



MICHAEL MOORCOCK
WITH SPIRITS BURNING

Lyrics for An Alien Heat



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SPIRITS BURNING
& MICHAEL MOORCOCK



This book brings together the lyrics for the
Spirits Burning & Michael Moorcock album
“An Alien Heat.”

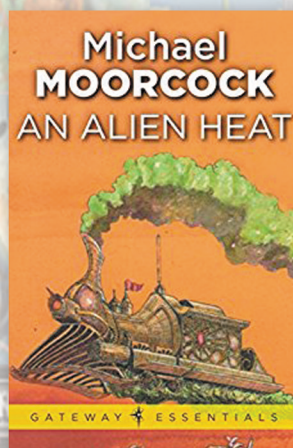
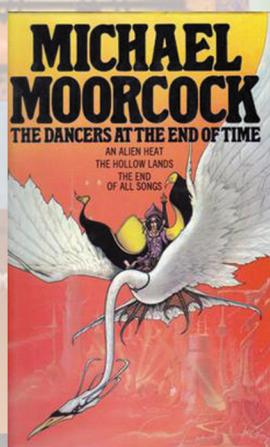
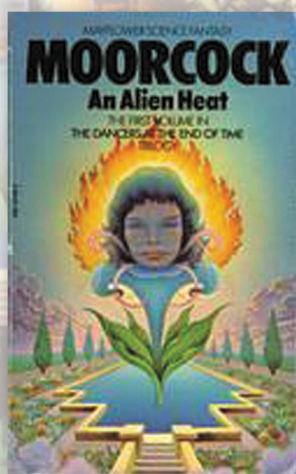
These lyrics were written by Michael Moorcock,
Albert Bouchard, Don Falcone, Mark Barkan,
and Theodore Wratishlaw, as noted.



Michael & Don (photo by Linda Moorcock)



Albert (photo by Lesa O'Connell)



Hothouse Flowers

(Lyrics: Theodore Wratislaw; reworked by A. Bouchard)

I hate the flower of wood or common field.
And I cannot love the primrose, nor regret
The death of any shrinking violet,
Nor even a cultured garden's banal yield.

*I love those flowers reared by man's careful art,
Of heady scents and colors: strong of heart
Or weak that die beneath the touch of a knife,*

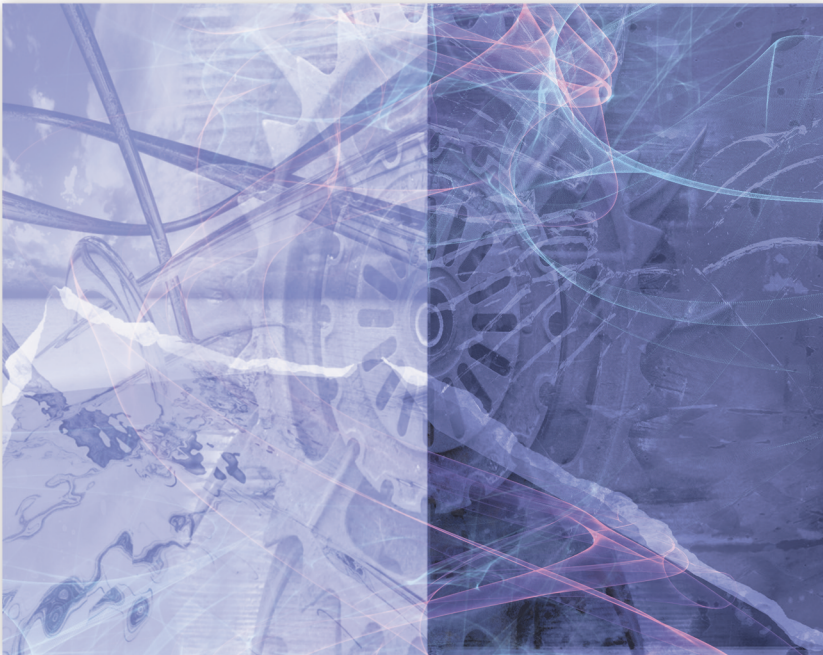
*Some as rich as sin and some as virtue pale,
And some as subtly infamous and frail
As she whose love still eats my soul and life.*

The silver lips of lilies virginal,
The full deep bosom of the enchanted rose
Please less than flowers
glass-hid from frost and snows
For whom an alien heat makes festival.

