

Current 93, Beausoleil

Beausoleil, soleil soleil soleil soleil
Beausoleil, reaping Nirvana in a desert land
Beausoleil, Thine anger rising like a scorpion
Beausoleil, dune buggy baby on a fairground slide
Beausoleil, the taste of honey and the swirl of lies
Beausoleil, jackbooting wide-eyed in the widest pit
Beausoleil, looking at smiles and seeing only grins
Beausoleil, did dead Gods smell the dog's blood rose
Beausoleil, now all Thine summers turn to menstrual winters
Beausoleil, kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill kill
Beausoleil, did dog's blood rise when the dead Gods died
Beausoleil, beautiful sunshine whose shadows hides
Beausoleil, white brothers planting burning crosses
Beausoleil, the sharpest flavour is the one that stains
Beausoleil, when dog's blood rises does it also dance
Beausoleil, grey benediction of the Final Church
Beausoleil, it's just your habit of culling time
Beausoleil, a Death in June under a menstrual moon
Beausoleil, Scorpio rising but the Light Bearer falls
Beausoleil, the squeaky laughter of a giddy world
Beausoleil, still waving black flags from a stubble field
Beausoleil, a maltese cross is pierced by the Blood of Christ
Beausoleil, hiding from cancer crabs and cracking jokes
Beausoleil, arson archbishop makes the deserts burn
Beausoleil, the dead are grateful -- all you need is love
Beausoleil, fat Buddhas smiling with the widest grin
Beausoleil, candy floss surgeon with the golden hair
Beausoleil, a brand new Process for a brand new age
Beausoleil, a black Messiah wearing buckskin boots
Beausoleil, assassin creepy-crawls through Hebron's Vale
Beausoleil, there's no business like the devil's business
Beausoleil, another martyr for the Noddy Apocalypse
Beausoleil, que sera, sera
Beausoleil, we want to sink into the deepest basin
Beausoleil, fils de perdition, Luciferens
Beausoleil, seven and seven is the hidden key
Beausoleil, a train to Clarkesville in the menstrual night
Beausoleil, Dsineyland darknes with your Armageddon smile
Beausoleil, sangs rGyas chos dang tsogs kyi mChog rNams la
Beausoleil, you hide your candle on Golgotha's hill