The Sea Priestess (original)

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 diaphanousAfter 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
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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 sunOur 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."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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