*I love those flowers reared by man's careful art,
Of heady scents and colors: strong of heart
Or weak that die beneath the touch of a knife,*

*Some as rich as sin and some as virtue pale,
And some as subtly infamous and frail
As she whose love still eats my soul and life.*

...Hothouse flowers...



Geronimo

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Off to Pasadena
Shuffle on to Buffalo
Sweet Iron Orchid...
Geronimo!

"How do you mean my love
Virtuous?"
"I'm not thoroughly sure
I found it in a book once

I should like to try it for awhile
Oh Dearest Iron Orchid
It's supposed to involve self denial
Which means doing
nothing pleasurable"
And the sea sighed

Everybody sings
Carrie Joan, she kept her boiler going
Carrie Joan, she filled it full of wine.
Carrie Joan didn't stop her rowing
She had to get to Brooklyn by quarter
past nine!

They gave him his augurs at Racine-Virginia
Saying steam-up, you're way behind time
It ain't 98, it's old 97
You got to get on down that old
Nantucket line!

"Where do you find these old songs?"
"I came across some platters
Kept in top condition
By a succession of owners"

The sky contained a sunset
Silhouetted purple hills
A herd of bison in lunette
The 7th cavalry thrills...

"The 19th century collection
Contains a large spaceship
They used to travel space
Now no one wants to leave earth's grip

I could time travel and visit
My beloved century
But what could I tell them
That the future will end disappointingly"

"You may see it someday
If you're not too virtuous"

And everybody sings...
Carrie Joan, she kept her boiler going...

"But mother you have grown me
Put me in an incubator
When you were a man
Rare because so few are born
Perhaps that's why I'm drawn
To that past of blood and stone"



Soirée Of Fire

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Soirée of fire...

A few million years ago

Perhaps less

(for time was quite vague in dreams)

There was a province of New York City

A magnificent district called Queens

Liam Ty Pam \$12.51

Caesar Lloyd George Zatopek

Found the site of the original court

And had taken up residence there

Soirée of fire...

He erected a special house for the party

A reproduction of the Great Fire of Africa

Durban, Kilwa-Kivinje, Yola, Timbucktoo

And many other famous cities,

all blazing merrily

Each detailed building

Sculpted from water

Brightly colored as the flames

Among the flames and water

Wandered the early guests

Soirée of fire...

Towers and terraces crumble

As in a blaze and then

Swiftly reform themselves

Before the water fell on anyone

Food and beverage laid about

Mainly the 28th Century African

Locomotive landed outside Smithsmith

Iron Orchid on the footplate

She mutters "Geronimo, sotto voce"

As Jherek begins to circulate

The guests include

"Li Pao

Time traveller from the 27th Century

Mongrove the bitter giant

And Gaf the Horse in Tears

Lord Jagged of Canaria

Werther de Gothe and

As gorilla O'Kala Incarnadine

Plus Mistress Christia

Everlasting Concubine"

High above

Little African flying machines

Begin to bomb the city

Everywhere bright lights burst

And suddenly complete darkness

Soirée of fire...



In The Future

(Lyrics: Falcone, with Moorcock)

When the first page comes alive
A lull or an edge in the time of your life
You get to choose who to love and lose
Whether to beg, steal, or pay the dues

Then the next page turns around
And still, you remain, in your long survive
But will you have
 what your mother weaved
Or will they substitute
 with make believe?

*When you're in the future
You've got to move
Time to time, it's... what you do
When you're in the future
You've got to move
Change for change
 can make things new*

When you're into the future
And into the past
Who has the secret
To make everyone last?

