# 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
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