

## Current 93

# "The Seven Seals Are Revealed At The End of Time As"

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The Seven Seals are Revealed at the End of Time as  
Seven Bows: the Bloodbow, the  
Pissbow, the Painbow, the Faminebow, the Deathbow,  
the Angerbow, the Hohohobow

THEN the morning after. A time and a time and a time  
and a time; all shall be  
well or not. As the bluegreenbrown world is drenched  
with horsegore, and the  
redseas are covered with horsehair, the ThreeGod  
arises. As a sign of Betrayal  
- His? Ours? - a vast Bloodbow covers the skies. One  
dips into a broken bowl  
full of sadness, the other into seven hundred children  
with horses' heads in  
different stages of decomposition. Across the  
Bloodbow a hundredthousand  
betrayers are nailed and lost. To the sound of the  
mewling of eight million  
cats all those who have betrayed humanity twist and  
turn. Step forward, if you  
can, Satan in many scumcoloured forms. Histermarks.  
If you have had ears better  
to have slain them there on the warplain of your face.  
Hell is paved, despite  
the Balance, with tedium and loss. Hell is where the  
steeds then betray the  
horsemen, and the horsemen betray their steeds, and  
and and and. The Bloodbow  
begins to discolour: streams of urine begin to gush  
from the blackbending  
heavens and hells that have circled everything so very  
quickly. The Redbloodbow  
gives birth to a Ureabow. ThreeGod starts to weep.  
Then all the angels weep.  
Then all the demons weep. The stench of the universal  
uric acid fills all the  
worlds ever ever existing. The Bloodbow is replenished  
by a rain that ascends  
from the bodies of the damned on earth. Huge clots of  
gore and blood and lymph

rise up, ripping through the flesh of the lost; the  
Bloodbow increases in size,  
and bubbles and seethes. Unable to take any more,  
just over the surface of the  
earth a thick plain of screaming congeals into the  
Painbow, which hovers and  
turns above the soil. Alas! A high pitched singing  
emerges; bones, some  
gleamingteethywhite, some shitdustbrown, start to  
clatter from the Painbow. A  
rickety arch is hesitantly built by the rothorsekids from  
the bones and bones:  
the Faminebow. "We are so hungry, so very hungry"  
they sigh. They die, their  
hunger to be forever unassuaged. Their rotting bodies  
arise in clumps 'n' bits  
'n' bobbins, forming over the Bonebow - that is to say,  
the bubbling Faminebow,  
a new, special experience. A grotty rotty mass of  
children's and horses' grey  
flesh, death in all its mumbling and dull colours, step  
or crawl right up for  
the Deathbow. ThreeGod has been so angry with us all  
whilst this is happening;  
His frown fills up one trillion universes, or more if you  
please or if you  
don't. His pursed lips fill up even more universes than  
His frown, as His anger  
grows as it descends His face. This immeasurable  
frown becomes the inverted  
Angerbow; an upsidedown 'U' that is constituted  
entirely of cholera and spit,  
pick 'n' mix... stones and sticks... 'n' 666 - it makes me  
sick!  
Then He sees, in His mercy, that the Worlds have all  
passed away. The frown  
passes, and ThreeeGod starts to laugh. The farce is  
over, the wasted experiment  
over, and His jolly laugh becomes the HoHoHoBow.  
All the starres are dead now.  
And so we pass away.

Whilst the Gods play  
We pass away

(Yet the stars and the moon and the sun and the  
comets and the little birds and  
the little lights and the little animals tath sing to God  
God bless the little  
animals and the little animals that scream to God  
please O Lord bless the

little animals that weep and weep and weep they are  
approaching the  
Greatbluegate of Death itself oh Lord hear me when I  
shout and shout and shout  
my heart is almost empty)

Anyhow, once I looked at the stars, and they were all  
blood. Over the  
Southerncross she arose, redbloodyred, as I think she  
was, Luciferette and how  
she shined. Overthere in the west, where alas she had  
begun to set, dead  
children were singing. Out of my window, beyond Mao  
Rao and Yao what seems to  
be the sun over the arch of Beslam, shining. Louis Wain  
is there. I can see, if  
I stretch my eyes far and further, William Lawes dead  
dead dead on the plain  
dead dead dead. I fall to my knees and weep. And  
goodbye to You all.

And goodbye to you all  
Whilst the Gods play  
Goodbye  
Goodbye to you all

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