You mix desires, charms, and cheer,
Your freedom is the fashion here
Make virtue and love the thing to try
Before you live, you'll have to die

*When you're in the future
You've got to move
Time to time, it's... what you do
When you're in the future
You've got to move
Change for change
 can make things new*

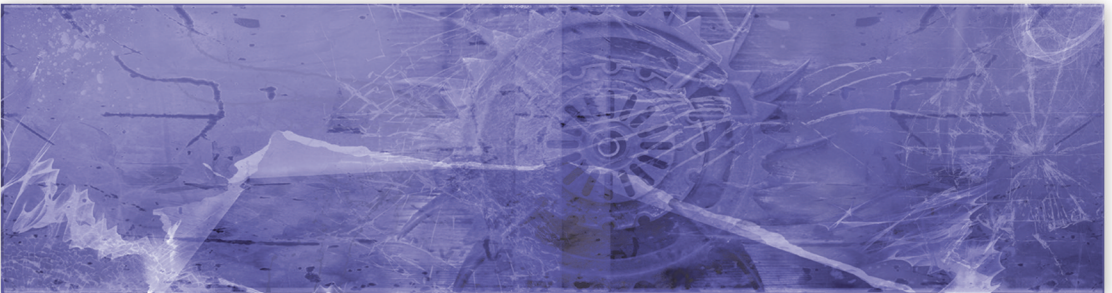
*From the Planet Unions,
the Anarchic States,
the Cool Theocracy, the Dark Green Council,
the Gienic Empire, the Sugar Dictatorship,
the Sonic Assassination Period,
the Time of... the Invisible Mark,
the Rope Girl Age, and the
 Paternalisms Three
the Ship Cultures, Engineer Millennium,
Planet Builders Age, and hundreds more...*

When the final act arrives
It's our moment, to reassess
The lives rearranged,
 the truths unveiled
This dance for a future
 we can exhale

*When you're in the future
You've got to move
Time to time, it's... what you do
When you're in the future
You've got to move
Change for change
 can make things new*

When you're into the future
And into the past
Who has the secret
To make everyone last?

*Fly...
Who has the secret into the past?
 Levitate...
Into the past, to make everyone!
 Fly...
Who has the secret into the past?
 Levitate...
Into the past, to make everyone!*



Doomed

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Waiting at the party
For the festivities to begin
A voice in the dark announces
Tonight Disaster's the theme

When the lights came up
There was an asymmetrical mound
On a dais of transparent steel
A spaceship making a squeaking sound

On the other side was the spaceman
Who came from millions
of light years away
He said his name was Yusharisp
And this is what he came to say

*"Living at the end of time
The universe will undergo
a great change
All suns and planets will be destroyed
Not one atom will remain the same
We are doomed fellow beings
We are doomed"*

"Isn't that amazing?"
Said the Duke of Queens
As the bored guests began
To talk among themselves

The end of the universe delightful
We're all going to die delicious
We must go, Goodbye, Farewell
It's time to leave, too late for us

*There hadn't been such a failure
In at least a thousand years
The party aptly called disaster
It nearly brought the Duke to tears*

*It was almost bound to happen
Sensation piled upon sensation
But rooted in nothing
No artistic conception*

"We are living at the end of time..."

The lady decided she wanted an alien
And froze him as he readied to leave
She didn't have a round space traveler
To complete her menagerie

And suddenly a stranger stood there
A woman from the Nineteenth century
Outraged at the treatment
of the creature
The space traveler had a right to liberty

But the people misunderstood her
Thought she wanted it for herself
When someone tried to ask her
She slapped him hard on the cheek

Not knowing how to respond
They all watched her stalk away
And asked the Duke who she was
"Perhaps a maverick"
was all he could say

"Living at the end of time..."



Fall In Love

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

I looked for her everywhere
The party was almost done
She must have left with her Lord
or gone of her own volition

I boarded my locomotive
I felt a hesitation
She may be gone forever
But if she has gone, she has gone

*I shall fall in love with her
Yes in love
I shall fall in love with her
Love, love, love, love*

"Sleeping my dear?" said Lord Jag
I was so pleased to see him
He was diverted, then deserted
Our friends nowhere to be seen

He did see the time traveller
But she went with my rival, it seems
And maybe I could trade for her
She of my passionate dreams

*I shall fall in love with her...
Yes in love
I shall fall in love with her
Love, love, love, love*

Doomed, desired, deceived, and debunked
Determined, destructive, and destiny's fool
Laudable, literal, and last of the lovers
Until the dawn when passions can cool

But those created by their friends
Or who came to life full grown
Could only try to understand
The need to love of the born

I got carried away last night
But I was persuaded today
To go, to pursue her, to play to win
A prince of the planets would say

If mankind has any purpose at all
It has found fulfillment in us
We can be happy, indulge any fancy
Or bathe in misery by choice

