

Wordplay

words by **Ange Maclvor**

Disturbing the heart and the head,
a heaviness descends.
Words spoken in a tongue of flame.
The three-eyed demon of,
lust, envy and deceit;
it knows your name.

*Close your eyes, nothing will be the same.
Close your heart, only way to escape the pain.
Pull away, retreat into yourself.
If you feel nothing you won't feel your own heart break.*

Inspiring deep feelings of dread,
another chapter ends.
Mere tokens in a heartless game.
The three sweet angels,
fall on their knees and cry,
they cry in vain.

*Close your eyes, nothing will be the same.
Close your heart, only way to escape the pain.
Pull away, retreat into yourself.
If you feel nothing you won't feel your own heart break.*

Disturbing the head and the heart,
like actors playing a part,
words spoken in a strangers tongue.
Inspiring deep feelings of dread,
another chapter ends,
'til the story begins again.

*Close your eyes, nothing will be the same.
Close your heart, only way to escape the pain.
Pull away, retreat into yourself.
If you feel nothing you won't feel your own heart break.*

Scales

words by **David Campbell**

Scales of the ebony fish, the blind poet's wish,
as the cities lie dying.
Tales of the mariner's rime, the song of a time,
the dawn of denying.
*And this, the moment of naught
when all that we've got*

*are the bones of past movement.
This, the age of decay
The era when day
is no different than night.
Scales of the ebony fish, the blind poet's wish,
as the cities lie dying.
Tales of the time before night, when the reign of the right
was the essence of lying.
And this, the moment of naught
when all that we've got
are the bones of past movement.
This, the age of decay
The era when day
is no different than night.*

Klak

words by **Geordie Robertson**

My baby klaks,
like the teeth of a shotgun cow,
dead meat, hits the killing floor.
My baby ticks,
like a deathwatch beetle,
waiting patiently beneath,
linoleum.

*I dreamed I was homeless, wandering the strange avenues
In a daze lost and lonely, I called out for you.*

My baby fucks,
fucks like a hurricane,
tearing up the coastline at,
break-neck speed.

*I dreamed I was homeless, wandering the strange avenues
In a daze lost and lonely, I called out for you.*

*I dreamed I was home lying in, your arms like a child.
Until laughing and loved I, kissed you awake.*

Masque of Queens (The Discoverie of Witchcraft)

words by **Ben Jonson 1609**

Part 1: Convent

Dame dame, the watch is set.
Quickly now we all are met.
From the lakes and from the fens,
from the rocks and from the dens,
from the woods and from the caves,
from the church-yards and the graves,
from the dungeon, from the tree,
that they died on, here are we.

Part 1: Hags 1

I have been gathering wolves' hair,
the mad-dog's foam and the adder's ears.
The spurgings of a dead man's eyes,
and all since the evening star did rise.
I last night lay all alone on,
the ground to hear a man-drake groan
I plucked him up though he grew full low.
And as I had done the cock did crow.
Under the cradle I did creep,
by day and when the child was asleep,
I had a dagger; what did I with that?
Killed the infant to have her fat

Part 3: Mad Night

The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
and so is the cat-a-mountain.
The ant, the mole sit both in a hole,
and frog peeps out of the fountain.
The dogs do bay and timbrels play,
the spindle now is turning.
The moon is red, the stars have fled,
but all the sky is burning.

Part 4: Hags 2

A murderer yonder was hung in chains.
the sun and wind had shrunk his veins.
I bit off a sinew I clipped his hair.
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.
I have been choosing out this skull.
From charnel houses that were full.
I from the jaws of the watcher's bitch,
did snatch these bones and them leaped the ditch.

Part 6: Hags 3

The scritch-owl's eggs and the feathers black.
Blood of the frog and the bones in his back.
The worm in the mouth of the dog's remains.
I killed a black cat and here are the brains.
I went to the toad breeds under the wall.
I charmed him out and he came at my call.
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before.
I tore the bat's wings; what would you have more.
Yes I have brought to help our vows,
horned poppy and cypress boughs,
the fog-tree wild that grows on tombs,
and juice that from the larch-tree comes,
basilick's blood and the viper skin.
And now our orgies let's begin.