

Owen Pallett

"The Pooka Sings"

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Oh! your eyes, your greedy eyes!
Your dry and desperate tongue
You've told a lie! a lie! a lie!
For every pretty note your reddy voice has sung
Do we believe in devils? No.
Winged men? The healing pow'r of love? No.
Enchantment? Social justice? No.
Dead child actors in a white, white world above? No.
Then why are all your songs about the things that don't
exist?
Do not resist! You'll burn these lies tonight and never
let them live
Oh, stoke the fire, you'll burn these words tonight
I cannot let them live

The Pooka wings away
His power o'er me's at an end
And I put down the violin
I leave it down, never again!

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