*I shall fall in love with her...
Yes in love
I shall fall in love with her
Love, love, love, love*



Any Particular Interest

(Lyrics: Moorcock)

*The Human House is the largest
in the menagerie...*

*Neandrathal Man, Piltdown man,
Religious Man, and Scientific Man*

*"I have here... men and women of
virtually every major period
in our history"*

*"Have you, my friends,
any particular interest?"*

*...the most marvellous Celtic Twilight...
the prehistoric Greek Golden Age,
The British Renaissance,
the Imperial American Confederation*

*"Have you, my friends,
any particular interest?"*

Dark Dominion

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

*"The very best of us," said the Lord
As they travelled to the dark domain
They sailed through skies of every hue
Until that pall of snow and rain*

*The sun never shone through those
dark clouds
The giant only loved light so dim
Always lived in the usual place
Except that brief Hell-making whim*

*Rain fell upon the cobblestones
Somewhere a sad bell tolled and tolled
Suspicious giant barely let them in
But to feed the agony of his soul*

*Doom, doom, doom...
Dark, damnation, defection
Doom, doom, doom...
Dark dominion!*

*He admitted he coveted the alien
Wanted it for his menagerie
And above all his misery
To be taken seriously*



*After lunch of the inedible
The giant said the collections await
The first building contained diseases
The second held beings that change shape*

*The human house was the next one
Held the peoples from every age
When they saw the time traveller
At last they were face to face*

Doom, doom, doom...

*"And here's the latest addition"
As the giant so proudly said
She was glaring red with rage
He expected her to soften instead*

*The visitor spoke words of concern
But the lady firmly replied "You're
Depraved, corrupt, and abominable
I'm now convinced that I have died*

*And I'm in a more horrible Hell
That no man could offer counter claims"
So the giant politely asked her
"How hot would you like the flames?"*

Doom, doom, doom...

Seven Finger Solution

(Lyrics: Mark Barkan)

Jherek and the giant
Need to make a trade
Jherek wants Amelia
And the giant, Yusharisp

Lady Charlolina
Has Yusharisp
In her collection
That's the problem
They have to solve

But the giant is suspicious
So Jherek and Lord Jagged
Flatter the giant
Concerning his menagerie

When they assure him
To make the trade
The giant is convinced
And they leave...

Now Jherek and Jagged
Must steal Yusharisp
But they don't know how
So they seek the council
Of the Iron Orchid

And they find her on a checkered plain
And Jherek sings the praises
Of Mrs. Amelia Underwood...

The Iron Orchid's solution is
To make a party for the Lady
And find a way to steal
Yusharisp when they get the chance

Lord Jagged and Jherek
Agree this will be the plan
"We will steal the alien
We will steal the alien. Yeah!"



To Steal A Space Traveller

(Lyrics: M. Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Air car hovers
Above Lake Billy the Kid
Most ancient landmark
A Lady lives up under its bed

To steal a space traveller...
mmm... mmm...
To steal a space traveller
To steal...

Below the Lake
The revels in full swing
A hundred closest friends
Noisy chaotic partying

Jherek has no trouble
He slips away from the fray
To Lady Charlottina's caverns
And finds Yusharisp straight away

To steal a space traveller...

Jherek tells him he liked his speech
At the party the other day
The space traveller is confused
His speech a warning meant to sway

To steal a space traveller...

Thinking quickly
Jherek says he meant refreshing
The spaceman repeats his message
Jherek offers to secure his escape

As they leave they catch the eye
Of Lady Charlottina – undressed
Floating in her force hammock
Having sex with the last scientist

"Who is that with you," she asks
Jherek says "My new specimen
He is a time traveller
From long ago, a Piltdown Man"
(from long ago)

Now there comes explanations
When he arrived and how he speaks
What he knows and how he got here
What kind of time machine



Yusharisp has had enough
He scampers to the tunnel
Leading away from the cavern
Jherek running...

To steal a space traveller...

