

Songs of

# Magic Sex and War

## Quintessential Warrior

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For twenty thousand centuries I've roamed across this plain  
Foraging and pillaging, developing my brain  
Evolving simple rituals of culture, death, and law  
Appeasing jealous deities of magic, sex, and war

But in the batting of an eyelid I find myself alone  
With my mortgage and my cable and my Prozac and my phone  
But before you make assumptions of progress by degrees  
I assure you I'm the chap you saw descending from the trees

'Cause I'm your Quintessential Warrior, your master of the sword  
Your Neolithic scavenger, your chairman of the board  
I'm utterly dependable; I don't know how to fail  
I'm your quintessential warrior your predatory male

Now these years of evolution appear to suite me well  
I keep my brothers entertained with plunder, death, and hell  
For natural selection I've got a lot of time  
But I have to tell you brothers, I *do* miss my primal slime

But my days of slime are over and my hardware's small and clean  
My sub-atomic physicists are acting out my dream  
In cerebral development we've come a long, long way  
Congratulations brothers, yes I think we're here to stay

'Cause I'm your Quintessential Warrior, your master of the sword  
Your Neolithic scavenger, your chairman of the board  
I'm utterly dependable; I don't know how to fail  
I'm your quintessential warrior your predatory male

'Cause I'm your Quintessential Warrior your master of the sword  
Your Neolithic scavenger your chairman of the board  
I'm utterly dependable; I don't know how to fail  
I'm your consequential, quintessential predatory male

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## I, Pilot

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There are flames now round the prop,  
My head feels damp and groggy  
Yet suddenly I'm calm, and peace pervades my body  
For I see the fields below, as earth that longs to draw me  
A chance to meet old friends, who've wandered off before me

And who are we who dare, to castigate our brothers  
In madness and in fear, we're guilty as the others  
If I could cast a stone, I'd cast it far beyond you  
And silently atone, for all the pain around you

My vision's growing dim, the universe rotating  
And oil burns my skin, my fuselage vibrating  
Yet with clarity I see, my mother's house before me  
My little sister's friend, who wrote that she adores me

Aye, but this has been my choice, my epitaph, my story  
I heard my inner voice, and opted for the glory  
And all that I would ask, is when they come to face me  
The men I've laid to rest, will welcome and embrace me

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## Paint Myself in Woad

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My home's become a temple to the sciences of man  
I've dub dub dub dot DAC to tell me who I am  
And I could print my testament in several hundred fonts  
Though I haven't started writing 'cause I don't know what you'd want

Well I guess I do know what I want, I'm just afraid to say  
If I told you what I really want you'd have me put away

I want to paint myself in woad, I want to plunder Machu Picchu  
To scale the Kangchenjunga, and dance around the peak  
I want to soak in Tatopani, and in Aguas Calientes  
To waste away my future on a beach in Mozambique  
I want to wander through Palmyra, take the train to Meghalaya  
The steamer down the Ganges, to the south of Bangladesh  
I want to cross the bridge to Jordan, and climb the cliffs of Petra  
To take you to the seer, in the souk in Marrakech

So we planned the insurrection, dispensing with the sleep  
And microchip componentry lay scattered in a heap  
And as we lay there pondering the ones we'd left behind  
The sun struck like a laser through a parting in the blind

Then over the horizon we could see a mighty hoard  
Of mad avenging viruses approach the mother board

I want to paint myself in woad, I want to ride through Hanga Roa  
To stagger up Massada as the sun begins to rise  
I want to show you Annapurna from the trail to Ghorepani  
To take you down to Homs and see the wonder in your eyes  
I want to climb the walls of Derry and see the caves of Creta  
To cross into Andorra and the Mountains of the moon  
I want to see the Mount of Olives, the Buddha tooth in Kandy  
To peddle Johnny Walker, in the station at Rangoon

I want to paint myself in woad, I want to cross the Irrawaddy  
To see the old flotilla from the road to Mandalay  
I want to take you to En Gedi, and the lake shores of Killarney  
To bathe at Varanasi, and to wander through Bombay  
I want to climb to Ayacucho, and sing the songs of Cuzco  
And roam the streets of Budapest and Heidelberg and Graz  
I want to stalk through Kaziranga and swim to Hikkaduwa  
To surf in Agadir and to sleep out in Rebat

I want to paint myself in woad, want to sail the Brahamaputra  
Euphrates and the Indus, the Tigris and the Nile  
I want to learn to speak Afghani, Nepalese and Gujarati  
To paddle in to Srinigar, and hang there for a while  
I want to paint myself in woad, watch the moon from Wharariki  
To show you round the Creggan and the Bogside and the Moor  
I want to drive across the Sinai, down to Santa Catherina  
To dive at Ras Mohamed, and die in Bangalore

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## I Am Picasso

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I love a woman dressed in red, she rents a room inside my head  
On winters nights she shares my bed, and we make love

Though I've tried to paint her inwardly, she always tends to look like me  
And asks if I would set her free, so I say go!

But just a moment I'm confused, just which of us is being used  
And how am I supposed to grow, Christ almighty I don't know  
I just know...

I am Puccini, I am Caruso, I am Fellini, I am Picasso  
I am Polanski, I am da Vinci, I am Dvorak, I am Rossini

So we paint ourselves a picture, of a world we think the world will want  
But I always find the colours tend to run

So we write ourselves an opera, that we're sure the world will want  
But singing every part's no longer fun

But she says, "just a moment I'm confused, just which of us is being abused  
And how am I supposed to grow", Christ almighty I don't know  
I just know...

I am Puccini, I am Caruso, I am Fellini, I am Picasso  
I am Polanski, I am da Vinci, I am Dvorak, I am Rossini

I am De Bono, I am Debussy, I'm Pavarotti, and Paganini  
I am Neruda, I am McCartney, I am Lascaris, and Sarasvarti

I am Tchaikovsky, I am Vivaldi, Modigliani, and Beno Gili  
I am Kupe, I am Batutta, and Ramakrishna, and Yogananda

I'm Richard Wagner, and Paracelsus, I am Stravinsky, and Stradivari  
I am Verdi, Mahatma Gandhi, and Allan Parsons, and Garry Larson