



MARK SHEEKY
BURN OF GOD

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Pentangel Books

Mark Sheeky Burn of God

Lyrics by Mark Sheeky

Music composed, produced, and performed
by Mark Sheeky

Featuring local crows, birdsong, brooks, distant church bells, various clocks,
switches, hand cut copper tubular bell

Bees from Aix-en-Provence

Skeletal jester by Deborah Edgeley

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The Eternal Dogma

Awake at 4am.
The terror of being alone.
There is nobody.
There is nothing.

You will seek it, love.
You will seek escape.
You will not resist.

The void is pain!
The void is pain!

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God Infinity

Listen baby I'm behind that door in your mind,
let me show you a good time.
Let me soothe away the worries in your soul.
Let my presence make you whole.

For I am god infinity,
the seed of everything and all ability.
I command the universe,
flower of star,
of mind.

Wow! This is exactly how I imagined!

Fields and flowers of Elysium
painted for your dreams.
Nectar served by nymphs and butterflies...
Is this what it seems?

If you don't accept me I'll make you as nervous as a fly
banging its head on the glass of life.
Your guts will reach out for my voice in the night,
don't they warm to what is right?

This scenery looks a bit theatrical
How do I know I'm not fooling myself?

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And how can perfection even exist
in our imperfect world?

Throw away your logic, feel the comfort of belief
or forever feel alone.

For I am god infinity,
and you, are a part of me.
I set you free to doubt me
for I am love,
hope embodied.

Great Grandfather's Song

Hello,
we've not met.

This is the voice
of your dead great grandfather.

I bet, you thought
you would never
hear my voice.

I bet, you've never
even thought
of me before.

And does it make you cry
that you'll be more forgotten than I?
That your no children
won't even notice when you die?

Have you ever thought of me
In your forty years of history?
Well my son of son of son
that's how remembered you'll be.

I was born

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in the sepia days
of coldness and hunger,

and I died
achieving little of note
except my son.

And does it make you weep
that you have no soul for a god to keep?
That you have no heaven to aspire
to rest in when your life is done?

Wouldn't it be better
to pretend that it's going to be alright
instead of facing the void
at night?

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You Will Seek It Love

You will seek it, love.

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Kyrie Eleison

The hour is upon us:
Our Father who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses...

In the beginning there was darkness and chaos
And a breath came upon the chaos and created motion
And the motion was flat and of a straight line
Like a feather drawn across the plate surface of a lake of
dark water
The line was order and at its periphery grew curls
Which twisted in upon themselves, devouring the chaos
and giving it form
And the form knew of itself and became god
And the line became the spirit of god
And god knew the darkness upon the face of the deep
And the spirit of god knew the light of the line
And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters
And God said: "Let there be light!"

Kyrie eleison!

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Christe eleison!

Deus pater omnipotens eleison!

Kyrie eleison!

Christe eleison!

Deus pater omnipotens eleison!

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Confession

Listen boys and girls we're gonna find out your sins today.
The eye of God is on you,
watching everything you do.

Go there to that solemn place
bow your head and pray,
think of all your bad deeds
and beg forgiveness from
the priest.

Jesus is giving.
Jesus is kind.
Always keep Jesus in your mind.
Jesus will cure you
of everything naughty.
But if you try to hide you're gonna get caughty.

Listen!

Enter the confessional, kneel upon the floor,
everything is secret there.
Every word is like a prayer.

Tell the priest how bad you've been.
Tell him every sin.

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He'll write up a prescription,
a punishment to save
your skin.

Bless me father for I have sinned
It's been...
some time.

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You Will Seek Escape

You will seek escape.

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Lullaby from Your Cells to Your Mind

As I lay my body down to sleep
I pray to God my soul to keep.
Should I die before I wake
I pray to God my soul to take.

Sleep and rest your tired mind and dream of a better day
our god.
Dream of the people of your world
who struggle for your love.

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The Ethereal River

The night watchman becomes a woman.
She is disturbed and sad, she is alone
and knows that she will forever be so.
She is pregnant, but with what?
Will the animals be her friends or her devourers?

The Palace of Skeletons

A ballroom
in the palace of skeletons.
I watch you
dance and glist.
The banquet
is rotted and bad.
The starving bones
look on with avarice.
And I look into your empty eyes
your gaze seems familiar...
it is me!

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Is There Anybody There

Is there anybody there at all?

And does anybody care about justice?

'cos all I see is a wall

And all I hear is nothing

The void is pain!

The Tree

I still believe in Orgonon,
for there's something here
inbetween the cells
like a weeping weed
in the velvet darkness.
There's something here,
a glitter of love,
a reaching magnetism
pervades.

It's like a tree,
connecting everything
with energy,
exchanging information
and we are part of it.

Each blink of atom
who art in heavens
reaches.
They exist by feeling
and by being felt.

It's like a tree
connecting everything
with energy,

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exchanging information
and we are part of it.

Can you feel it?
It's all around us.

Riding Pi

I am Pi,
lord of mathematics,
skate with me
along the curves
of space and time.

Garden of Love

A damp day
dark and bleak.
A crow sends a note
to a winter's sky,
for I am dead today.
See there the weeping few.

In their minds I am alive
and in their hearts I will forever be,
and everything I've done
is a part of the universe.

Do you think I've missed out by not being in paradise
when the living think of me so well?
And would you be disappointed not to live in a garden of
spring,
or sad that the bad aren't in hell?

In you
I will live forever.
Take care of my soul
and my memory, for you are my heaven.

Do not cry,
for your friends will be your garden of love

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for you,
when you die.