Shooting through the sky
Dragging Yusharisp
Into the locomotive
To the giant and quick

"Stop," the Lady cried
"Stop thief"

Jherek feels his knees grow weak
On a wave most exquisite

"Will there be trouble?" says Yusharisp
Jherek answers, "Yes, I think so"
"Why do you do this for me?"
"For Love"

"For greater (skree skree skree) love,
as we (roar)
Say on our planet, hath (skree skree)
No man's (skree) ryof, chio, lar, oof"
"It must be untranslatable"

"Stop, stop, stop... stop thief"

Virtue & Mrs.
Amelia Underwood
(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Almost everyone was happy
The giant fascinated by Yusharisp
The alien thought he could go free
Mrs. Underwood and Jherek
could have their tryst

While she slept, he prepared her room
Dressed himself completely in white
Created colorful clothes for her
And selected music of Charles Ives

In the morning, he politely stomped
upon her door
But she told him she'd be happy
if he went away
When he asked how she liked her breakfast
Her tone was mocking and a little strained

"I've never been overfond of raw meat, sir
And whisky isn't my favorite breakfast drink"
He said, "Perhaps the customs of your
world are different
Anything you want, I just touch my red ring"

And now Mrs. Underwood may I come in?"
She said, "You're the jailer here,
do as you please
Though you have abducted me
and you have my body
I guarantee you shall not have my soul"

Virtue, Virtue, Virtue

He barely heard her as he drank in
her beauty
He offered her chocolate and
beautiful garments
She kicked them away and said,
"These are not suitable
For a well-bred lady, you must be
thoughtless"

At this point, he declared his love for her
She began to realize the misunderstanding
She was just a common housewife
And not another kind of woman

He was getting frustrated with her
misreading him
Determined to try again he said,
"I want to make love to you
Does that mean nothing?"

"There is such a thing as
Christian marriage Mr. Carnelian,
Such love you speak of
is sanctioned by society
Only if the two people involved
are married
If you want to learn,
I shall not stand in your way"

Virtue, Virtue, Virtue

"I have lived in India and visited Africa
There are few places in the Empire
I haven't seen
My father was a missionary
teaching Christian virtues
Therefore..."

"Virtue, virtue, that is it
Will you teach me virtue
Mrs. Underwood?"
"Virtue, virtue"
She sighed, "How can a
good Christian refuse?"

Virtue...
(*Virtue, that is it!*)

Mrs. Amelia Underwood...

Learning The Art

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Learning the art
Of riding a bicycle
A pleasant time, together

Singing old songs
With the harmonium
Drakes Drum and
There'll Always Be An England

Desire to go back
To lovers immortal
Without a time machine
Technically impossible

"Reconcile yourself
You must spend eternity
Mrs. Amelia Underwood
Spend it here with me
And as for virtue
Tell me tales of chivalry
About Sir Percival
In ruby, gold, and ebony"

She thinks for a moment
What freedom might mean
Freedom from fear, from care
From harsher emotion
Questioning the wisdom
Of teaching virtue
With Satan not evident
A holiday for the human race

"But you are unhappy
Mr. Carnelian
Never seen you that way

We must cheer you
A good brisk walk has
A palliative effect...
I'll get my hat"

Awkwardly in his arms
She does not resist
Lips touch in a kiss

Ecstasy never known
Her trembling precious form
"My own dear Jherek"

And then, She's gone

"Mrs. Amelia Underwood!"
"Mrs. Amelia Underwood!"

Back To 1896

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

Jherek suspected the lady
Had her revenge on him
So he went to see his mother
To see what happened

She said
"Oh, Oh, The great Jherek
Has been brought so low, yeah...
Oh, Oh, The house of Carnelian
In ruins, Oh, Oh

What can you do Jherek?
You are damned and on the wane
Fate has singled you out
As it has me, for a life of pain

There's no solution, no escape
You've been granted ecstasy
But so brief, that you might suffer
All the more exquisitely "
(suffer exquisitely)

He asked what
Lady Charlolina planned
"Not sure," was her answer
Only that she granted
Mrs. Underwood's heart's desire
(Her heart's desire)

"Is this not what you wanted
I seem to recall some plan
You courted disaster
When you courted that woman"

He said "I am thoroughly in love
My passion rules me
I am totally in love
This is no longer a game"

She said "Do not struggle against your destiny
Shake not your fist at uncompromising luck
Plead not for mercy from the Norns
For they are blind and deaf, Jherek"
(Deaf, dumb, and blind)

And so he went to Lady Charlolina
Pleaded she expose Mrs. Underwood's fix
And she revealed that she had sent her
Back to Bromley, Kent in 1896

"I must pursue her
Across a million years if be
And bring her back
You must help me
Oh, won't you please send me"

"Back to 1896, send me..."



