

Twelfth Gate

"Human Being"

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Tremulous and quivering such victims as there are
Contend with emotions under skin
Without wearing water wings
The strike against the stream
hopelessly believing they might swim

Here they all come rushing down again
Here they all come rushing down again
Time has hardly swallowed up the evidence
How is it they say they did not know
That history grows up like a weed
Doctrine pinned upon it
Bars across the window destroy human being
Static mind solidifies
Can no longer flow
Up against it's borders and unable to pay much
Attention to human being...

When in doubt you turn to find a scapegoat on the wall
Gaze into the mirror begging pardon
If everytime we tell a lie a little fairy dies
They must be building death-camps in the garden
Pacing back and forwards
Conscience in a box
Barred in from the sunlight getting pale
And losing every sense of human being....

The forces of oppression
Forge links around the earth
Ordering our faces to the floor
The wilful non-involvement
By hirelings of the crimes
Is futile and inhuman as before
The sum of our best efforts
Shouldn't lead us back to here
On the road to murder where we can no longer
Admit to any
Human needing human feeling
Human living human loving
Human fragile human being...

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THIS CITY (Geoff Mann)

The abstracted shapes of the people's thoughts
Different shops and pubs
All the cheap facades
It is all this city it is all this city

Wind shaken trees
Half crumbling parks
The enquiring eyes
Fingers parting lace
It is all this city it is all this city

Long straggling queues
Of the our of work
A baby sucking sweets
Dribbling down his quilt
It is all this city it is all this city

All this city

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FACT AND FICTION (Geoff Mann)

TV is switched on
The screen reveal a spokesperson
Adverts politics editing the real
Cheap words money talks
Naming itself to be the key
To utopia cornucopia
To a better world you go buy and buy
And if you listen carefully
You can hear the bacon fly
Don't make me laugh!!

History shows that policy demands weapons
Selfish desires simply lead to pain
The chit-chat continues
A big pretence that divides
Into power blocks
Where the orthodox
Have a propaganda war to fight
And if you're looking closely
You can see that black is white
Don't make me laugh!!

If the "unthinkable" should happen
And you hear the sirens call
Well you can always find some shelter
Behind a door against the wall
Don't make me laugh!!

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CREEPSHOW (Geoff Mann)

Welcome
Welcome
First today to see the creepshow
Come see the exhibits
But do not touch
They cannot bear touch
Here in the freak show
Please do not hang back
It's hard enough to show people around
The creep show
The creep show

First here on the rack strapped a child's virgin mind
We see the careful whitecoats
Affix their machines veins
To the pulsing neck side
Checking dials they monitor reaction
She must love her daddy's banker
She must love her daddy's banker
For her part in the creepshow
The creepshow

Amanda so sad
Amanda
But let's brush over sadness
Give her the pills
And diagnose madness
Give her give her give her...
Amanda
Amandahahahahaha

Any more for any more?

Cyril has-or-might-have-been
Must fill his lust

They let him bayonet robots
As his morning constitutional
To sate his rage
Unless he feels his age
We can't have that
Sometimes he'll watch a war-film
On the moron machine in the corner of his cell
Lost in time
Lost in mind
Cyril writhes like smoke
His bigot's eyes are slashed skin
Their expression none the nicer
For being blank

Amanda still mad
Amanda
still sad...

And so ladies and gentlemen we come to the nerve
centre of the whole
Affair, as you will see it is a mirror. To some it is the
mirror of
Dreams, where every passion, desire and action flit
through the still
Spaces behind it's surface, tantalising yet distant. Of
these many
Stand before it until death. To others, it is distorting,
everything
In it being warped and buckled by fear, yet perceived
as reality.
These will cringe before it, wimpering and immobile,
though a few
Batter their skulls against the dull sheen, attempting to
smash the
Horrors they believe to be in the glass or at least attain
oblivion,
Whichever comes first. Some see just a mirror, whilst
some see what
At first appears to be their own image which, however,
moves _them_
Saying, "Come On, Wake UP! Who's running this show
anyway?"

NOW
It's up to you
Use your free will
You decide
Yes
You you you decide
Whether or not you will return
For if you come again
You'd better bring your ball and chain
Unguided embittered attraction of
The creep show
The creep show
The creep show

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