

THE MINISTRY OF WOLVES
HACKE HARVEY DE PICCIOTTO WALLFISCH



MUSIC FROM
REPUBLIK DER WÖLFE

Lyrics

The Gold Key

~ text by Sexton, edited by DePicciotto ~

The speaker in this case is a middle-aged witch, me
Tangled on my two great arms, my face in a book
And my mouth wide
Ready to tell you a story or two.
I have come to remind you, all of you
Alice, Samuel, Curt, Eleanor, Jane, Brian, Mariel
All of you draw near.
Alice, at 56, do you remember?
Do you remember when you were read to as a child?
Samuel, at 22--have you forgotten?
Forgotten the ten PM dreams?
Where the wicked king went up in smoke
Are you comatose?
Are you undersea?

Attention my dears, let me present to you this boy.
He is sixteen and he wants some answers.
He is each of us. I mean you, I mean me.
It is not enough to read Hesse and drink clam chowder.
We must have answers.

The boy has found a gold key and he is looking for what it will open
This boy.
Upon finding a nickel, he would look for a wallet
This boy.
Upon finding a string, he would look for a harp,
Therefor he holds the key tightly.
Its secret whimper, like a dog in heat.
He turns the key--presto!
It opens this book of odd tales, which transform the Brothers' Grimm
Transform--as if an enlarged paper clip could be a piece of sculpture.
And it could.

Rumpelstiltskin

~ text by Sexton, edited by Hacke ~

Inside many of us
is a small old man
who wants to get out.

No bigger than a two-year-old
whom you'd call lamb chop
yet this one is old and malformed.

His head is okay but not the rest.
He is a monster of despair.
He is all decay.

He speaks up as tiny as an earphone with an asexual voice:

I am your dwarf.
I am the enemy within.
I am the boss of your dreams.
No. I am not the law in your mind, the grandfather of watchfulness.
I am the law of your members,
the kindred of blackness and impulse.

See.
Your hand shakes.
It is not palsy or booze.
It is your Doppelgänger
trying to get out.
Beware . . . Beware . . .

I am a dwarf.
I have been exhibited on Coney
and no child will ever call me Papa.

I have no private life.
If I'm in my cups
the whole town knows by breakfast
and no child will ever call me Papa.

I am eighteen inches high.
I am no bigger than a partridge.
I am your evil eye
and no child will ever call me Papa.

I will give you
three days to guess my name
and if you cannot do it
I will collect your child.

The Devil told you that!

He stamped his right foot into the ground and sank in up to his waist.
Then he tore himself in two.
Somewhat like a split broiler.

He laid his two sides down on the floor,
one part soft as a woman,
one part a barbed hook,
one part Papa,
one part Doppelgänger.

The Frog Prince

~ text by Sexton and Harvey ~

PART 1

Frau Doktor, Mama Brundig
Take out your contacts, remove your wig

I'll write for you, I entertain
But frogs come out of the sky like rain

They arrive with an ugly fury
You're my judge you are my jury

My guilts are what we catalogue
I'll take a knife and chop a frog

The moon will not have him
The sun will shut him out
The stone will wash to spite him
And slime has made him a house
The moon will not have him
The sun turns off at the sight of him
The crow thinks he's an apple
And drops a worm right in

Mr. Poison is at my bed
He wants my sausage he wants my bread

He has boils and parasites
He says kiss me with terror bites

PART 2

Let me eat from your plate
Let me drink from your cup
Let me sleep in your bed x2

I took the moon between my teeth
And now it's gone away
And I am lost forever
There's nothing else to say

I've been lost in a river
of shut doors he said
I've come over wet stones
To live with you instead

Let me eat from your plate
Let me drink from your cup
Let me sleep in your bed

I took the moon between my teeth
And now it's gone away
And I am lost forever
As one a thief could rob by day

I suffer for birds
And fireflies,
But not for frogs, she said,
And threw him across the room
Kaboom!

