

Sorcerer

The Mekons

He's a Sorcerer
before your eyes
cast a spell
out of control

miraculous and magical
his world is also demonic
terrifying, swinging wildly
out of control

menacing, destroying
blindly as it moves
they repress both wonder
and dread at what they've made

he's a bourgeois sorcerer
oooh!

in a million factories
department stores and mills and banks
dark powers walk in broad daylight
social forces driven in dreadful directions
whole populations conjured out of the ground

oooh! the abyss is so close to home

there's an angel standing here at the end of this song, his eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread, his face is turned toward the past. Sees what was learned. Where we perceive a chain of events he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage up on wreckage hurling it in front of his feet. This angel here would like to stay and awaken up the dead and make whole what has been smashed apart. But a storm is blowing from paradise. The storm propels him in to the future to which his back is turned while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. The storm is what we call progress.

oooh! the abyss is close to come