

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 fire Like mad dogs they slather
Writhing and rabid
Feverishly twisting
A tragic display Wrestling tremors
Imprisoned in prisms
Together in silence
They desperately pray Ferocious, voracious
Infectious, afflictions
Convulsions, contortions
Devour their victims A descent into savagery
Plummeting rapidly
They tried in vain
To shake this terrible hex With reckless abandon
Belief was confounded
By spiraling, spluttering,
Quivering wrecks And we watched them dance
Themselves to death
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