

mark sheeky

tree of keys

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Pentangel Books

# Mark Sheeky Tree of Keys

Lyrics by Mark Sheeky, except  
'The Darker Matilda' lyrics by Andrew Barton "Banjo" Paterson  
Album cover image by John Hopper

Music composed, produced, and performed  
by Mark Sheeky

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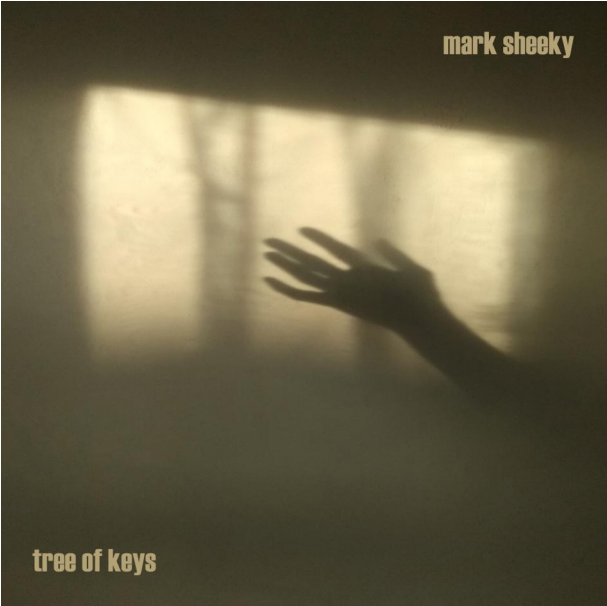


## Tree of Keys

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*Tree of Keys*

Let's Take a Walk in the Desert Wouldn't  
That Be Fun

Let's...

Let's take a walk...

Let's take a walk in the desert, wouldn't that be fun?

Let's take a walk...

Let's take a walk in the desert, wouldn't that be fun?

That's what they said!

Wouldn't that be fun.

That's what they said!

Wouldn't that be fun!

Let's...

Let's take a walk in the desert.

In the desert!

That's what they said!

In the desert.

In the heat.

In the sun.

Let's...

Let's take a walk.

*Tree of Keys*

Let's take a walk in the desert, that's what they said!

Let's take a walk in the desert, wouldn't that be fun?

Wouldn't that be fun!

Are we having fun?

Are we having fun?

Isn't this fun!

Let's...

Let's take a walk in the desert, wouldn't that be fun, that's what they said.

## The Underground

The underground is what is there but unseen.  
It pushes us from behind and below.  
It is everything we have accumulated and discarded.  
A memory and what is lost, what is rotting.

The underground is what is there but unseen.  
It pushes us from behind and below.

Everything we do is influenced by its contents,  
but we are never aware of its influence.  
Only the tendrils of its plant, the fingertips of its being.

We are the underground!  
We are the underground!  
We are the underground!

We decided to analyse the underground;  
take apart its muddy constituents and determine its  
composition.  
We find dead things, dead people, lost love, lost hopes.  
An underclass, insects, proud bacteria, loving bacteria.

We find an energy there, a glow,  
this is unexpected, something clean and nice.  
Something with no entropy, like a light source.

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It is a light in the rain!

It is a light.

We pull apart the matted tendrils with forceps.

We wash away the mud.

Fine dark grains.

Wash with white wine,

Mountain spring water.

Hands in the stream.

The sun glints on the surface of the stream as it gurgles.

The sun flickers upon our retina.

The heavyless sun.

Light, it tastes of god, the tince of new batteries, light,  
purity.

Pure, clean, perfection.

A pure source of zero entropy.

A pure wave.

It is sine.

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Paradise Lost

A clown drenched in brutality.

The sky is green, warm, this earth born of gentle sands,  
white grains of hope, dust, brown in cycle in circus circuits  
of intelligence, information  
coalescing, floating pollen in the womb,  
warm, thick water, grains in the water.

“I am not a politician but a professional soldier, I am  
therefore a man of few words and I have been brief through  
my professional career.”

“Germany was the place where when Hitler was the prime  
minister and supreme commander he burned over six  
million Jews, he burned the Israelis alive with gas in the soil  
of Germany.”

“I do not want to be controlled by any superpower, I myself  
consider myself the most powerful figure in the world, and  
that is why I do not let any superpower control me.”

Starfish!  
Starfish!  
Starfish!

*Tree of Keys*

The sky is green, warm, this earth born of gentle sands,  
white grains of hope, dust, brown in cycle in circus circuits  
of intelligence, information  
coalescing, floating pollen in the womb,  
warm, thick water, grains in the water.  
This Eden.  
This paradise.

## Where is the Sun

I'm just a little thing.

Let me grow.

Where am I?

Where is the sun?

I'm just a little thing.

Let me grow.

Where am I?

Where is the sun?

*Tree of Keys*

The Death of Tuesday

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.

The sunlight, the sunlight in the trees.



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## War Song

Since the war came.

Now there is only ruin, dust, ash, rumour;  
what happened here?

There is iron in the water.

My father used to shout, he was a big, angry, man,  
the lights would flicker.

Help!

As children we would play wars, with sticks.  
Retaw eht ni nori si ereht.  
The lights flicker as I sit in my cold room.

I am a refugee in my own country.  
I seek asylum.

It has been a long time.

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Dream of the Tao

The long expanse of nothing between our work.  
The long desert of oil slick-and-still.  
Drunken eternal tale of a nothing bliss.  
Offness like a dream of the tao.  
Like a dream of the tao.

Time made flat a dead plate of a nothing steel.  
Time cold chromium grey, like the sea.  
Perfect row upon row, atom to atom.  
Bridging chaotic work, holiday.  
Like a dream of the tao.

## Napalm

Like silver liquorice torpedoes  
they spin through the air,  
end over end,  
slowly falling.

Taking an infinity to fall,  
like space clouds.

Timeless.

Like silver liquorice torpedoes  
they spin through the air,  
end over end,  
slowly falling.

End over end.

They contain fire.

Napalm.

They contain fire.

End over end.

*Tree of Keys*

Like silver liquorice torpedoes  
they spin through the air,  
end over end,  
slowly falling.

Timeless.

Taking an infinity to fall,  
like space clouds.

They contain fire.

Napalm.

They contain fire.

Like silver liquorice torpedoes  
they spin through the air,  
end over end,  
slowly falling.

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## The Darker Matilda

O there once was a swag man camped in the billabong  
under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
and he sang as he looked at the old billy boiling  
who'll come a waltzing Matilda, with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?  
Waltzing Matilda leading a water bag  
who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the water hole  
up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,  
and he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag  
you'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
you'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
you'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

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## I, Spider

I, spider, wait  
in hope with monolithic patience.  
My web shivering by starlight,  
moist ice of tangled spittle.

I can feel it  
pulsate though my feet.  
Are its fingers broken into  
fisty knots of tears, crying for contact?

The zodiac stares down, through the layers of sky's breath.  
The stars weep, unaware of the patterns.  
"Is there anybody there?" speaks Death.

Oh, where art thou?  
Oh, where art thou?  
Where doth you lie?  
Where art thou?

*Tree of Keys*

Haiku

Peace.

We live in cycles of stable repetition.

Repetition.

Peace.

