

**The Corrosive Norm.**

*Lyrics*

Moff Skellington

2007

The Company of Sparrows  
Under the Parish Lantern  
Tom Brown' Schooldays  
Trafalgar Ledges  
Wyndham's Marina  
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There's Nothing Like a Nice Sit Down

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## **The Company of Sparrows**

When you were very small  
They found a hat on your head  
And they discovered that you held a cat.

The sky was blank  
And the people on the landing spoke of war.  
Pepper-pot ladies wrote in the pavement in coal  
All about your marriage:

*He lives with the sparrows  
Near the bonfire ground.  
He performs a clean shiver in the winter fog,  
Converting the taste of carrion  
Into landscape poetry.  
His shoes are bearded hooves;  
His nightshirt is a drowning sack.*

*But there's a road-blood assembly  
Around his fainting bicycle,  
And the school of mouths argues a keen lament.*

Never mind.  
With your clever dog asleep in the wall  
We'll never see you on the floppy cart.  
Your new house beyond the diggers  
Is all foam and staples.

But the window cleaners pizzle-grub withdraws  
As you swing your bundle of pike-hooks,  
And you seek the company of sparrows.

## **Under the Parish Lantern**

Herded into churches, given crystals to love,  
A whimsical purchase plots a cross-country career,  
And they say:

*Stay in your families  
Under the Parish Lantern.  
Squat inside the news channel,  
Blowing at the war-planes  
Until they rock on their strings.*

Hospitals and funpubs and prisons, bonfire black.  
These are your quarters  
This is where you live.

But a few anointed rustics may roam the desire lines.  
The golden carp at fathom's foot  
Make up words for trembling hooks.  
Dry bones. Blood-black bones. Dolly-dangle bones.  
They ride a painted lock of wind  
Astral photographs and a global sweat of methane  
Fill those silvery skins  
Left around town on Bank Holidays.

## **Tom Brown's Schooldays**

It's three o'clock in the afternoon.  
It's time to go into the other room.

There's a bus-window jelly in a vicar's uniform  
Buckled to the pooh and piglet lecturn.

The sun is missing, the night don't care.  
The moon, it pushes me off my chair.

I can't cross my legs, they are tallow clad.  
So, I stand and blush and mime inside the spaniel kilt.

The dawn is clever, it hides in school,  
Rooting in the stockroom for the golden rule.

The bus-window jelly peers under the kilt  
My bladder empties and my bowels relax.

The day begins and off we go.

Adrenalin swells the woodwork  
Of the nagger's summer house.  
By the echoey subway  
In the dream when you're poorly  
And the bus-window jelly  
Pulls your pants down

## **Trafalgar Ledges.**

What's that on Trafalgar Ledges?  
It's just a big farm. A matchbox farm.  
The farmer's wife is a mollusc.  
She comes over to chew your fingers  
And pat your cheeks with pigfat  
And find black ribbons in your tea cup.

She minnows your ocular and the ledges tilt.  
Troubled oxen drop their chins and bellow:  
*It's all under a God-sky now!*

And expresses blue milk into a vase.

Sell it to the perfume people  
Who spy Trafalgar Ledges  
From their perfumed bundle wagons

Come away from there!  
Wind in your turtlehead of longing.  
The Trafalgar Ledges are for the cream of our betters:

Lanky Bishops and barons of the peace  
And the king of the police  
And the aftershave charity woolknit  
And the hygiene clerk with Penelope tits  
And the spoonivore of loving contempt  
And the sceptic disco slag with hard little buttocks  
And the double-breasted minister of Pangea  
And the resident of cliff-top mansion  
And the vile, pearly gob-shite with the scrotum chin.

## Wyndham's Marina

The ocean on my shovel blade,  
This button-down sod of briney,  
Is sending down knicker-bocker roots  
To the comets on the sea floor.

The comets broadcast measles  
As I drag shale from their blocked furrow  
They are pale as Labrador stones  
And they live without a postcard  
And they have never heard music based on sound.

They cling to their red-rust chain  
And crab their bird-hooves tight  
Sending up bubbles with surprises inside.

My knapsack is fat with their rhubarb.

But, descending from the heaven of all nations,  
The lining of natures cap draws near  
On a bicycle pasted with raptors wings,  
The basket with a packet of granules,  
And a little Japanese poem-thing, which goes:

Comets in the trench,  
The liquid dark hides their form.  
They will surface soon.

## **Supercigs**

To the grey place  
Where supercigs are smoked  
Dressing-gown and slippers  
Sheepish in a wristband.

When we chose your furniture  
You stayed in the car  
When we compared your bones  
To the ones in the book  
You scribbled on the pictures with a biro

The clothing that proclaimed you  
Was folded in a cupboard  
Your glove was in the foot well.

## **Old Men Dressed as Babies**

Old men dressed as babies are not funny.

Clots of wool on the steel roof  
Boiling with details from the land of kneeling dogs  
We have to step over their shopping by the front door  
It's black with flies.  
And they won't go to sleep  
In case someone tries the door.

Old men dressed as babies are not funny.

Collapsing under a wig of sloth adders,  
The spine tilts its pig-iron wings.  
Seen from the night-time the picnic hour is menace.  
Keys and cut-away houses obsess the triangle eaters.  
We have to step over their shopping by the front door.  
It's black with flies.

Old men dressed as babies are not funny.

Their wives are made of lettuce –  
Inmates of the compass hub with lilies,  
Riddled with a dose of lying still.  
We have to step over their shopping by the front door.  
It's black with flies.

