

Current 93**"She Took Us To The Places Where The Sun Sets"**

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Anyway murder they say
Please murder
My face was watching braille dogs
Hammering out belonging to the sky
Their wings form shutters
From Alan's window
The incense drifts past the skins and shells
Ruby waves goodbye
And runs to the valleys
That are beautiful
And drenched with rain and colours
And green was that blood then
The sap of monsoons and butterflies
When I was small the red flowers opened
And I broke letters and dreamed
Or murder and nations and Crowley's jazz
4 or 5 decades later
I am some Egyptian face
Was I in Luxor carving my name?
Was I binding cats with kindness and saws?
The green glass stinks with ash
In the broken windows
Remembered bodies
Fill the streets with novels
And the brave boys pass by
In brave pontoons
And mark graves
With pebbles that sink and shriek jingles
What was the lie in your showboat?
Or your slowboat? Were the paperweights
Calling you to statis? Or murder?
Was your soul at KostKutters or Kwiksavers?
The cats lie under pink lights
And see themselves as ponies with fur
Whilst Judas arises 4 centuries too late
And says ecce homo an
I was not the creator at the dawn or evening
But the trains walk by to Toytown
And call for fares from the wooden front
You and I were walking the calypso
Howling for teatime
At teatime the conquistadors and matadors

Are salvators and astronauts
The sea was bloody red and coupled with fury
Anyway murder they say
Anyway murder

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