

# Twelfth Night, Human Being

Tremulous and quivering such victims as there are  
Contend with emotions under skin  
Without wearing water wings  
The strike against the stream  
hopelessly believing they might swim  
Here they all come rushing down again  
Here they all come rushing down again  
Time has hardly swallowed up the evidence  
How is it they say they did not know  
That history grows up like a weed  
Doctrine pinned upon it  
Bars across the window destroy human being  
Static mind solidifies  
Can no longer flow  
Up against it's borders and unable to pay much  
Attention to human being...  
When in doubt you turn to find a scapegoat on the wall  
Gaze into the mirror begging pardon  
If everytime we tell a lie a little fairy dies  
They must be building death-camps in the garden  
Pacing back and forwards  
Conscience in a box  
Barred in from the sunlight getting pale  
And losing every sense of human being....  
The forces of oppression  
Forge links around the earth  
Ordering our faces to the floor  
The wilful non-involvement  
By hirelings of the crimes  
Is futile and inhuman as before  
The sum of our best efforts  
Shouldn't lead us back to here  
On the road to murder where we can no longer  
Admit to any  
Human needing human feeling  
Human living human loving  
Human fragile human being...

---

## THIS CITY (Geoff Mann)

The abstracted shapes of the people's thoughts  
Different shops and pubs  
All the cheap facades  
It is all this city it is all this city  
Wind shaken trees  
Half crumbling parks  
The enquiring eyes  
Fingers parting lace  
It is all this city it is all this city  
Long straggling queues  
Of the our of work  
A baby sucking sweets  
Dribbling down his quilt  
It is all this city it is all this city  
All this city

---

## FACT AND FICTION (Geoff Mann)

TV is switched on  
The screen reveal a spokesperson  
Adverts politics editing the real  
Cheap words money talks  
Naming itself to be the key  
To utopia cornucopia  
To a better world you go buy and buy  
And if you listen carefully

You can hear the bacon fly  
Don't make me laugh!!  
History shows that policy demands weapons  
Selfish desires simply lead to pain  
The chit-chat continues  
A big pretence that divides  
Into power blocks  
Where the orthodox  
Have a propaganda war to fight  
And if you're looking closely  
You can see that black is white  
Don't make me laugh!!  
If the "unthinkable" should happen  
And you hear the sirens call  
Well you can always find some shelter  
Behind a door against the wall  
Don't make me laugh!!

=====

CREEPSHOW (Geoff Mann)

Welcome  
Welcome  
First today to see the creepshow  
Come see the exhibits  
But do not touch  
They cannot bear touch  
Here in the freak show  
Please do not hang back  
It's hard enough to show people around  
The creep show  
The creep show  
First here on the rack strapped a child's virgin mind  
We see the careful whitecoats  
Affix their machines veins  
To the pulsing neck side  
Checking dials they monitor reaction  
She must love her daddy's banker  
She must love her daddy's banker  
For her part in the creepshow  
The creepshow  
Amanda so sad  
Amanda  
But let's brush over sadness  
Give her the pills  
And diagnose madness  
Give her give her give her...  
Amanda  
Amandahahahahaha  
Anymore for any more?  
Cyril has-or-might-have-been  
Must fill his lust  
They let him bayonet robots  
As his morning constitutional  
To sate his rage  
Unless he feels his age  
We can't have that  
Sometimes he'll watch a war-film  
On the moron machine in the corner of his cell  
Lost in time  
Lost in mind  
Cyril writhes like smoke  
His bigot's eyes are slashed skin  
Their expression none the nicer  
For being blank  
Amanda still mad  
Amanda

still sad...

And so ladies and gentlemen we come to the nerve centre of the whole  
Affair, as you will see it is a mirror. To some it is the mirror of  
Dreams, where every passion, desire and action flit through the still  
Spaces behind its surface, tantalising yet distant. Of these many  
Stand before it until death. To others, it is distorting, everything  
In it being warped and buckled by fear, yet perceived as reality.  
These will cringe before it, whimpering and immobile, though a few  
Batter their skulls against the dull sheen, attempting to smash the  
Horrors they believe to be in the glass or at least attain oblivion,  
Whichever comes first. Some see just a mirror, whilst some see what  
At first appears to be their own image which, however, moves them  
Saying, &quot;Come On, Wake UP! Who's running this show anyway?&quot;  
NOW

It's up to you

Use your free will

You dec

ide

Yes

You you you decide

Whether or not you will return

For if you come again

You'd better bring your ball and chain

Unguided embittered attraction of

The creep show

The creep show

The creep show

=====