

# The Sea Priestess

Coil

On the sea coast of Tibet  
Egyptian Aztecs are arriving from Norway  
They've been varnishing the woodwork for forty-three centuries  
Here, Nature is naked, her acrobats bathed in blood  
There's a beast of prey on the threshold of pleasure  
And the giantess, sea priestess, beckons the passers-by  
"Do not lose sight of the sea. Do not lose sight to the sea."  
Her wizened mouthpiece whistles with silver fishes  
Swirls of spider-crabs crackle like Wimshurst mechanicals  
All around her, jellies are diaphanous

After washing myself clean, I had breakfast with the sea priestess  
Whose sibilant esses are escaping gas from the sea floor  
The sea priestess lays on a bed of nails  
Twenty-seven lead soldiers at her head  
The sea priestess is escaping gas  
The grass that grows is turned to gas  
Gas fired from a gun, herbal hydrogen  
If it goes any faster there'll be an astral disaster  
If it goes any faster there'll be an astral disaster

We spent the rest of time  
With furious faking of dreaming  
Pissing tiny diamonds, and passing the time wondering  
Whether we should walk down the same path  
That had introduced us to the valley the day before  
I was woken three times in the night  
And asked to watch whales, listen for earthquakes in the sea  
I had never seen such a strange sight before  
Somehow I think the soft verges of insanity  
At the hard shoulders of reality  
Point past signs posted in the past sea  
It's probably a lack of poor visibility  
And something special in the sand  
And the essences the rocks on the seashore make

The men here are desiccated like mummies  
Been out in the sun for thousands of years, walking along  
The women stuff themselves full of collagen and other animal remains  
I don't think we'll stay here long  
As soon as the ships have been rebuilt, we'll be out of here  
Into the sun

Our ship was wrecked on the sea coast of Tibet  
The first thing we saw were several Egyptian Aztecs arriving from Norway  
Here all nature is naked  
We watch acrobats bathing themselves in blood  
And over the doorway is a beast of prey  
Straddled on the threshold of pleasure  
And a giantess, sea priestess, beckoning the passers-by  
She implores them, "Do not lose sight of the sea."  
She says, "Do not lose sight to the sea."