men shall be lead captive amongst all nations
Take me to my dead Christ!
From shore to shore
Take me to my dead Christ!
I am the son of mine
I am the father of all
I am the father most high
Carry me from shore to shore!
All men shall be led captive
And all shall die by the edge of the sword
Take me to my dead chrism!
For when I was a child in the belly of my mother!
For when I was a child in the palace of my father!
Desolation!
All shall die by the edge of the sword
Silence!
All shall die by the edge of the sword
Take me to my dead Christ!
All shall fall by the edge of the sword
Take me to my dead Christ!
All shall be reaped by the sickles
Take me to my dead Christ!
Of the turning burning
Take me to my dead Christ!
Take me from shore to shore!
Turning and burning
Turning and turning
Take me to my dead Christ!
Carry me from shore to shore!

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