

## **Incrave**

### **"Lordly Nightshade"**

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Captured by Hitler with Oliver Twist in the tower  
Guards say here's pens and paper just sit down and  
work for an hour  
O, Goodness, how can we escape? but it's not  
worthwhile  
All I can do is smile.

Down gallons of glandular corridors of the dark castle  
The pompous old bellman is tolling one bell  
At bathtime the hippies in chains they are crossing the  
hall  
Where Hitler is making his new film about it all  
We slip trough a pew and escape but I just don't know  
All I can do is grow

Tell me more, what then

Down Main Street I go on a duffel-coat hoping instead  
For a little room, yawn, I'm so tired with this big bag of  
coal on my head  
It's a top hat I'm trying to sell or a lesson to learn  
Vaguely seeking some fire to burn

While a group of middle-aged persons with dwarfish  
expressions and tinned conversations in Sunday  
blessed blue  
Standing around for a photograph, watch the cuckoo  
Do you need any coal? But it doesn't appear that they  
do  
Then I offered my throat to the wolf but I just can't die  
All I can do is fly

Safe and secure in the skirts of the midsummer wood  
Cooking soup with stale words and fresh meanings it  
tastes so good  
The green wolf with his bunch of red roses is slinking  
away  
All on a summer's day.

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