No handsome prince
From kisses came
But from that last resort
Called shame
Then he boarded the well
And guarded her chamber door

Never again would she lose that ball
That moon, that krishna hair
Au Bon Marché don't sell such things
You won't find them in there

Cinderella

~ verses by DePicciotto, choruses by Sexton ~

You always read about it
The plumber who wins the Irish sweepstakes
Or the nursemaid who captures
The oldest sons heart
Or the milkman who gets into real estate
Or the charwoman who collects from the insurance
From diapers to Dior

Spread your wings and leave the dustbins behind
All you need is faith in yourself and a smile
Then the world will give you all that you need.

No Cinderella said the stepmother
You have no clothes and cannot dance
So Cinderella cried out to the tree and
The bird dropped down a golden dress and little slippers
The bird is important my dears. So take care.

Every step you take on your path will show
Nothing comes to you on its own
You must find your way to understand

So the prince was getting tired
He began to feel like a shoe salesman
But he gave it one last try
This time Cinderella fit into the shoe
Like a love letter into its envelope
And they lived happily after ever.

Every tale has a lesson that's to be learned
Yours will be the one that you've earned
Spread you wings now and see what you'll find

Rapunzel (As Isadora Duncan)

~ text by Wallfisch, except by Sexton, highlighted in red ~

I'm at the mercy of rain
of rapture
of boredom
of desire

Of the slope of your shoulder
of your youth that makes me bolder
than all the sermons and the speeches
The politicians and the preachers

They starve me with their morals
Scrape me with their stubble
In this world of couples
A prince could only mean trouble

BUT A WOMAN WHO LOVES A WOMAN
STAYS FOREVER YOUNG

The prince declared
in his doggy voice (with a deep-dog voice)
his love, his charms
his strapping arms

His mossy legs
his prickly cheeks
his dazzling answers
and his dancing stick

I'll make him pay
this dancing stick
he'll pay like (ol') Oedipus
back in his day

In time all fades
all dies, turns thick
even New York City
will crumble and sink

BUT A WOMAN WHO LOVES A WOMAN
STAYS FOREVER YOUNG

In my witch's garden
grows the magic
tragic weed
leaf by leaf
skin by skin
as rapt and fluid
as Isadora Duncan

Haensel And Gretel

~ text by Sexton, liberally edited and augmented with additional text by Harvey ~

Little Plum
Said the mother to her son
I want to bite
I want to chew
I want to eat you up

Little child
Little nubkin sweet as fudge
You are my blitz
And I will spit
Upon you just for luck

For you are better than money
Your neck as smooth as a hard-boiled egg
Soft cheeks and lips like honey
Let me buzz and take a bite
Of your egg white neck

I have a pan that will fit you
Just pull your knees up like a hen
Let me take your pulse
And put the oven up to 10
Let me take your pulse
And put the oven up to 10 x3

Come on my pretender
Come my little fritter
Come my blubbing bubbler
Come my chicken dinner
Come on my pretender
Come my little fritter x3

Oh succulent one
It is but one turn in the road
And I would be a cannibal
Yes, I would be a cannibal
Oh corpulent bun
It is but one twist of the code
And I would be a cannibal
Yes, I would be a cannibal

The family of our heroes
Had come upon evil times
They had cooked the dog
And served him up like lamb chops
There was only a single loaf of bread left in the house
The final solution
The mother told their father
Was to lose the children in the forest

After much brave resistance
The mother's wish was realized
They were lost at last
As blind as worms
They turned like ants in a glove
Not knowing which direction to take

Finally they came upon
That house
You know
The one with chocolate chimneys
And candied window frames
And the haggard witch
Gave them a large supper
To fatten them up
And then they slept
z's buzzing from their mouths like flies

I have a pan that will fit you
Just pull your knees up like a hen
Let me take your pulse
And put the oven up to 10
Let me take your pulse
And put the oven up to 10 x3

Come on my pretender
Come my little fritter
Come my blubbing bubbler
Come my chicken biddy
Just try the other gender
Come now little sister
Be my oven tester
Be my turkey twister

I have a plan that will fit you
Just put your knees inside and then
Pull your footsies in
I'll shut the oven door on them
And put the oven up to 10 x4

Gretel spoke at last
And asked the witch to show her how it could be done
The witch thought this fair and climbed in to show the way

