

Daemons of the Pankration

Sam Johnson

El Vaivén

la Fa
Hay gotas en la alfombra del salón
la Do mi
dejando un rastro en tono de amapola;
la Fa
ya nadie queda en pie en la habitación,
la Do mi
la música flemática va sola.
la Fa
De todo el silencio con desdén
la Do mi
se mofa con altivas sonrisillas:
la Fa
acordes y un cuchillo en una sien
la Do mi Fa
ni rinden más molestias que cosquillas.
Do
No intentes olvidar:
Sol la mi Fa
olvídate de eso y no vayas a mirar pa'trás.
Do
No corras del lugar:
Sol la mi Fa
por mucho que corras el tiempo va a correr más.

Afuera la ventisca está febril,
voraz y sanguinaria como un loco.
Saliendo entre las luces de marfil
la joven se tropieza, sólo un poco.
Papeles volotean, y también
recuerdos tumultuosos, condenados;
alivio y culpa juntos un vaivén,
mas si de niños, niños alocados.

No intenetes olvidar:
olvídate de eso y no vayas a mirar pa'trás.
No corras del lugar:
por mucho que corras el tiempo va a correr más.

El arma blanca roja o buriel
aun así su rostro lo refleja:
imagen dividida pero fiel,
en un contenedor va y lo deja.

The Swallows of Eratosthenes

All knowledge wrought or found
Within these walls so near
Waiting with me in Alexandria.

My eyes are open wide,
Or so my fingers say,
But blind: the Nile took my sight away.

So nothing have I swallowed now
For days except the key
To that dark world forever lost for me.

That world I knew so well,
Diameter and all:
I used two sticks and watched the shadows fall.

Selene, Helios,
The planets that roam free,
And scattered stars are all now barred from me;

So I have not long to wait now
And though I cannot crawl
I still can hear the swallows outside call.

Psalm of the Antitheist

la Sol Fa Mi
Importance fades into the night
la Sol Fa Mi
Along with grace, a kindly bell
La Sol Fa Mi
That chimes away, in timely flight
 la Sol
To barren space, or down to hell.

I'll call the bet, I promise thee,
But not just yet, I want to stay
A little longer, just to see
What happens come the break of day.

Do Sol
In tones harmonic, but off key,
 la
I try to explain wherefore I strive,
 mi
And ploughing forth through apathy
 Do

I claim the day (though no-one looks)
Sol
And yell to gods with fear alive
la mi
How out of date I find their books.
Fa Sol la

What's it to me if you can't say
For sure, for some, for certainty
If there be more to life than clay,
If that is not insanity?

I know we're few and far between,
We animals of dignity;
We don't suck up to king nor queen,
We come to accept enormity.

The chasm grows, you're left behind
On shores of great deformity
To be engulfed, in body and mind,
By waves of primitivity.

Prometheus, you who tried to break
With ignorance and tyranny,
You were strung up and left as grub
For putrid, foul ignominy.

And you, Giordano, burned at stake
(They did not like infinity
And were afraid of other worlds
Beyond the papal dynasty).

I say it's our turn now to strike,
But now they ask for sympathy
Yet all the while, them all, alike,
Proceed with their publicity.

Stop filling children's minds with dread,
Have you not heard that God is dead?!

Butterfly

la Re Fa
Butterfly, your effect is global,
la Sol Fa
But you fly, so locally.
la Re Fa
You never cry, for you can't know what
la Mi7

Comes to pass tremendously.

Lyapunov, what on earth were you
Thinking of when you came to see
that just as Gordian ropes a-rambling
so we weave trajectories?

Chorus:

re
It seems this is just how things work then
Do Sol
And there's not much that can be done,
re
So try to stay at the edge of chaos:
Do Sol Sol/Fa
That's, they say, where there's the most fun.
Fa/Sol/la Sol re Re7/la Sol re Re7la

Hurricanes may form and skater
In the land of the rising sun,
No one knows what coleoptera
Flap before each and every one.

If only I could act quite freely
Thinking no harm was to come;
But we all know what became of Cosmos:
It went down like the setting sun.

Chorus

Billiard balls that collide and go off
on foreseen and well-planned ways
Like the Sphinx and Oedipus back then
In the good old simple days.

