



MARK SHEEKY
THE DUSTY MIRROR

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The Dusty Mirror



Pentangel Books

Mark Sheeky The Dusty Mirror

Lyrics by Mark Sheeky

Music composed, produced, and performed
by Mark Sheeky
Film audio in Norman Bates from Maniac (1934)

1st edition ebook, published in the United Kingdom 2022
by Pentangel Books
www.pentangel.co.uk

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The Dusty Mirror

1. Since You Kicked Me Out (03:07)
2. Except for the Hatred (04:27)
3. The Escape Angels (02:55)
4. Fear of the Thing Itself (03:43)
5. Warm Comfy Sofa (02:01)
6. Norman Bates (04:45)
7. Two Parents of a Child (02:16)
8. The Arm (02:35)
9. Moments of Terror When Falling Asleep (03:40)
10. Falling Apart Again (02:24)
11. The Fingers of Evil (04:59)
12. Cherries (02:07)



THE DUSTY MIRROR

The Dusty Mirror

Since You Kicked Me Out

I love what you've done with your hair
since you kicked me out.

I love what you've done with the wallpaper
since you kicked me out.

I love what you've done with your lovers and pets,
with your furniture and finances.

I love what you've done with your neighbourhood,
and everything since,
and everything since,
and everything,
everything
everything
everything
since you kicked me out!

I love what you've done with the tone of your skin
since you kicked me out.

I love what you've done with your parents
since you kicked me out.

I love what you've done with my chandelier
the quality of wine and your musical taste.

I love your new dresses
you've thrown out the messes
since you kicked me,
since you kicked me,

The Dusty Mirror

since you kicked me out!

Since you kicked me out

It's true that I've fallen on harder times.

I like to drink meths now, it's cheaper than wine
and wear the same jacket and wear the same grime
and at my invisible in-laws I like to shout;

and you know I still love you...

and I know you don't care

because I've moved in

to a cardboard box

on the roundabout

infested with rats

and my friends are a one-legged pigeon named Keith
and a broken parking machine called Harold From
Neighbours.

Since

(I recall the day clearly!)

you

(I will toast the day yearly!)

kicked me out!

The Dusty Mirror

Except for the Hatred

Last night I dined
on beef and asparagus,
and I thought about him
with his chips and his mushy peas,
and I thought about him
with his co-op swiss roll
as I munched on my crackers
and crumbs of soft stilton
as I bit on my bitter
herbs.

I writhed in my big bed
and stared at the ceiling,
and I gritted my teeth
at his stinking and snoring,
and I thought about him
and his lazy ignoring,
so excuse my red eyes
and my spiderlike twitching
its part of my being
Its part of my being!

Everything is fine
except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.

The Dusty Mirror

Except for the hatred.
Everything is fine
except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.

I dream of a morning
of sunlight and butterflies.
I hope for a day of peace.
I pray for a way out,
a way to escape him,
and if death won't take me
then I pray it will take him!

Everything is fine
except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Everything is fine
except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.

It's so nice to see you.
It's so nice to be here.
I wish I could stay here.
I want to be free.
I feel that I'm dying.

The Dusty Mirror

I feel we won't meet again.
I feel we won't meet again.
I feel.
I feel!

I shudder at my desk
as I work on my documents,
and I think about him
in his vest watching television,
and I think about him
with his nicotine fingers
as I sip my green tea,
as I mix up a salad
of dark and bitter
herbs.

Everything is fine
except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Everything is fine
except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.
Except for the hatred.

The Dusty Mirror

The Escape Angels

I don't like it.
He is coming.
He'll be here soon.

It was always like this.
Oh God!
Please help!

The pain and my pleasure.
My black soul meat.

I turn my face
to the angels,
to the glass of light
and purity.

To the angels...

of silence,
of emptiness,
of glass white purity,
of empty rooms,
of winter.

No carpets or furniture

The Dusty Mirror

just me,
and the angels.

The Dusty Mirror

Fear of the Thing Itself

The clock hits twelve.
The moonlight in his cell.
He strokes and preens and awaits...
the arrival of the queen.
The one he met
those years ago in wet.
The night she changed his life,
with the mission and the knife.

She comes!
She comes!
She comes!
Her words like running waters flow.
The voice of heaven speaks!
The voice commands his hands to dance...

Long white beard bent and weird.
Twisted fingernails.
Eyes afeared.
Whispered voices to himself.
Messages from the elf.

Twists of joy.
Curls of lust.
Skin of leather and mind of rust.

The Dusty Mirror

Fairies dancing on the shelf.
Fear of the thing itself.

