

# Peter Hammill, A Ritual Mask

A Ritual Mask  
upon the wall  
furnishes his surroundings  
and he thinks that's all.

The Ritual Mask,  
its power still strong,  
a memento of his travels,  
that he got for a song.  
He got it for a song.  
He got it for a song.

It was the song of the centuries undisturbed,  
it was the song of secrets and power words;  
it was the song of a culture not grown immune  
to the virus of progress,  
to the theft of the tune.

The Ritual Mask,  
the evil eye  
inhabits his apartment,  
inhabits his mind  
with a song of vengeance,  
with a song of a debt repaid,  
with a song of justice,  
with a song of a hand unstayed,  
with a song of a culture as old as the hills...  
that sits uneasy on the living-room wall  
like a snake about to kill.

The Ritual Mask,  
it won't take long  
before he finds out the bargain  
has turned out dreadfully wrong.

Oh, he got it for a song.