

Witchcraft

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

In the fields once green and gold
Where the summer's breeze was bold
A supercell rages and rolls
Swirling vortex
A bubble boils
Witchcraft
So upon one sable morn when the moon does
Wane and die
A ragged coven convenes performing
Incantation nigh
Witchcraft
Taxidermy with eyes of fire
Chanting songs above the lyre
Miasma of hair and bile hangs heavy with the mother's ire
Witchcraft
Antlers shed ribbons of blood
Draped like thorns upon the brow
A crucifixion can end this squall
A bible burned with aerosol
Witchcraft

I call upon the blood-moon goddess for I have
But one request
I've laid the altar
Charged the crystals
The circle, I have blessed
Witchcraft
The four elements are set
Septuple trigger fingers bleed
Oh horrors, my midnight god, what have you got in store for me?
Witchcraft

Fire flickered and danced with hues of orange
Red and deep burnt blues
Snakes slither by, just out of sight
Lizard and bat take wing in the night
Around the fire, they circle slow and with
Locked minds a chant did grow
Timbers of oak with wind knots so tight bear witness
To spells cast in the night
I am Beowulf
I am cat, black
Knock the candle from the scripture stack
I bring justice at moment, right
Gila Monster, set alight
Witchcraft
Unleash a reptile thinking in terms of only
Lizard brain
And be not lucky enough to make any
Mistakes again
Witchcraft
Like a grenade in a fist, the air ignites, a
Bloody mist
Moon cycle shifting
Demon lifting
Beowulf, grifting ritualist
Witchcraft

Alas, the cat disrupts the prayer and turns it on
Meekest there
The tiny creature, a harmless skink, transforms
Into a mythic king
Witchcraft