

Postcards from the Apocalypse

Stephen Conlon

Labyrinth Fugue

Dry river bed cuts through my soul.
My whole life is a you-shaped hole.
This song is my shrine to you...
In it I build amontillado tombs.
Words disinterred from when I was young
dripped like venom from my tongue...
Then you spun out our fairy tale fate...
The threads lead me away from hell's gate.

You're the reason I keep going on
in these labyrinths that are my songs.

Waves cry crashing onto Honeymoon Beach,
crescent moon floating over your feet.
You're the only one who'd let me be
alone with you when you're with me.
We're two children lost in a strange land.
This scyora tree in my hand
weeps these words only you can feel;
my minator heart lies in my words concealed.

Belfry

The ghosts in the belfry blow through the wind off the mews.
They seem to say I love you.
The past's no friend of mine in these dark hours.
The future never looked so bleak without your heart, without your
heart.

Now as I sail slowly
through an ocean of doubts,
you're with me.

The rain on the glass streaks a portrait of you;
cut through the grime I see the words "I love you".

Now as I move slowly
through an ocean of doubts,
you're with me.

A voice through the window materializes as a mist;
it shapes into your face and I'm in bliss,
O I'm in bliss.
Now as I sail slowly
through an ocean of doubts,
you're with me,
O you're with me;
you're with me again.

Darkest Hour

Maybe in your dreams,
I only exist as a scream.
But I would like to know
what you see in this scarecrow.
Am I in your dreams tonight?

What if in your darkest hour
I can't be there somehow,
if the moon falls down from the sky
and the plants wither and die,
will you hold it all against me?

I can be whatever you want me to be.

Now my teeth are falling out
and this disease is all I'm about,
will you love me as I am
or see through me as a sham?
But I'll still be there for you.
I'll always wrap my arms around you.

I can be whatever you want me to be
and I want you,
I want you to love,
I want you to love me.

Mephistopheles

Mephistopheles comes into my room...
whispers that mortality needs to be seen.
I listen to that sad soft voice;
it seems to understand.
I look out on a rain-drenched road;
I am in a foreign land.

I'm looking for you, but you're not there.

Back inside my room,
the darkness dragging on;
it brings me to my knees and...

I'm looking for you but you're not there.
If only I talked to you, if only I heard.

Don't you think it's about time,
don't you think it's about time I let go,
don't you think it's about time I let go of you...

Dans Macabre in Bangkok

The pale black night sky,
stars drained by city lights,
dying rain falling from the leaves.
Sick moon about to cry,
looking for a reason why,
hides its shame behind a promised dream.

And it doesn't mean anything anymore,
when I see your face in a cloud.

Bauble girls fall from the stage,
victim to their lover's rage,
no one flies using needles as wings.
Empty words drop from her lips,
junky heart can't be fixed,
the love parade dances to a lunatic drum.

And it doesn't mean anything anymore,
when I see your face in a cloud.

Looking at a girl in a party dress...
stumbles along with her hair all in a mess...
madness and desire mingle in her glazed eyes.
Gloryhole confessionals, performing crime passionals with holiness,
sanctity and all the other lies.

And it doesn't mean anything anymore,
when I see your face in a cloud.

Minotaur to Ariadne

Pretty girl won't you dance with me.
For all these years I haven't been free.
I need someone to dance with me tonight.
And it really doesn't matter much to me;
it really doesn't matter that much to me.

Pretty girl, won't you hold my heart.
For all these years it's been torn apart.
I need someone to take me out of the dark tonight.
And it really doesn't matter much to me;
it really doesn't matter that much to me.

Pretty girl, won't you hold my hand.
For all those years, I didn't understand
that I was waiting for something to happen to me.
And it really doesn't matter much to me;
it really doesn't matter that much to me.

Pretty girls don't melt in the rain
and pretty girls don't feel the pain.
Pretty girl, won't you play your game with me?

Din Daeng Moon

Where's the moon tonight?
Where's the moon tonight?
The stars are all gone,
the moon has nothing left to say.

Singing lullaby requiems
in the voice of a soulless man,
I dance to dirges, anthems and hymns
on Rue de la Mort
in Din Daeng.

The wild waters are upon me now.
Red moon sinks in waves past the tower.
Shattered dreams lie as scattered rocks
from heaven's gate.