Shut tight the oven
Lock up the door
Fast as Houdini
Turn the heat up some more x5

Heptagon

~ text by Hacke ~

7 lights up in my spine
7 bones to hold my neck
7 times the sun will rise
7 sins to break my back
7 planets in the sky
7 arts of liberty
7 cards will form the first row
7 wonders for all to see

Lust and gluttony
Greed, sloth and wrath
Envy and Pride

7 golden bowls to fill
7 colors of the rainbow
7 sons and seven daughters
7 kings of Rome
7 tons on the scale
7 trumpets, 7 angels
7 priests blow 7 trombones
7 times 'round Jericho

Red and orange
Yellow, green and blue
Indigo and purple
Who's the fairest of them all?

The sun and the moon
Saturn, Jupiter and Mars
Venus and Mercury

Mirror mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

7 fat years, 7 lean
7 joys and 7 sorrows
7 virtues, 7 sins
7 eyes and 7 horns
Cross 7 sees we're sailing
7 basic principles
7 pillars of the house of wisdom
7 sided heptagon
7 last words on the cross
7 days of creation
7 heavens, 7 hells
7 degrees of separation

The Little Peasant

~ text by Wallfisch, except Sexton where highlighted in red ~

Said Jack Russell to the hungry man
I'm wet and wounded, lame and blind
But I could be the the thing you find
to keep you fed and satisfied

No naked Sadhu from the city
Barely clothed, but not inviting pity
Looking out for an opportunity
Trade cabbage soup for salmon sushi

He said, "Come little buddy, come with me,
I'll be your eyes, I'll find the prize
Nothing in return that I expect
If you'll just be my haruspex

The women cry
The men they howl
Touch me, my pancake
Make me young

Wear me threadbare, wear me out
Lick me clean, all over town
Come on my fox, heal me now

Nobody to lick
Hail coming down
Jack Russell and the crafty clown

Looking for allies or a fight to pick
The opportunity to predict
What lovers, cheaters and believers
To certainty and fear, addicted
Might offer up to double dealers

The seeing-eye man and his hound
Lurking where the chat-room touts
Salt their birds, tie the noose
Tie one on and cook their juice

The preacher and his fringy queen
Didn't think they could be seen
Dingoed sweet, hard and mean

' The king in tattered robes
strung out on suspicions woes
Greeted at the door by Jack
and a man with an offer to watch his back

Paranoid as kings will be

Possessed of evil's certainty
They all sat down, devised a plan
New love, new gold
The old wives banned
Just hit refresh

Turning water into wine, that liquid color trick
Got nothing on the alchemic class (of) turning vice to virtue's pick
And a simple bump
Encephalitis, just a little pressure
The power of the meat to change
Its moral compass rearrange

II

The wolf is fed, the lamb still bleats
A barrel full and a woman drunk
Though never more to dingo sweet
she dances along with Francis Poulenc

KEEP THE MONEY, THAT'S THE MORAL HONEY!

I hear you're not allowed to eat the cake
Desire or rice, they say in Kanarese
I say lick the pot when you shake 'n bake
Vice's virtue is to please

KEEP THE MONEY, THAT'S THE MORAL HONEY!

Sleeping Beauty

~ text by DePicciotto, except where highlighted in red ~

Sleep - my velvet dream
With hooded eyes
You hold me safe
With your warm breath
A silent wound
Enfolding me

Sleep - my muted flight
From shadows woe
Which now have ceased
To follow me
The roses briar
protecting me

Sleep - I fall in thee
My numbed release
The needles prick
The poisoned thorn
my hooded friends
Cannot be torn

The fire in the hearth grew still and the roast meat stopped crackling. The trees turned into metal and the dog became china. They all lay in a trance, each a catatonic stuck in the time machine.