Quest For Bromley

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard)

A sphere full of milky fluid
Small and battered, old and used
Scorch marks on metallic sides
Traveller floats in a rubber suit

Jherek gingerly touches
Pitted metal, cracks welded over
The inventor speaks: "This machine
It's as safe as any other"

"You are a martyr Jherek"
Lady Charlolina sighs
"You may perish in the service
Of temporal exploration"

"You'll be remembered a hero
Crucified tempestuous time traveller
A Casanova of the Chrononauts
Upon the cross of time"

In his right hand she presses
A translation pill
In his left
A crushed rose of bluish-green

"Speed through the hours my Horus
Through the days and months and centuries"

"As Hitler sped to Eva
As Oscar sped to Bosie ('boysie')
On, on, I am moved, I am entranced
Like Von Beck when he touched
The Holey Pale
I am faint with rapture"

The instruments float in the fluid
A dial comes to life, red and green
Then two more, blue and yellow
Faster faster white lights flashing

And then a gurgling noise
Liquid becoming darker

He feels pain, and tries to scream
He's on his way
He passes out



Thank You For The Fog

(Lyrics: Falcone, with Moorcock)

Thank you for the cold air blowing
(through the time machine's ruptured wall)
Thank you for the darkness (beyond the crack)
Thank you for the hard
man-made surface (at the water's edge)
Thank you for the flight
(steps leading through the mist)

Thank you for the dim... light
Thank you for the fog
Thank you for the gas lamp
Thank you for the river Thames

Thank you for the alley
(it leads to shops and homes with treasures)
And the more intense light ahead
Thank you for human... figures
Thank you for the black beast
emerging from the fog

4, 3, 2, 1
"A horse," he cried, "It is a horse!"
He had often made his own, but not an original
He heard a shout, so he shouted back,
cheering and waving his arms

The horse, he drew, so picture this!
A tall black carriage and a man with a whip...
He was shouting

And the Horse stood on its hind legs, Waving
Then a strike to his head made him... Fall down
As the horse and carriage clattered past...
and Disappeared into the fog

Do you know what happened to me?
After taking a translation pill

"Swore he was a foreigner"
Said the first to give their take
"You was knocked darn by an 'ansom
You waved and made it rear up, didn't you?"

Now I know what happened to me
After the painted lady helped me up

"That's all right lovey
'Ad one too many myself... I reckon"

A kind snoozer calls me a lord
Then dresses me up for a trip
To room and board with a
view of the river
(Thank you for the river)

Two travelling bags, he unpacks
in our room
loaded, all loaded, with empty bags
Lights go out and he disappears
Returning until each bag is full

Snoozer says it is swag
And do not call me snoozer!

Do you know what happened to me?
After smiling, and the bill was paid

A boy appears to help us
Takes our load to a carriage
I say "thank you" and tell him
They're "full of Snoozer's swag" (yeah)

Now I know what happened to me
After someone says "I've been robbed!"

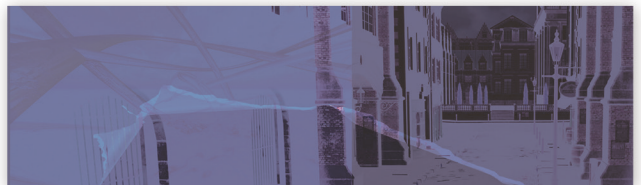
And here comes a bang!
And Snoozer's shot brings one officer down

Thank you for the cold air blowing
(through the getaway's moving path)
Thank you for the carriage
(beyond the chase)
Thank you for the little candles burning
(in houses flying by)
Thank you for the flight
(steps leading through the mist)

Thank you for the hideaway
and nothingness
Thank you for the fog
Thank you for teaching me the rhythm
Of fear

Thank you for the noises, one morning
(they seem to be making for me)
Thank you for the strong grip
on my shoulder
Thank you for leading me
(to your paddy wagon)
Thank you for the relief
(of leaving this prison, this misery,
this past)

"Don't thank me, lad,
They'll 'ang you for this one"



Old Friends With New Faces

(Lyrics: Falcone, with Moorcock)

You've changed man
You're not the same
As the god I knew
At the end of time

You're a changed man,
Dressed in black
With a gavel and a wig
That anyone could dig

I've got another man
Also in black,
It must be a fad
When the things go bad.

