

Chorea

Esben and the Witch

At first the fingers start to twitch
The blood is set in commotion
 The feet start to beat
 Strange tattoos on the street
 A warmth floods fast
 (They grow wild)
 The devil's dived
 Inside their minds

Everyone's on fireLike mad dogs they slather
 Writhing and rabid
 Feverishly twisting

A tragic displayWrestling tremors
 Imprisoned in prisms
 Together in silence

They desperately prayFerocious, voracious
 Infectious, afflictions
 Convulsions, contortions

Devour their victimsA descent into savagery
 Plummeting rapidly
 They tried in vain

To shake this terrible hexWith reckless abandon
 Belief was confounded
 By spiraling, spluttering,

Quivering wrecksAnd we watched them dance
 Themselves to death

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 Themselves to death