

Something Wicked This Way Comes

Redemption

[m/I van Dyk][Part I: Arrivals]October's a rare month for boys

When life is simple, pure and sweet

And the foolish youth can overlook

The wolf outside the doorCome hear a tale of Halloween

And one October not long past

Jim Nightshade and Will Halloway

Would never be quite so young anymoreFury, the seller of lightning rods, foretells the coming storm

The light's on in the library, beneath the black'ning sky

Charles Halloway sits deep inside, surrounded by his books

A serious, lonely and sad old man whose youth has passed him byAnd Jim and Will conspire

To ride the carousel

Could set their souls afire

Could send them straight to Hell[Part II: Torments]Far away, but much too close for comfort

Carnival's calliope is playing

Halloway sits in the darkened library

Thinking dark thoughts

Son at home he doesn't really know

Fifty-four years seems so very old

Throws the carnival's ad in the fire

Flames grow higherLong after midnight, children awake

Journeys await them, chances to take

Run through the streets to the carnival grounds

Hoping to ride the merry-go-roundThree AM is midnight for the soul

Never is a man so close to death

The house of temptation is at hand

Souls are damnedWhat's the purpose of a life of virtue?

What you don't know certainly can hurt you

Every step he made he second-guessed

Life of regretRide's out of order, no one's around

Hardly a whisper, hardly a sound

Thinking that they're alone, but they're not

Gloved hands encircle, now they are caught[Part III: The Carnival]Late that night the boys returned

Watched the carousel spin 'round

Turning old man into young

Bringing darkness to townCarousel turns and turns

Years can scorch and time can burn

Dark's accomplice, age reversed

Now becomes a boy accursedJim and Will stumble in

To this whirling world of sin

Forward spins the carousel
Cooger ages, dies and goes to hellMister Dark knows at once
That the boys have seen too much
As they call for the police
He and the witch wait
For their plan to be unleashedBoys return with the law
Try to tell them what they saw
The witch throws her voice and the old, dead man
Seems to come to life againThe ruse has worked, no one believes the
Tales of what the boys have seen
The witch locks eyes; they fear her most;
She wishes them a "short sad life for both!"[Part IV: Pursuits]Late that night the witch takes to the sky above
the town
Searching for the boys who know the secret of the carousel
A black parade of circus freaks, and led by Mister Dark,
Scours every street for the boys to drag them down to hellThe boys have seen too much
And now their death will be their silence
The freaks have caskets fashioned for the little boys who hid
And Mister Dark halts the procession, seeing the librarian,
He asks him who the boys are; fills with rage as the old man lies[Part V: The Autumn People]Late that night
inside the town's old library
Circled by arcane and evil books
Scouring them for any hint of knowledge.
Charles, Jim and WillA father's son who doesn't know his dad
Suddenly he wishes that he had
As he sees that this old lonely man
Could be they the only hope they haveThe Carnival has been here many times
Its history is found between the lines
Comes by every forty years or so
Since more than two hundred years agoThey feast upon the sins and fears of men
Promise you just what you want and then
When they're through they'll steal your very soul
Entomb you in their sideshowAnd as the church bell rings
They hear the opening door
The boys hide for their lives
As Mister Dark arrives[Part VI: Temptations]Temptation
Tearing at his soul
To take a second chance
To right the wrongs
To live againNo more
Regrets
No more living as a
Man to old to know his sonResistance
He turns the offer down
Not willing to exchange his soul

For what he wants the mostMister Dark

Crushes Charles' hand

And tells the witch to give the man

A taste of precious death(old man) Hear your breathing

(old man) Feel your hurt

(old man) See you're bleeding

(old man) Stop your heart[Part VII: Confrontations](Halloway) ten lifetimes closer to death

(Somehow) finding the courage to laugh

(Laughter) searing in the witch's face

(Laughter) burning her wicked soul

(Standing), knowing he's beaten her back

(Smiling), knowing the time is now

(Striding) purposefully into the street

(Knowing) that he can save them somehow

(Mister Dark) leads the boys into the streets

(Will to be) made into a toy for freaks

(Nightshade) to be his partner for life

(After the) carnival's over tonight

(Carnival): one last attraction to see

(Shoot the witch): gypsy who cannot die

(Mister Dark) gazes out over the crowd for a

(Volunteer): someone to give it a try(Halloway) calls out from deep in the crowd

(Mister Dark) cannot believe his eyes

(Halloway) his good hand picks up the gun

(To steady it) he calls for the help of his son[Part VIII: Departures]Far away, trapped in the mirror maze

The whole town calls his name

And Will awakes the spell

The dust witch placed upon his headHalloway: father and son

Standing as one

As Mister Dark gives them the bullet and

Charles carves into a crescent moonMister Dark stares at the bullet

He doesn't yet understand

The meaning of what Charles has done

So he let's the game proceedBut the moon he carved isn't a moon at all

It's his smile the bullet carries

And this totem finds its way

To the witch's heartThe gun cracks and the

Witch knows this and now is dead!Chaos spreads, and Charles and Will

Run to the maze to rescue Jim

Charles walks in

Confronted by reflections of a million ancient men

Staring back and making him older

A lifetime full of regrets

A man who never knew his son

A man whose deeds were never doneHalloway rises from

The hall of shattered mirrors
He picks up his son and runs with him
Across the carnival groundsNightshade still upon the carousel
Charles and Will help him down
Another boy appears saying
Mister Dark's gone
And the four of us must give chaseHalloway looks at the strange young boy
He sees him for what he is
Mister Dark made younger again by the
Power of the carouselCharles picks the boy up
Holds him close and feels his hatred
And with grave determination
Lets his heart fill with love
for his life and his son
And returns the boy's hate with this love and it
courses through
Dark's young body
And he withers and diesAs the carnival tents disappears
The three of them spring
laughing back to town
Two boys and one middle-aged man
No longer quite so old as he thoughtFar away but much too close for comfort
Far away but much too close for comfort

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