

Abney Park, Herr Drosselmeyer's Doll

Herr Drosselmeyer's Doll
There she is on the stage
Spinning as she sprawls
Thank God the curtains fall
Her spring is sprung
And dances done
Spinning as she sprawls
Thank God the curtains fall

In the morning, he twists the key quite hard
And ticking, she's brought to boil
"Releve, my sweet, on point, en garde!"
Her innards twang as they uncoil

Herr Doktor's fingertips trace by
On craquelature from every fall
The daylight made to race right by
With paint and paste and stitch and awl

"Patient, patient, bumblebee,
Soon your audience admire
A shapely arabesque or three
I'll wind you up, you'll never tire."

Starry tutu, sullen moon
A frozen carmine mouth
Twinkles as she jerks and swoons
The lady is ushered out

"Gentlemen, this fallen angel is the illegitimate daughter of art and science. A modern marvel
(winds her up)

And as the sack cloth, sodden, slumps
Beneath these chipped and china limbs
The sour flesh pines, grunts and thumps
"Step right up, boys, tuppence for a spin!"