

Mp3 Midnite Choir - You Have Been Warned



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Whiskey ballads, suicide waltzes, polkas of doom. 15 MP3 Songs FOLK: Folk Blues, CLASSICAL: Contemporary Details: The Legend of the creation of a Midnite Choir... It was a crooked little town... loomed like a lynching as it listed an' twisted o'er the ground. Whereon the sinking, stinking streets, amid the treachery and screams, our story begins, as if in a dream... The bad things had come for him. the winged pink midgets were hacking their way through the walls. A slippery, slidy something slithered along the ceiling. A voice... 'they're coming out of my eyes'. a giggle... a scream... geologic tremens... The captain was in bad need of a drink, so he hitched his burden high upon his back and set out through the methane and the mud. stealin' through the mazes and the cracks, he staggered past the swollen faces sprawled in every doorway, lyin' there in moanin' heaps and stacks. But that burden weighed upon him and a burnin' settled in, till he buckled in the alley, (fever in that alley). Wretchin', bloated stench, and he went down into the din... Looking down at bloodstained hands, he tried to piece it all together. What was left of his dream? What was left of him? And looking up he spied a towering steeple of a decrepid old church leanin' high above that crooked little town. And in that moment, a mangled, tremblin' hand reached out and gripped a rope that dangled then tightened and descended, one time down... The bell did toll a single round. A single rolling sound that rolled upon the moonlight, cascading down the moonlight that spilled across the night, and shattered on the ground. With that burden still upon him, the captain lifted himself out of that quagmire and headed for that church. And as he came closer, he heard the song of a choir. bittersweet and lonely, emanating. When he reached the doorstep, he knocked upon the door, and the door opened though there was no one there to greet him. The song of the choir called to him, and so he entered... He beheld the sight before him... And he rejoiced... The scene uncoiled like a dream... the blood, the sex, the soiled screams. the choir drank, the choir sinned, the choir sang his song to him. and

he lay his burden down. As the music in his cup runneth over, and as the wine burned bright inside. They made their way between his legs, and they severed all that he was then. The whiskey helped, and though it burned his skin, he was born again. As a darkness dwelled above his shoulder, he sang their song with them, and it was good. Late into the night, they passed the time away. The choir and the captain, trying, in their way to be free. And so it was, And so it is, And so it shall be

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