

Bonzo Dog Band, 11 Moustachioed Daughters

Eleven moustachioed daughters, running in a field of fat
The moon is high, the mandrake screams,
Please come to our Sabbat.
The changeling children shiver, round the fire their mothers dance,
With strangely painted faces,
That smile but never laugh.
The crow-pecked gibbet's victim swings broken in his cage
His hands cut down to make a crown.
To wear as our homage.
Round & round the magic ring soft figures fastly rush
And wolf-like things & toads with wings whisper wetly
"Come with us".

The fresh-plucked eye of a favourite cat,
Pulped and mixed with a white hens fat,
A lapwings' wing and lions' gall,
And Belladonna to make your eyes
Like a beasts.
To anoint the body and make it shine,
To drink & make thyself divine,
To choose another's form and make it thine.

And now they gibber blasphemy & fill the fetid air
With ancient lies & leprous cries,
This night he will be there.
A madness has them, mouths gape wide
As one they sway and moan, & every brutish face is turned,
To see our Goat-King's Throne.

(I don't remember too good, but I think John Wayne was in it)