

Angelo Branduardi, Mustapha's Tale

ANGELO BRANDUARDI
"fables and fantasies"

Mustapha's Tale

Mustapha the silver bit and stoked up the fire
Began his tale once in the blue hills so tired
I found a cave to shelter in, the entrance was low
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind knows
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind blows

Suddenly awakened with a black chill of terror
I saw twelve hooded figures in graveyard apparel
Who shuffling towards me where I crouched by the wall
Said Mustapha you're now one of us, we have need of one more
Yes joining hands they left a place and called for one more

Thirteen we must be tonight for conjure and scheme
My limbs gave me to them I prayed that I dreamed
My hands held fast by other hands the circle was closed
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind knows
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind blows

A pentagram of Caldea was drawn in vermillion
Where five lamps were a'flickering to foul incantation
When all at once sulphurous vapours did rise
A cloud, a shape, a form, a face with tapers for eyes

Never was a gargoyle more hideously moulded
Or a voice heard more of snake fit
Which that awful head issued
No greater riches offered for a small sacrifice
A name in blood, a promised soul, the unholy price
A name in blood, a promised soul, the unholy price

It offered me all women both living and dead
Palaces and flower a crown for my head
But from somewhere deep inside me came the strength to scream no
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind knows
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind blows

Mustapha the silver bit and stoked up the fire
Began his tale once in the blue hills so tired
I found a cave to shelter in and the rest I've disclosed
Fable or fantasy the desert wind blows
Fable or fantasy the desert wind blows
If its fable or fantasy the desert wind blows