

Tink of the Fae

MC Lars

All of this has happened before
And it will all happen again
But this time it happened in London
On a quiet street in Bloomsbury in the West End
In the house on the corner where the Darlings lived
George and his wife Mary and their charming kids
Michael was the little one, John was the middle one
Wendy was the eldest at twelve with an interest in
Unnatural beings, her believing alone
Had invited some magical creature into the home
Pixie cut in purple, wings in pink
Last name: Erbell, first name: Tink
But then the fun stopped, it all got weird
Food and jewels vanished, the dog disappeared
So scary, her pretty colors melted away
She's no fairy, Tink was malevolent fae

Go get 'em, Tink!
With a wink and a play, you've been linked with Tink of the Fae
Let 'em have it, Tink!
You're shrinking away to the brink with Tink of the Fae
Give it to 'em, Tink!
You'll sink in the bay, in the drink with Tink of the Fae

C'mon do it, Tink!
Yeah, think of the day, in a blink, gone, Tink of the Fae
See, this is what happens when spirits get crossed
Separated from the light, and souls get lost
Dark horrors ride on chickens' backs
Cannibal feasts in halls vile and black
Demoted angels fallen from grace
Banished from heaven to a new dwelling place
Could it be your ship? Sailors end up dead
Drowning in the night, crimson scythe to your head
Look, Tink of Fae has a long legacy
Going back millennia, changing forms, let's see
As the banshee, the dullahan, the kelpie and the redcap
The changeling, duende, Llorona with the death trap
Plus Egyptians and the Greeks were known to believe
In the trolls or the oni if you ask the Japanese
But I'd rather have a visit from the demons for a while
Than a guest named Tink in my London domicile

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Overnight Tink had turned to an insidious beast
Grey skin, red eyes, long hideous teeth
Her once sweet song swapped for some frightening hissing
Which all the Darlings heard the night that Michael went missing
In their search they learned the older son John was gone

They found found his glasses in the bramble patch along the lawn
Their mom was found hung, assumed a suicide route
But George was torn to ribbons from the inside out
Then only Wendy remained, but she wasn't the same
The neighbors thought she'd been replaced or somehow changed
For days she stayed inside until one night with a scream
She wandered off into the streets, the last time she was seen
Now the house stands with boarded up doors
Where Tink waits for the next to move in
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