Dreams smolder in the sand.
A white dove falls dead where I stand.
Tell me
why you've suicide eyes
and a suicide smile.

Singing lullaby requiems
in the voice of a soulless man,
I dance to dirges, anthems and hymns
on Rue de la Mort
in Din Daeng.

I guess I should be on my way
but before I go I want you to say
why it's a lie
that the truth
will set you free.

Singing lullaby requiems
in the voice of a soulless man,
I dance to dirges, anthems and hymns
on Rue de la Mort
in Din Daeng.

Nightmares

The telephone bleeds with the news,
another friend dead who had nothing left to lose.
A long flat land with no end in sight yet.
Charred tree trunks stretch through a wilderness of regrets.
It seems that love of death comes with the death of love.

Pale moon hangs in the sky...
given up looking for a reason to wait
for the sunrise.

Black dog shambles down a red dirt street,
one weary eye closes as it drops dead on its feet.
China Girl, black pearl promises for eyes,
beautiful face scared with extinguished desires.
It seems that love of death comes with the death of love.

Pale moon hangs in the sky,
given up looking for a reason to wait
for the sunrise.

Nightmares drain sweat from my head,
staining the pillow yellow, drenching the bed.
I really don't want to think these things,
then they think for me or so it seems
love of death comes with the death of love.

Manora Moon Girl

Years in a Soi 24 hotel
writing songs for the dead
to exorcise it all
the things I leave unsaid...
Then you come around and keep me from myself,
you laugh as you bounce into the room,
my Ishtar, my Isis, my Persephone girl...

Manora moon rice boat in the rain...
paradise life set to begin...
then you lay dying in a hospital room...
I could watch as our world caved in.
Then you come around and keep me from myself,
you laugh as you bounce into the room,
my Ishtar, my Isis, my Persephone girl...

I sing the dry voice of soulless men...
red moon dancing girl girl on the waves...
it's been this way since I don't know when...
once again the rock's shattered at heaven's gate.

China girl, you're in my thoughts tonight,
China girl you're every word I write
and sing...

Then you come around and keep me from myself,
you laugh as you bounce into the room,
my Ishtar, my Isis, my Persephone girl,
take me out of this
labyrinth heart.

I Bless You

The rain falls gently down,
down onto my face,
washing away this despair,
my guilt dissolves without trace.

New moon moves through the night,
the stars are shining again,
soon comes the break of day,
all these doubts will pass.
And I bless you,
I bless you, I bless you
again and again and again.

Look in my rainbow eyes,
see all my heart's revealed,
love me for what I am,
forgive all the things I've concealed.

Nightmares fade gently to dreams,
my heart grows strong again,
hold me deep in your arms...
together we'll make our end.
And I bless you, I bless you,
I bless you again and again and again and again and again.

O my love, my love,
be with me tonight,
release me from these chains
before the morning light.
And I bless you,
O I bless you,
O I bless you again and again and again.

This hell is now over, my friend.

Lament

Lautremont sings laments as jingles
Sipping pain through his teeth from a straw
As he walks onto the veranda
Holding a list of to-be-broken laws.

He sings the Apocalypse:

Inside, Vainessa wears her beauty
as armor tucked up under her hair
receiving homage from depleted men she disdains
Who have learned to barely mask their despair.

She displays her more dangerous thoughts
As riddles on her smooth face
And though she walks out of her own shadow
Nothing conceals her sense of disgrace.

Far off in the cold distance
A crowd gathers on a hill
To witness a fool nailed to a cross
Not entirely against his will.
Erasmus, my friend, stares up at it,
Praising the scandal of all he sees
As he hands a book to Saint Thomas
But I won't join them on my knees.

A slow storm rages through my heart
As I surrender to a past
That never had a chance to live...
That die remains uncast.

A poet plants a revolver
Up in the roof of his mouth

And laughs out the words of his scornful creed
Into a frozen-toothed wind from the south
While another new god pours love on a canvas
In globs of paint... his tears and despair.
Who was whispering to him that night
As cypress trees burned in midair?

The ship of fools sails quickly
Into the Sea of Shallow Remorse
Looking for another lame messiah
To show his face... if he dares, of course.

And me?

I need to believe in something
To save me from these labyrinthine flames
But my eyes don't see and my ears won't hear...
In fear, my words remain self maimed.