

PITCHFORK LIBRA - LYRICS

TEN TON DELIRIUM

I couldn't help myself, it wasn't my scene
It really was something – infernal machine
They do it in Strasbourg, in Ghent and Cologne
See how it flowers, it towers and grows

One hell of a fortnight, incredible crowd
Unlimited health bar, but only for now
By day by night inside of a dream
The fisherman's wife – she was having a scream

Give it up for the bones in their boxes
Mock with me the mossy tufts with the loftiness of love
A witness in the house with the pox is
Choking on their cereal, this must be the
Ten ton, ten ton, ten ton delirium

All the beasts of the wood creep forth
To watch you move on your mother's porch
I'll say it now, he's damn good looking
I'd like to puncture his black pudding

The dialects of distant canines
Bark now or forever hold your dogs
Twelve nights in the witches' throng
Please don't haunt me when you're gone

Give it up for the bones in their boxes
Mock with me the mossy tufts with the loftiness of love
A witness in the house with the pox is
Choking on their cereal, this must be the
Ten ton, ten ton, ten ton delirium
Will there be food at the execution?
Jellied ear in devils gown, a fever from another town
A lesson with less fun – malocclusion
Choking on their cereal, this must be the
Ten ton, ten ton, ten ton delirium

Dance – you should've seen them dance...
You should've seen them!

OSSUARY KISSES

I don't like you but I guess that I could know you
So I could learn how to kill you oh so slowly
How I envy oh you only, in the right light you seem holy
I just can't believe it's over
Tonight I spit your name into the dirt one last time
Walk widdershins around the room
Pluck the cock alive

These ossuary kisses
The taste is so delicious
You'll never find me wasting them on anyone malicious
Oh I can be capricious, some say over-ambitious
You're making me so livid
We've got to keep on living – living in our own way
Giving – but never giving in

I don't like you but I guess that I could love you
In my own way is that OK as the sky congeals above us
How I envy in the dirty one last time
Pluck the cock alive
Pluck the cock alive

These ossuary kisses
The taste is so delicious
You'll never find me wasting them on anyone malicious
Oh I can be capricious, I'll come at you with scissors
You're making me so livid
We've got to keep on living – living in our own way
Giving – but never giving in

These ossuary kisses
The taste is so delicious
You'll never find me wasting them on anyone malicious
Pernicious, they call me Mr Vicious
I'll come at you with scissors when your making me so livid
Living – living in our own way
Giving – but never giving in

BRING ME BACK FROM THE BLACK BEYOND

Bring me back from the Black Beyond – I shall respond
Breaking through boundary –I'm so glad you found me
Bring me back from the Black Beyond – That shallow pond
Swimming through the briny
Girl, if you don't find me
Throw another line in
Promise that you'll come for me

Birth follows death follows birth follows
death follows birth follows death
Can you hear what I say through the static as it rattles
Down this metal telephone
I'm in limbo don't you know
Death is a quest – you can cheat it if you strive
To find a living person on the other side
to help you to get back to it
Call me up 'cos I'm in need
Don't wanna end up like a loser strung out on my beliefs

The falconer resists, then the falconer retires
The falcon is long dead, it is lost to the gyre
The ferryman cries at the building of a bridge
The future equals fear, he says, sighs into his drink
His children walk that bridge, tread the decking everyday
It's the one and only route left to their father's grave

Bring me back from the Black Beyond...

It last forever and then it's gone
And with murder in our hearts
you said you'd come for me, no harm
Life holds no meaning here in the realm of death
As love holds no meaning in the realm of hate
Don't wanna end up a spectre strung out on my beliefs
I'm taking charge of my own estate

Reverse the rainbow, retract the sword
Recharge the raygun, revoke the word
Make way for my quantum resurrection
They never paid me what I'm worth so pay me some attention
Take me to the moon now (it'll be OK)
A crater on the moon now (Oh-oh you're gonna come for me)

Bring me back from the Black Beyond...

