



MARK SHEEKY
SECRET ELECTRIC SORCERY

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Secret Electric Sorcery



Pentangel Books

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Lyrics by Mark Sheeky

Music composed, produced, and performed
by Mark Sheeky
Sound clip in Always in the Morning from Danger Lights (1930)

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Hitler in High Heels

Hitler in high heels.
Cracked black and savage.
Weapons on the outside
something like a hedgehog.

Do you need their love?
Ache for satin comforts?
Await a princely kiss
to shatter your spines?

Your face is so ugly;
is that why you whip?
Is it beauty you hate and attack?

Men or women?
Men or women?
Men or women?
Men or women?

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Teenage Dreams

See that girl over there,
no not that one, the quiet one;
Have you seen her before?
Do you know her?

Tell me everything about her.
Tell me everything you know.
Will she be here the same time next week?
Will she be here again

or is she one of those teenage dreams?
Is she one of those dreams
I will hold
in the cold
when I'm old?

Know that girl, she's gone now,
do you know where she lives?
Do you know what her name was?
Has she got a best friend?

Tell me everything about her.
Tell me everything you know.
Will she be here the same time next week?
Will I see her again

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or is she one of those teenage dreams?
Is she one of those dreams
I will hold
in the cold
when I'm old?

And will I wonder what ever might-have-been
If I'd ran out of the door
and stopped her outside, in the dark;
outside, in the dark,
where she went.

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Eyes of Pity

When you look at me
I can only see
your eyes of pity.

I am full of love,
I am full of need,
but you reject me;

and yet you're more damaged than I.
All you have is beauty.
See how sympathetic I am?

I look at you with my empathetic eyes,
and all I see is beauty,
yet you still reject me.

When your beauty dies
the world will look at you
with eyes of pity,

but I won't do that,
I don't think,
because I'll love you;

and I feel that I'll remember you for the next twenty years

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and it will cause me sorrow.

See how romantic I am?

I look at you with my desperate intelligent eyes

but all I see is pity:

your pity.

Be My Jesus

I want your body.
I want your blood.
I can't forget you
in your savage dress.
I want your sweat
in my desert mind.
My body aches for your salt
do you for mine?

Be my Jesus.
Say the word.
Give me a sign.

The silent glances
from your snowy eyes.
I sense that you need
my desperation.
My concrete bedroom
is a dead sea.
To your tangled hair I pray.
I am lost and lonely.

Be my Jesus.
Say the word.
Heal me.

Passive Aggressive

Seems you want to be my friend
but secretly hate me,
won't you come and tell me to my face?
Seems you want someone to care
for you but you're selfish.
You don't deserve me!
You don't deserve me!

Passive aggressive.
Passive aggressive.
Passive aggressive.

Always saying little things
designed to upset me,
telling everybody you're the best.
Then you tell me I'm your friend,
I'm more like your play-thing.
Give it a rest!
Give it a rest!

Passive aggressive.
Passive aggressive.
Passive aggressive.

Don't be sad or sorry,

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it's too late to pretend.
People don't change,
the dishonest keep lying:
we'll never be friends!
We never were friends!

The only time you're nice to me
is when you want something;
you think I haven't noticed how you live?
Give and take, give and take, that's how it should be
you're always the take!
I'm always the give!

Passive aggressive.
Passive aggressive.
Passive aggressive.

Boring Ceefax Lift Music

Boring Ceefax lift music
smashing me in the head.
Human art is dead
in a world made by machine.

Boring Ceefax lift music
rotting away my brain.
Lazing on a Sunday bed
is no life for a human being.

I'm not a lift!
I'm not an airport!
I'm not on hold!
I'm not stoned!

I can't sleep at night.
I can't eat a bite.
'cause the thing I love
don't treat me right.

Confidence in Kindness

Stay inside.
Got to hide

from the tranny granny neo-nazi wacky-backy blackies,
and the hashtag black-ops cranks
the bitcoin revolution yanks
the anti-vaccers bovva-booters
scrolling on their soul computers.

It's a scary world, there's always
someone out to get you.
Philosophy, hasn't been this
life-or-death since Socrates.

The foolish used to rant to friends
but now they join the mob,
and the politicians side with them
democracy is popularity.

Got to get your
prayers on track

now the Spanish Inquisition's back and you are on the rack,
prodding you with witty pokers,
a planet full of Batman Jokers

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twisting your unawakened mindless
crude philosophy of kindness.

It's a scary world, there's always
someone out to beat ya.
What doesn't kill you sometimes
makes you weaker, Nietzsche.

The fatty catty robo-bitches
burn the books now, not the witches.

There's nothing left to do;
quaff some hemlock with your brew.
Duck and cover,
but be a lover,
have confidence in the kindness of the world.

The Misery's Hard to Take

The misery's hard to take,
keeps creeping up on me.
Every good choice feels like a mistake,
my head is like lead and my ribs are a rake,
every little shiver feels like an earthquake;
the misery's hard to take.

Whale!
White whale!
Heart I stab at thee!
You'll not get the better of God or me!
Death to you and my misery!

Out of Date

Strange
how things change,
for me it's still the past
still the old days - remember those?

Strange
how those days feel right,
nobody knows now, do they?
These young people with their young clothes.

Out of date.
We're out of date - did you know that?
You and I
are out of date.

Strange
How right and wrong change - don't you think?
Remember when dark was light?
Remember when good was bad?
How today feels so sad.

Out of date.
We're out of date - did you know that?
You and I
are out of date.

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But we still have each other
and as we change
we will caress the past together
and our grave will trap the zeitgeist,
be eternal, like Mary Shelley's,
and we will last
forever.

Back When It All Began

Black rain, struggling dandelions.
Yellow neon lights blink
like our bedroom
used to

back when it all began,
when the plastic was wood.
Back when the news was good.

We held hands and we ran
in the trees, your red skirt
my blue van of young rust.

How young and pretty we are
I got a lithium powered car
I stole some money from the jar
Let's go and blow it!

Today's coffee
tastes of Teflon dust
but your smile
is still soft
like it was
when it all began.

Back when it all began.

Always in the Morning

It always takes a moment
when I wake up
to remember you're not here.

Our garden says hello again
its looking overgrown.
I've not touched it all year.

It's always in the morning when I miss you.
It's always when the bedroom curtains glow.
It's always when the birds sing words
of summertime and daisies.
It's when my icy cornflakes tell me I'm alone
that I wave a magic wand
and wish you back in our home.

Our evening friends remember all the goodness.
The stars remind me we not alone.
I've bought your favourite thing for tea
but I'll cook it for myself,
and when I click the nightlight, see your x's on the phone,
I'll close my eyes and see you
back in our home.

It always takes a moment

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when I wake up
to remember you're not here.

The Ones We Love

The ones we love
we leave behind
by not giving enough,
by not showing enough
to their fading light,
the red glow,
our hope
of something else and more
when there is nothing else and more.

We are what we were given,
only that.
We are the ones we love
that we leave behind.
We are nothing
without them.

