

## A Mischief of Magpies



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One for a lover, two for a knave  
Three for a child, four for the grave  
Five for a burning, six for the coal  
Seven for the Yellow Queen waiting below

A bone fire burns, its yellow flame pale  
The sullen earth turns, the old blood prevails  
Mischief maker, the dark-feathered fool  
Unkindness, murder, the lord of misrule

Your heart's desire, to have and to hold  
The jealous king's liar, pallid and cold  
Make your poor wish, scatter your salt  
Confess your sins, they were never your fault

Curse the fiends, their children too  
Curse their bones, to rack and ruin  
One for a lover, two for a knave  
Three for a birth, four for the grave

Maiden, mother, whore, and crone  
Buried beneath marble stones  
Five for a burning, six for the coals  
Seven for She who waits below

The woods are wild and filled with woe  
Twilight's child, has far to go  
The psychopomps preen, all blushed with rot  
Dead eyes see what the living cannot

Revile the raven, cross the crow  
Mistreat the magpie, you'll dance in your bones  
A noose for your neck, brass pennies for eyes  
Buried regrets in six feet of goodbyes

Curse the fiends, their children too  
Curse their bones, to rack and ruin  
Eight for a scream, nine for a prayer  
Ten for the gibbet and then for the hearse

Maiden, mother, whore, and crone  
Buried beneath marble stones  
Eleven for the hangman, twelve for your soul  
Thirteen for the Yellow Queen dreaming below

## False Alive, False Dead

False alive, false dead  
Wishes of blue and red  
I wish, I wish  
That you'd died instead

Here comes a candle  
To light you to bed  
Here comes a chopper  
To chop off your head

False alive, false dead  
Wishes of blue and red  
I wish, I wish  
That I'd died instead

## These Silent Bones

My mother killed me  
My father picked and cleaned my bones  
My little sister buried me  
Under marble stones

My mother held me  
My father loved me to the bone  
My little sister liked to play  
With shining marble stones

My mother forced me  
My father worked me to the bone  
My littler sister used to hide  
Among the marble stones

My mother killed me  
My father picked and cleaned my bones  
My little sister buried me  
Under marble stones

## The Unkindness of Ravens

The hangman tightens my hempen collar  
A coal-black shadow has come  
To haunt my final moments  
Beneath the dying [sun] ...

[Sun]day's child is full of malice  
My mother sang to me  
Lost in a fog of madness  
Abandoned by mind and memory

I bite my tongue, only this and nothing more

Witness me, unkindness, misfortune, conspiracy  
Your gifts tore my life apart  
Bible-black harbinger of misery  
Take your beak from out my heart

Married as a young man to a girl with flashing eyes  
She loved me to the bone  
A cruel twist of fate took her from me  
A hungry grave called her [home] ...

[Home] is where the heart bleeds, our child filled with woe  
She crosses her heart, hopes to die  
She never spoke a single word but watches  
Through her mother's eyes

By bell and book and candlelight  
There's accusation in her eyes  
On blackened wings she weighs my sins  
And each misdeed has wrought its ghost upon the floor  
She holds court as my memory bleeds

In shadow-play I murder my mother first  
Strays and vagrants to quench my thirst  
Until the girl I married sees through all my lies  
She flies at me in a rage, so for peace and quiet  
I steal the light from her eyes

This grim, tongue-tied little church mouse knows what I have done  
She holds the bloodied shirt from the night I had my fun  
"Murderer" she croaks, turning me to stone  
With flashing eyes the queen ascends her [throne] ...

[Thrown] into a Black Maria, beaten and sore  
Mother's heart they call it, always room for one more  
At the end of a rope I'll swing for my sins  
Nevermore to bear the cruelty of ravens

## The Old Witch Comes

O' ashen tree, o' ashen tree  
Won't you hide me?  
The old witch comes to pick my bones  
Until they're clean

O' ashen tree, o' ashen tree  
Won't you hide me?  
The old witch bows for the yellow queen  
In my dreams

She doesn't sleep and she does not forget  
She will have my bones to grind her bread

## The Bleeding Tree

The dead refuse to be blessed  
Throat and eye and knucklebone

Birds no longer sing in the branches, creaking rope sets the sinners free  
Moon-white fingers hunt the broken-hearted, as they grieve beneath The Bleeding Tree

Tread softly round my grave, my love,  
For here uneasy the dead may lie  
Walk gently through my ashes, dear  
Lest my cold heart bid me rise

## Sineater

I met a witch with amber eyes  
Slowly spinning in her scarlet room

She vanished like a blown-out flame  
As I heard the laughter of a mocking yellow moon

Within her phosphorescent eyes  
Corrupted by all her pretty lies  
Here in the charnel night

You cannot run, you cannot hide  
She knows the secrets you keep inside

She'll eat your sin, she'll take your pride  
She'll dance with your bones, dead or alive

## Doctor Fell

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell  
The reasons why I cannot tell  
But this I know and know full well  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell

They found him hanging in his cell  
The devil took him straight to Hell  
For every sin they rang a bell  
It's still ringing now, oh Doctor Fell