Birth follows death follows birth follows
death follows birth follows death
Can you hear what I say through the static as it rattles
Down this metal telephone (I'm in limbo don't you know)
Bring me back from the Black Beyond

ZYGOTE

Step into the light – I wanna see it all
Something strange, something new
It's beautiful
Out of the hot, wet womb
Out of the warmth
We crave and we cleave
Until we crawl

And we call supernature
So the soul can be greater
With this eyeball of a white goat
Watch me wear the night cloak
Cool operator when you speak glossolalia
Standing in the shadow of the zygote my throat can't cope – Let go!

Born into the dark, into darkness we are born
I hear the light it don't shine for those less fortunate
This darkness supersedes all with its allure
Split between the moon and the earth
I am your goal

And we call supernature...

Treat you sleep like a death rehearsal
In the end there is no reversal
When you get there you'll beat the hearse to a rapid passage out
We go down into the dirt to find our iridescent hurt

And we call supernature...

Step into the light – I wanna see it all...

And we call supernature...
Let go

MOVING SIDEWARDS IN TO LIGHTNING

Please forgive my apotheosis lately
I've been creeping, kicking up dirt and daisies
Please remind me of my soliloquy.

Glad to be here in this delightful dungeon
Tell me, when do they start to serve the luncheon?
Constellations cropping up repeatedly
I forgot my chains

You might not last the day, you might not last at all
What I'm saying is strange but the writing's on the wall
You might not last the day, you might not last at all (oh-oh-oh)

Lady, I'm sorry
I was breaking through and breaking down and breaking out
Some call it love

A dark vineyard in the pulverising rain
You can pour me in and pour me out and pour me back again
It's only love
In filth it shall be found
In filth it shall be found

You might not last the day...

Kicking in – the Katzenjammer
Heady bends beneath a hammer
Oh oh oh oh
They tried to tear me down and making no mistake
I caught my reflection in my bowl of cornflakes
I came up paladin and played the glockenspiel
I never played before – I picked it up by feel

You might not last the day...

SPEAK MEDIEVAL

Rattle my birdcage
Shake my tree
Take out all my teeth and set them free
Tickle my tonsils
Pickle my tongue
Grease up my geese with the fife and drum

All those little things – they've got me in despair
Here comes the chopper, to chop – to chop, chop off their heads

I am trickster, mischief-maker
Watch me put a wasp in the incubator
Clock me at the docks with the stevedores
We'll be trading stories with the dirty words

All those little things – they've got me in despair
Here comes the chopper, to chop – to chop, chop off their heads
And it goes on and on and on (speak medieval!)
And we go hardy-hardy ha (in the upheaval)

Making waves with the mystery handshake
Unlocking all the secrets of an ancient language
(*Half a pound of golden treacle*)
Of all the animals I like most
You can't go wrong with a baby goat
(*Half a pound of golden treacle*)
Bleed the wound, prick the needle

All those little things – they've got me in despair...

(Yeah! I like that!)
I am liar hear me roar
It's much darker than the dawn
I am lepus – myxomatosis
Who put the ergot in the Hovis?
And then they're doing it again
They try to twist my words, man
No hallelujah in the end
And then they boiled my bon bon

All those little things – they've got me in despair...
Here comes the chopper... he do it proper

THE DAWN IS NOT YOUR ENEMY

From semen to sepulchre
Life is one big ulcer
You can coat it with your mucus
Of novelty amusements
From semen to sepulchre
Life's one big ol' joke, yeah
The punchline is the deathbed
When you're face to face with the godhead

But it doesn't have to be this way
We shouldn't have to live in hate
Through the labyrinths of sleep
The grey gardens of decay

One kiss my soul destroyer
One kiss is all it takes
A belief in something other
Pucker up and haul away

You were in my dream last night
I could see you in the light of a thousand suns
Burning with their brilliant candles
Oh the dreaming creeping through the dawn
It's not your enemy
Don't make me take the remedy

From semen to sepulchre
It's all brimstone and sulphur
Commencing from the foetus
'Til Papa Time defeats us
From semen to sepulchre
Line up and dance the polka
A plague sent by St Vitus
He holds us in a crisis

I've been building something wicked
Something wicked this way looming
Can you see it tower above us,
Move right through us, all consuming

You were in my dream last night...