You who speak of blame and justice
And search for links of causality,
How do you tell when your model's finished
And call your chain reality?

Chorus

Demonios Pancraciastas

la mi
El ogro de la burla está de mal humor
la mi
En cuanto a que enfurece y cambia de color
Fa re

No sé si has intentado
Fa re
Con el malhumorado
Fa re Fa re
Tratar de razonar, de apaciguar o de templar
Mi7
un poco su furor...

El bicho de las sombras está harto ya
Describe expletivo hasta dónde está
De matices y variantes
De los representantes
De no decir o no sentir o dimitir y consentir
El menos o el más allá.

No hay gnomo en este imperio que se tenga en pie
Las masas y volúmenes son tantos que
Sus pelos y sus cerdas
Se erizan y los mierdas
Intentan proponer que los discursos del ayer aún no nos dejarán caer
Y que tengamos fe.

Do Do7 Sol
Pues esta vez David no va tan vacilón
re la mi
Goliat lleva su casco y hasta cinturón
Do Do7 Sol
En vivo y en directo y en tiempo real
re la mi
Demonios pancraciastas, ¡a por el rival!

la mi la mi Do Sol re la mi la

¡A Callar!

la Do Sol la
I'm still trekking like a vagabond with my dog down this track
la Do Sol la
There's sweat upon my forehead and a rucksack on my back
Do Sol la
The horizon slips away ahead of me
Do Sol la
But I know I'll see the town eventually
Do Sol
There's no money in my pocket
la
There're no shoes on my feet
Do Sol
My dog's gone like a rocket
la

He's smelt something to eat
Fa re la mi la Fa re la mi la

I can see someone ahead of me, all blurry from the heat
I wonder if it's someone that I'd really care to meet
He lifts his arm and waves, I assume at me
So I do the same a little hesitantly
We approach and he says 'hi'
I answer the same way
Then I stand there rather shy
We ain't got much to say

'I have a riddle you must solve before continuing', says this bloke
I stare at him incredulous wondering if it's a joke
'In the morning it walks on four legs', proceeds he
'Then at noon, only on two, bipedally' ...
I say 'look, you're in my way
And I want you out of it'
Grab him and add 'OK?'
Throw him down into the grit.

Au contraire, mon frère

Re Sol
Reste encore un peu
Re fa#
Tu n'est plus, à mes yeux
Re Sol
La victime que je veux
Re fa#
Sacrifier pour mes dieux
si fa#
Espérate un momento y nos tomamos un té
si fa#
Que siempre hay tiempo para tomar un té
si La
O, si estás lento, quizás un café
Au contraire mon frère
Je suis sûr que tu espères
Que ce mur, rideau de fer
Restera debout et fier
Espérate un momento y nos tomamos un té
Que siempre hay tiempo para tomar un té
O. si estás lento, mejor un café
Ton esprit est malade
Il y a déjà une décade
Que ce mur est tombé
Veux-tu encore le nier?

Chanclyman

Well I'd rather be the devil
Than be that Chancly man;
Said I'd rather be the devil
Than be that Chancly man,

'Cose the devil's got his soul now,
Got it cheap, just for fun,
I said the devil's got his soul now,
And Chancly ain't got none.

Satan's Resignation

 la Do mi
I remember when I used to rise
 la Do mi
To the surface in my disguise
 la Do mi
Through serpents, goats or (through) human's eyes
 la Do mi
I'd plant the seeds of fear and lies
 la Do mi
No more.
They say I fell just to deceive
They didn't really want me to leave
I made Him chuck out Adam and Eve
And, nearly, Jesus not believe
No more.
I'm just a commercial ploy now
For rock stars like Mik Jagger
No more than a fairy tale
Except in places like Alabama.
I didn't realise what would be the matter
If I made my Antichrist out of antimatter:
The poor kid exploded when he touched the ground,
I'm sorry about all those people I let down.
Six six six is the number of the beast
Well I'm sick sick sick, just to say the least
I'm fed up of living down in the Earth's coor
And I don't want this job no more.
You can go to Hell you nasty monkeys
I won't be there to open the door
I've had about enough of your species
I ain't doin' this job no more
No more! No more!