

# This Autistic Imperium Is Nihil Reich

Current 93

This autistic Imperium  
With paint and spick and span  
Is Nihil Reich  
Whilst wine calls meat  
My friend at teatime  
Wonders at the weight  
Of the armies that wait  
For Golden Caesar  
Have face of Beast  
With lips of long love wasted  
In Trojan seas  
I called God on the phone  
Just yesterday and spoke to Breathface  
He told me death arises for Bloodface  
Doctor without possibilities of crime  
(let's call that "pixie time")  
To make light of the shouting in my head  
I want to have lunch with the Umbrella Ladies  
I want to make love with the Umbrella Ladies  
Who inhabit the stealing time  
I got this from the night-owl singing:  
"Policeman, policeman, is there anyone there?"  
"  
If the Great Turk eats Empire  
Well is that countdown?  
Or just Twinkletoes eating his face?  
Whilst the wicked incense batters the church  
Outside the church  
Outside the church walls  
Bloodface waits  
He is twisting time  
And selling sweets to sweethearts  
Who have painted mountains for money  
They sell their bodies to the Ice Cream Queens  
Autistic Imperium  
You have arisen as a way of cutting the Centre  
Out of this world  
Christ made a dance  
Which turned into a trance  
A thousand pick-axes are stored in Babylon  
Destroyer! Nihil Reich!  
Empty as the face  
I saw when I awake with eyes as big as bugs  
God made a nothing out of nothing  
He called the swans to roost in the ruins  
Of fast-food lakes  
And I say like Lazarus I arise in time  
For tea and toast and judgement  
And all that stuff that rests in the land of Jack and  
Jill