It doesn't have to be this way
We shouldn't have to live in hate
Through the labyrinths of sleep
The grey gardens of the decay
It doesn't have to be this way
We shouldn't have to live in shame

THE HAND THAT DID THE DEED

Through a liminal space I slip
Lit the squib to let the wet light in
In the season of despair
We'll dress as wolves and hit the county fair
One minute in the boiler room
Locked in the excessive machine
there's not enough space to hide
In space no one hears you scream

And when they catcheth me
There will be bloody murder
They'll point and prod and say
"He almost got away"
The head that thought the deed
The eye that saw the deed
The tongue that spoke the deed
The heart that drove the deed
And this...

The hand that did the deed...
It was the hand that did the deed
The hand that did the deed...
It was the hand that did me in

Let me crawl into your ears
Like mercury, like milk
I hear love can be a stark frontier
Depending on how you've been reared
One minute in the boiler room
Locked in the excessive machine
I am now valueless
Toxic to my community

Is this an orgasm? Is this an assassination?
Is this true love or general due diligence!?
Keep your thoughts to yourself
Polish off another miniature
We'll dress as wolves and hit the county fair
On all fours we'll ambush the villagers

The hand that did the deed...

Indeed, it's me
Indeed, indeed, indeed

WE'VE ALL BEEN CRUEL

You strangled your salacious twin
What kind of bleak magic is that?
I know the answer will always be unknown
On a dark and starless airfield, a good man is burning

Beneath the rose, see it lie still
A tiger with terrible claws so cruel
Within us an ambush will cut through
In a wet Glaswegian graveyard, you gift me with your malware
We've all been cruel

Delete me – my essence debased
Through history repeating itself
Good grief, The Wolf and our children compare teeth
By the battered shopping centres, the ring road's empty relics
Beneath the pining of the pylons, a werewolf epidemic

Cut to the bone
Without love – disorder
Just leave it alone
The world's been bad
We've all been

Outside our hotel window, a civil war is raging
I can feel it now – the gods are being weaponised
And I think to myself how did it get so late, well
I can smell it now – our gods are being weaponised
Outside our hotel window – the world exhaling
Inside, the room is spinning
Inside, the room is spinning

Cut to the bone...
We've all been cruel

I see the tombstone, I read the name
Beloved Thomas – he died in vain
I feel blessed and yet so ashamed
to have lived in such a carnivorous age
Back in the airfield where the stars don't shine
I saw the light wane from that young man's eyes
As he burned like a beacon, like a beautiful siren
I can't recall his name

Cut to the bone...
We've all been cruel

COUNT TO TEN WITH NOBODY

Down below the concrete
You know, you know, you know
The Whitechapel fatberg, yes it had a heartbeat
The bulk built by something unnatural
Heap of greasy pain
Souls released remain
Mary, Anne, and Liz – just some of their names

Count to ten in the dreaming
A sense of haunted landmarks
Sprawls below the land dark
Awful thing to witness
Screams unfinished business

I lost myself for days
Crawling round down there
Liminal space
Caught between the night
Throw myself to the fire
Got me feeling like the powder plot got in my eye
Aye aye aye
Got me feeling like the powder plot got in my eye

Tell me when the storm breaks
You know, you know, you know
And lets loose the rain 'til I drown like a cornflake
The pigswill of this city
Flush them down the drain

I'll rush down there too
Kiss that greasy goo
Give each girl a rose
Swallow their white gold
Won't someone fetch a plunger
A memory undissolved
I smell something pungent
Murder unresolved

I lost myself for days...

Down below the concrete
The Whitechapel fatberg, yes it held a heartbeat
I can feel what you feel
I smell something pungent
Someone fetch a plunger
There has been a murder