Sleep - thy sweet embrace
In times aged face
remains at peace
my opium dream
keeps foes at bay
no one can touch me

Sleep - the silent halls
Surrounding me
Are filled with dust
Of memories
I do not want
I leave behind

Sleep - Ill stay with thee
A spirits world
Perfumed with lust
Until the day
A true heart comes
To set me free

Iron Hans

~ text by Hacke ~

You heard of Iron Hans
A tale by the brothers
Locked in my conscience
Linked tight to his name

A wild man in the woods
Who kills and eats the hunters
Feared by all the kingdom
And never prone to be tamed

It will take a brave man
To hunt a wild man down
The one that did had to lose his dog
But so big Hans was found

They jammed him in a cage
For display to the common folk
A showcase of power
Sad, so cruel and mean

The king he hid the key
Under the pillow of
The mother of his firstborn son
The good and gracious queen

The child lost his innocence
In the form of a golden toy
It bounced right into the cage
So Hans corrupted the boy

That's how they bonded
Together they flew the yard
The boy an apprentice
Never to be apart

Hans put the child in charge
To guard the well of wisdom
To keep the leaves from falling
"Beware!" he was told

He failed but was redeemed
He dipped his hair and it turned bright
He was enlightened
His head shone of pure gold

Hans rejected him from his realm
And shoved him into the cold
The boy marched on and became a man
His fate soon to unfold

You know the Iron Hans
Deep down he was a saint 'cause
He offered his guidance
To our little knight

Who worked and lived his life
In yet an other kingdom
Until they send him off to war
And with Hans help he won the fight

Soon he was to be married
To the royal girl
For Iron Hans this broke the spell
Free and not of this world

Free not of this world

Little Red Riding Hood

~ text by Wallfisch, except Sexton, highlighted in red ~

The girl with the cape
her reflection in the plate
glass window of the mall
of manhattan, of her blood red hood
a gift from grandma living far from the city -
far, far away in the big, dark wood

Not a child from town
not a girl from the country
just another long-nailed,
wide-eyed Union City dreamer
left to fend for herself on a Saturday night

Daddy cheats on his taxes
And his boss rips him off
And mama meets her lover
down Apple Crest Road
Every Sunday at Church
The pastor he seduces
all the blue haired ladies
and the blue eyed boys
til the latex panties
chafing under his robes
that he cuts with a guilt smeared, sugar coated blade
with the slash as simple as opening a letter
the warm blood breaking out red like a rose
red like the cape on our hooded heroine

And she sets out on a mission
even death might be worth
the decision to risk
the mercy of the fates
away from WET rails, stale beds, gas stoves, ghosts
lost keys, tea bags; all the comforts of home
nothing that a carnal knife couldn't set free
quite alive, quite heroic
like Eastwood or Stallone
The huntsman cut her out, Little Red, like a poppy.

II

THE HUNTER, THE GRANDMOTHER, ROTKAEPPCHEN AUCH
SAT DOWN BY THE CORPSE FOR CAKE AND WINE

KEIN KAFFEE
KEIN ZWEIFEL
IM BAUCH, KEINE ERRINERUNG
AN NACKTES
BRUTALES
LE PETIT MORT
DIESER KLEINEN GEBURT

GOING DOWN

LIFTING UP X5

IN AND OUT

WITH HIS GUN AND A KNIFE

GUN AND A KNIFE X4

THE HUNTER, THE GRANDMOTHER, ROTKAEPFCHEN AUCH

SAT DOWN BY THE CORPSE FOR CAKE AND WINE

KEIN KAFFEE, KEIN ZWEIFEL IM BAUCH

WOLFLESS

GOING DOWN...

White Snake Waltz

~ verses by Sexton, edited and with chorus by DePicciotto ~

There was a day when all the animals spoke to me
And I knew that the voice of the spirits had been let in
As intense as an epileptic aura
And that no longer I would sing alone

Forbidden fruit
Hold secrets deep
Forbidden fruit
You wake our sleep

There sat a white snake and the servant thought "why not?"
And took a bite
Thus the aura came over him; he was inside

Forbidden fruit
Hold secrets deep
Forbidden fruit
You wake our sleep

He had walked into a building with no exit
From all sides the animals spoke up, like puppets
A cold sweat broke out on his upper lip, for now he was wise

Forbidden fruit
Hold secrets deep
Forbidden fruit
You wake our sleep