She comes!
She comes!
She comes!
Golden halo of the queen.
Her words like flowing wine.
Showing images unseen.
Enraptured by her love.

He sits and paints
in solitude and peace,
he baits the trap and awaits
the arrival of the priest.
The doctors say
his mind is miles away
but such is genius
with a touch of murderous.

She comes!
She comes!
She comes!
Her words like running waters flow.
The voice of heaven speaks!
The voice commands his hands to dance...

Long white beard bent and weird.

The Dusty Mirror

Twisted fingernails.
Eyes afeared.
Whispered voices to himself.
Messages from the elf.

Twists of joy.
Curls of lust.
Skin of leather and mind of rust.
Fairies dancing on the shelf.
Fear of the thing itself.

The Dusty Mirror

Warm Comfy Sofa

Warm comfy sofa
in soft plush violet tones;
a gift from my parents
to a new home,
has seen many days.
Some sick and sad,
and a lover too.
Now soon to go,
old and tattered.
One last night with me before your end, my friend.

The Dusty Mirror

Norman Bates

Oh Norman Bates where are you?
I need a little help,
I need some reassurance from a friend,
my mother's voice is grating
inside my head
to make me sad again.

I know I should not ask you
but you might understand.
I think you are alone inside like me,
and in the dusty mirror
of my dry mind
you're the one I see.

Norman Bates inside your
castle, your silhouette is
staring at me, you long for
love too, Norman Bates.

Permit me to be forward
but when did things go wrong?
I wonder when the moment was with you.
It's hard to place a finger
upon a why,
perhaps you have a clue?

The Dusty Mirror

Oh Norman tell me something,
any word will do,
I like the little messages you send.
My mother's voice is grating
inside my head
and she's my only friend.

Norman Bates inside your
castle, your bedroom light is
shining for me, you long for
love too, Norman Bates.

The Dusty Mirror

Two Parents of a Child

Two parents of a child
who is living in outer space.
One eye is free and wild.
One eye is out place.

You cannot know where he goes to, if he knows you.
Nobody knows what he feels like inside.

Two parents of a child,
who insists on the same routine.
Everything neat and filed.
Everything very clean.

You cannot see where he goes to, never shows you.
He'll never know what it feels like to feel.

The Dusty Mirror

The Arm

Now here's a little song
about a little old friend of mine
who ain't got nobody.

I lost my body
in Midland Texas.
They sawed it off at the shoulder,
I didn't expect this.
So I'm in a bucket in the hospital;
won't you come by and say hello?

My hand is oh so sad,
can't shake with friends.
It feels so lonely at night
that it pretends.
It's waving slowly in the hospital.
Won't you come by and say hello?

I remember changing gears and steering in our car.
I remember practising for hours on our guitar.

I never was very good tho'

I lost my body
in Midland Texas.

The Dusty Mirror

I wrote this song for it.
I hope it gets this.
I'm feeling lonesome in the hospital.
Won't you come by and say hello?

The Dusty Mirror

Moments Of Terror When Falling Asleep

The road of the day,
like a ribbon of sky.
People who like me pass by.
Do I like them?
Do I think of any of them as a friend?

The road of the day,
like a ribbon of sky.
People who like me pass by.
Do I like them?
Do I think of anyone as a friend
in this world of why?

Moments
of terror
when falling
asleep.

Moments
of terror
when falling
asleep.

The Dusty Mirror

Falling Apart Again

I'm falling apart, again.

I'm falling apart, again.

I can't hit the high notes
like before.

Won't somebody help me
up off the floor?

Is somebody out there
going my way?

My dreams of tomorrow
died yesterday.

Everything is very very dark,
again.

Very dark,
again.

I can't feel the sun
like before.

Won't somebody help me
up off the floor?

The Dusty Mirror

The Fingers of Evil

Here are the fingers,
long and spidery,
pulling at your white matter.
Contaminating you with their ink.

Feel us!
Feel us!
Feel us!
Feel us!

Do you remember when times were good?
The smell of the bacon in the morning,
the sun-people of honey and smiles.
Can you recall what it's like?
Is that part of you still there?

Now the black fingers play their pipes,
seducing you and your lonely skin.

Who is right now?
Who is right now?
Who is right now?
Who is right now?

Which is it going to be?

The Dusty Mirror

Feel us!

You must choose between good and evil.

Are you good or evil?

The Dusty Mirror

Cherries

When you're young you like sweets,
tastes of cherries.

As you age you explore
and crave nuance.

Your mature tastes are bitter,
dark and strange.

A crimson soul
protecting coal.

In hearts of darkness
fire and ice meet.

Love's tang is sour
stroked with sweet.

