

# Chorea

## Atrium Musicae de Madrid

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

    And we watched them dance  
    Themselves to death