

Something Wicked This Way Comes

Redemption

Part I: Arrivals

October's a rare month for boys
When life is simple, pure and sweet
And the foolish youth can overlook
The wolf outside the door

Come hear a tale of Halloween
And one October not long past
Jim Nightshade and Will Halloway
Would never be quite so young anymore

Fury, the seller of lightning rods, foretells the coming storm
The light's on in the library, beneath the black'ning sky
Charles Halloway sits deep inside, surrounded by his books
A serious, lonely and sad old man whose youth has passed him by

And Jim and Will conspire
To ride the carousel
Could set their souls afire
Could send them straight to Hell

Part II: Torments

Far away, but much too close for comfort
Carnival's calliope is playing
Halloway sits in the darkened library
Thinking dark thoughts
Son at home he doesn't really know
Fifty-four years seems so very old
Throws the carnival's ad in the fire
Flames grow higher

Long after midnight, children awake
Journeys await them, chances to take
Run through the streets to the carnival grounds
Hoping to ride the merry-go-round

Three AM is midnight for the soul
Never is a man so close to death
The house of temptation is at hand
Souls are damned

What's the purpose of a life of virtue?
What you don't know certainly can hurt you
Every step he made he second-guessed
Life of regret

Ride's out of order, no one's around
Hardly a whisper, hardly a sound
Thinking that they're alone, but they're not
Gloved hands encircle, now they are caught

Part III: The Carnival

Late that night the boys returned
Watched the carousel spin 'round

Turning old man into young
Bringing darkness to town

Carousel turns and turns
Years can scorch and time can burn
Dark's accomplice, age reversed
Now becomes a boy accursed

Jim and Will stumble in
To this whirling world of sin
Forward spins the carousel
Cooger ages, dies and goes to hell

Mister Dark knows at once
That the boys have seen too much
As they call for the police
He and the witch wait
For their plan to be unleashed

Boys return with the law
Try to tell them what they saw
The witch throws her voice and the old, dead man
Seems to come to life again

The ruse has worked, no one believes the
Tales of what the boys have seen
The witch locks eyes; they fear her most;
She wishes them a "short sad life for both!"

Part IV: Pursuits

Late that night the witch takes to the sky above the town
Searching for the boys who know the secret of the carousel
A black parade of circus freaks, and led by Mister Dark,
Scours every street for the boys to drag them down to hell

The boys have seen too much
And now their death will be their silence
The freaks have caskets fashioned for the little boys who hid
And Mister Dark halts the procession, seeing the librarian,
He asks him who the boys are; fills with rage as the old man lies

Part V: The Autumn People

Late that night inside the town's old library
Circling by arcane and evil books
Scouring them for any hint of knowledge.
Charles, Jim and Will

A father's son who doesn't know his dad
Suddenly he wishes that he had
As he sees that this old lonely man
Could be they the only hope they have

The Carnival has been here many times
Its history is found between the lines
Comes by every forty years or so
Since more than two hundred years ago

They feast upon the sins and fears of men
Promise you just what you want and then
When they're through they'll steal your very soul
Entomb you in their sideshow

And as the church bell rings
They hear the opening door
The boys hide for their lives
As Mister Dark arrives

Part VI: Temptations

Temptation
Tearing at his soul
To take a second chance
To right the wrongs
To live again

No more
Regrets
No more living as a
Man to old to know his son

Resistance
He turns the offer down
Not willing to exchange his soul
For what he wants the most

Mister Dark
Crushes Charles' hand
And tells the witch to give the man
A taste of precious death

(old man) Hear your breathing
(old man) Feel your hurt
(old man) See you're bleeding
(old man) Stop your heart

Part VII: Confrontations

(Halloway) ten lifetimes closer to death
(Somehow) finding the courage to laugh
(Laughter) searing in the witch's face
(Laughter) burning her wicked soul
(Standing), knowing he's beaten her back
(Smiling), knowing the time is now
(Striding) purposefully into the street
(Knowing) that he can save them somehow
(Mister Dark) leads the boys into the streets
(Will to be) made into a toy for freaks
(Nightshade) to be his partner for life
(After the) carnival's over tonight
(Carnival): one last attraction to see
(Shoot the witch): gypsy who cannot die
(Mister Dark) gazes out over the crowd for a
(Volunteer): someone to give it a try

(Halloway) calls out from deep in the crowd
(Mister Dark) cannot believe his eyes
(Halloway) his good hand picks up the gun
(To steady it) he calls for the help of his son

Part VIII: Departures

Far away, trapped in the mirror maze
The whole town calls his name
And Will awakes the spell

The dust witch placed upon his head

Halloway: father and son
Standing as one
As Mister Dark gives them the bullet and
Charles carves into a crescent moon

Mister Dark stares at the bullet
He doesn't yet understand
The meaning of what Charles has done
So he let's the game proceed

But the moon he carved isn't a moon at all
It's his smile the bullet carries
And this totem finds it's way
To the witch's heart

The gun cracks and the
Witch knows this and now is dead!

Chaos spreads, and Charles and Will
Run to the maze to rescue Jim
Charles walks in
Confronted by reflections of a million ancient men
Staring back and making him older
A lifetime full of regrets
A man who never knew his son
A man whose deeds were never done

Halloway rises from
The hall of shattered mirrors
He picks up his son and runs with him
Across the carnival grounds

Nightshade still upon the carousel
Charles and Will help him down
Another boy appears saying
Mister Dark's gone
And the four of us must give chase

Halloway looks at the strange young boy
He sees him for what he is
Mister Dark made younger again by the
Power of the carousel

Charles picks the boy up
Holds him close and feels his hatred
And with grave determination
Lets his heart fill with love
for his life and his son
And returns the boy's hate with this love and it
courses through
Dark's young body
And he withers and dies

As the carnival tents disappears
The three of them spring
laughing back to town
Two boys and one middle-aged man
No longer quite so old as he thought