

## Twelfth Night "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  
 Advertises 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  
Anymore 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 its 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, whimpering 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 dec  
ide  
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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