

Robyn Hitchcock

"Fiend Before The Shrine"

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I stumbled with a friend of mine
To see a fiend before the shrine
With pointed eyes and furry breath
He summoned men of faith to death
Within a cloister full of ferns
An ivy twining round the urns
That brimmed with duckweed and with snails
The fiend, his mouth was full of nails
"Oh, come and see my swarming shrine!"
His little pointed eyes did shine
"For God is life and life is lust
And will be after you are dust!"
The shrine, it writhed with giblets and with hairs
And little tongues in flickering pairs
And throats that grew from pads of cheese
And then came out behind the knees
A pumpkin smiled and from its beak
A pair of scaly legs did peek
With squirming elvers for its hair
And from that midst an eye did stare
It winked at me as if to say
"You've seen enough, now go away!"
I sing of life, I sing of death
Until I might run out of breath
I stumbled with a friend of mine
To see a fiend before a shrine
With pointed eyes and septic ears
I knew this fiend did last for years

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