

# Twelfth Night, The Collector 19:01

Kingdom come come kingdom go  
That you may carve upon my grave stone  
When confined in a six walled box  
I will no longer hear the clocks  
Indifferently ticking in cold deserted mansion halls  
Kingdom come come kingdom go  
Mementos relics crated cargo  
A million things all left behind  
Relationships with humankind  
Conducted as if I was buying slaves at auction  
Holding court at gross parties  
Where punch drunk sycophants came slobbering  
To suck my cocktails ...  
I escaped upstairs to my collection  
Titians tits and grand Goyas  
Glower through the high stone traceries  
Oily smears bequeathed by thirsty souls  
Studied throughout my long daze  
Scumbled paint in priceless fossils  
Many a sad sullen pieta -  
Christ eternal held away from me  
Behind a brown and ancient glaze  
In my collection  
Facets of ego  
Gradually eclipsing mass between the nursery and now  
Struggling for meaning  
Walking earth insensible  
Flowerings of childhood turned to stringy vegetable  
Troubled at night by flashbacks flashbacks flashbacks ...  
Waaa Waaa Mummy  
I don't want to go potty  
Training: I don't want to share my toys with the other children  
They're horrid  
I ...  
Child that I was then when was I last young?  
When did comic wood bricks become trading in con-tricks?  
When did innocence shudder and die?  
Adolescent I planned to take total command  
Draped vision's guilt edge on the bars of my play-pen  
Hoped to arrest the swift passage of time  
As though by some chance I could recreate Eden  
Apple pie?  
Lovely!  
My hopes became a statue my mouth became a gun  
In the hit parade of self interest I remained at number one  
I was Mozart's old piano with a special gold inlay  
I was always a lover of music but I never did learn to play  
I thought I'd be saved by my collection to begin with  
I thought I'd be saved by my collection  
Would you believe it?  
I did; but then ...  
Nanny - Nanny Conscience?  
Is that you standing at the end of my bed there Nanny?  
My word, it's a long time since you've been round here  
Out in the open - you're looking dreadful  
I mean, so pale and interior;  
Look at your skin ... My god, the wrinkles!!!!  
Nanny-nan-nanny; had her made into a table lamp for me  
Because I needed light to shine  
But artificially  
From her prim portals ... Oooooooo!  
Nanny-nan-nanny  
Don't you think it's about time you started being nice to me  
Nanny?

One day soon I'm going to grow up big and strong  
And my ego will build me a temple  
And nobody in there will make me  
Wash behind my ears or eat my greens or  
Share my toys with the other children who are just horrid anyway  
Not me  
I drank myself as dry as a desert  
Still in the end there was nothing left to call my own  
This freedom from pain with which I toyed  
Became a gateway to a void  
The only values left were relative to power  
The trouble with life in ivory towers  
The seconds stretch until they fit the skins of hours  
The faithless mates who come and go  
They run away like melted snow  
A temple to ego never constitutes a home  
And though it seems sad  
This jangling junk we are amassed  
A passing pageant passing fast  
There must be something  
Something that can last more than the sense of life as just  
A short and pointless overture  
To death  
Fear debilitating fear and death turn round in circles  
Turn!  
Kingdom come come kingdom go  
Collecting clouds before the Son light  
On pain of death our presents pass  
Secreting habit over insight  
Human soul is fertilised  
Human span it's wombing season  
Ward of conscience fragile child  
Aborted by unfettered reason - that candle  
Both ends burning  
Collecting trash collecting gold  
Vampires ego drains and clutches  
When cross examined by the truth  
It carves the cross up into crutches  
Sharpened at both ends  
Some friend ...  
Freedom's Ling is donkey borne  
A cross  
The bleeding palms on main-street  
Collecting nothing but the scorn  
Of those who cannot bear their eyes to meet  
Except in artificial light  
Who needs to star in such a cast?  
I leave collecting to the past  
To one last party I asked them all and One  
And when it was over I found that all but One haad gone  
Did Jesus have a grave stone upon which to carve His name?  
When He came collecting the grave gave up it's game  
Now no-one collects worthwhile living  
For it is a crop that grows from His seed of giving  
Diaries  
Drugs  
A glittering crystal ball  
Cathedrals  
Palaces  
Sweet sugar you can keep them all  
Heaven is not for sale ...

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