Oh, forget the poisoned miniatures deep inside the room –  
Doncaster's on!  
Lester Pigott. Crouching homunculus.  
Clings to the spine of a horse.  
Whispers of an old man's fancy  
Roost among the mile-wide hours.



## **Gracie-Doll Effort**

The peep-hole youngster  
Has been digging inside himself  
And he's set free an ox-bolster,  
Purple with current.  
A pretty flame, full of nerves and infrasound,  
And it harpoons the gut loose  
Like honey on a fork.

Grey hair and stab nipples  
Barnacle the peep-hole youngster  
And he watches the elders  
Swooning twat language on a slarted ramp.

*You may smoke a superking out on the ring road,  
You may expel body waste into the culvert,  
But that Gracie-doll effort turns up like a bad penny  
Every time.*

Enter that Gracie-doll effort  
Windmill and clog,  
Under the meander of floral pillows  
The Elders: trotting in wire ribs  
To little townships of disease.  
(diseases named after unpleasant holidays)

*The carpet in reception is a Craig Matthews Foyer Master,  
It cost the Elders a "spunkin' up" tour of the pacific rim  
Watch where you're putting your feet.*

And the Gracie-doll empties a box of huggable loops  
And desiccates under a factory made river ceiling  
It's paper skin peels with a shriek-  
A loose prod in a goose yard.

Gracie-doll and windmill clog  
And the Elders say:  
Clothing is a pretty triangle, remember,  
And education is you cut-up into dominoes.

*Join the conga line.  
Nice!*

## **My House**

You can't go indoors at my house.  
There *is* no indoors at my house.

The sun burned white  
The treetops were ablaze  
The pages of the book being read underneath  
Smelled yellow to the touch.

I dreamed a long time for today  
My antagonists are clothing the mud  
And no one remembers my fat whoopee-paddles  
But the mothering years in the apple sweet hills

You can't go indoors at my house.  
There *is* no indoors at my house.

The sun burned white  
The treetops were ablaze  
The pages of the book being read underneath  
Smelled yellow to the touch.

But there is light from an upstairs window  
It's the room where the mothering years sleep.  
And when the sun doesn't shine  
I can read in its glow  
A book that smells yellow to the touch.

## **Epinephrine**

Barking fever!  
Oven lobes!  
Nerve embers!  
Gland fire.

An Arab song  
Weaving the soul of pure aqua. It's Epinephrine.

In a soldier's boot  
Bouncing Haemoglobin,  
And the ignition of earth's scorching heat.

In a soldier's bed  
Bursting in salt liquor,  
Head binned by a halo.

A hale of tarmac and road-spite  
Cannot be ash bread and dry sacks,  
Cannot tower meek and midget,  
Cannot fountain milk like a purple teddy bear,  
Cannot be a foot scraper to sparking big boots,  
Cannot land my chlorophyll boats  
On a sparkling crescent of nature  
Cannot sit inside my head  
And watch the home-knit house  
Rage against the day-tripping honey drones,  
Cannot be ash bread and dry sacks.

*The emperor knows,  
The little men are burrowing.*

## **The End of The World**

Brittle sprigs of moss wafer;  
Shining daytime wheeling over  
Sandy groves in skinny clothes,  
*I will drag my bubble guts.*

The end of the world  
Is twelve foot thick  
Chisel it down to beginnings.

Money web pantaloons,  
Feral droppings, wild hygiene:  
*It's the end of the world.*

Rusty blades, army trumpet,  
driven by my weather half

The end of the world  
Is a Civic boundary  
Bulldozed down to beginnings.

Hippo maiden in the egg bin  
Crow steps onto a noble causeway,  
*Silent.*

## **Arndale Warden**

Needles in the lung.  
A stitch of luxury.  
The eternal mass.  
Weepy Cyst alarms.  
Baby-cotton gland.  
I'm a rogue machine.

A rookery flogged by a hair-do.  
Glossy wife-music has the salts of obesity.  
Laughter tickles haemorrhoids from your sports dial.  
A traffic nation chain-stokes in polyester:  
Daffodils – nil, antibiotics – five.

Arndale Warden and white blancmange  
Live among the gentle pylons.

## **There's Nothing Like a Nice Sit Down**

Broken capillaries in my face,  
I'm masked by a Doiley of crimson lace.  
Benzodiazepine dressing gown;  
There's nothing like a nice sit down.

Bull mastiff with a red, red thirst,  
Pink saveloy in cowboy boots,  
Achieve tendonitis in the rat's piss arena.  
There's nothing like a nice sit down.

Consult the deepsea chimneys  
Underneath your yachting cap,  
Consult the Dickens where,  
There's nothing like a nice sit down.

Purse a clot of luncheon with  
A very, very upright back rod  
Bear down upon the ingot of faecal mousse  
There's nothing like a nice sit down.

Brandy snap earwig in the ankles of the skin,  
In the season of repair to churches.  
Teachers from the primary school agree  
There's nothing like a nice sit down.

## **Information**

All tracks written, performed, recorded and mixed  
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Mastered by invisiblegirl  
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Moff talks, sings and plays the following:  
Accordions, Melodica, whistles, percussion, guitars, harmonica,  
cimbalom, Hutttyphone, Eddodiner, Swanee whistle, kazoo,  
Jaw Harp, diddley-bow, bamboo flute and other household flotsam.

Dedicated to Heart of Coal, Dr. Vibes and Prof. DV Quayle.

Thanks to Meesh and Julia.