And he says...
"I've got a new dead friend
Plus one invisible one
So sad, it seems
He's the dead friend's dad"

In-sanity
Your lie for me

You've changed Lord Jag
You've got a new name
And your body language
Is a foreign tongue

But our lady is here
And you are here

With two old friends
We can go back

What's that she says?
"It's all right now"

What's that she says?
"They will not believe the truth"

What's that she says?
"No one would"

What's that she writes?
"I do love you"

*I'm a changed man
I might not be
the dancer I was
At the end of time
I'm a changed man
I might not be
the dancer I was...*

*I've got old friends in high places
I've got old friends with new faces
I've got old friends up in heaven
I've got old friends down in hell*

"I'm on a wooden rig, a primitive time
machine... I've got a hood over my head,
and I'm ready to travel in time...
they just want me to hang, and I,
I just want to move..."

*I've got old friends in high places
I've got old friends with new faces
I've got old friends up in heaven
I've got old friends down in hell*



About The Lyricists

Michael Moorcock is an English writer, primarily of science fiction and fantasy, who has also published literary novels. He is best known for his novels about the character Elric of Melniboné, and two stints as the editor of *New Worlds Magazine*, which fostered the development of the science fiction “New Wave” in the UK and indirectly in the United States. Central to many of his fantasy novels, and starting in 1962, is the concept of an “Eternal Champion,” who has potentially multiple identities across multiple dimensions of reality and alternative universes. This cosmology is called the “Multiverse,” and includes the characters in “The Dancers At The End Of Time” trilogy.

As a musician, he fronts the band Michael Moorcock & The Deep Fix, which has released the albums “The Terminal Café,” “New Worlds Fair,” and “The Entropy Tango & Gloriana Demo Sessions.” Additionally, he has collaborated with the British rock band Hawkwind, solo artist Robert Calvert, American band Blue Öyster Cult, and global ensemble Spirits Burning.

Don Falcone is an American producer and musician (keyboards, bass, and vocals), and sometimes poet. He captains Spirits Burning, which is primarily a studio project, and has included over 295 musicians on 23 albums. Spirits Burning also did two live performances as a septet in the UK in 2017, one of which was captured on the “Live at Kozfest” album. This incarnation of the band included Falcone on keys and vocals, and featured Hawkwind family members Bridget Wishart, Richard Chadwick, and Steve Bemand.

Falcone has performed with numerous independent ensembles, including Spaceship Eyes (his solo project), instrumental and ambient projects (Astralfish, Grindlestone, Spice Barons, and Thessalonians), and prog/space bands (Melting Euphoria, Fireclan, and Trap).

Falcone’s memoir, “One Of The Spirits Burning,” includes the story of his collaborations with Moorcock and Bouchard on the “Dancers” sequence of albums, as well as his role as producer for the Michael Moorcock & The Deep Fix album “Live At The Terminal Café.”

Albert Bouchard is an American drummer, guitarist, singer, and songwriter. He was a founding member and drummer of the American hard rock band Blue Öyster Cult.

He currently plays with The Dictators and has released four solo albums celebrating the “Imaginos” mythos of producer Sandy Pearlman. He has also performed with his brother Joe in the Bouchard Brothers, and Blue Coupe (which includes Dennis Dunaway from Alice Cooper). Bouchard has been honored in person by President Obama for his teaching service, had a book by J.K. Rowling named after “Career of Evil” (a song he co-wrote with Patti Smith), has been nominated for several Grammys, and has reunited with his old bandmates in BÖC for select gigs.

Albert uses DW drums with Evans drumheads, Zildjian cymbals, and ProMark sticks, and bangs & shakes Latin Percussion.

Mark Barkan was an American songwriter and record producer. He was also a musical director for the television show “The Banana Splits Adventure Hour.”

He wrote hit singles for Lesley Gore, Manfred Mann, and Connie Frances, as well as “The Tra La LA Song (One Banana, Two Banana),” which entered the Billboard Hot 100 chart in 1969. He and Ritchie Adams co-wrote songs for The Archies, The Monkees, and the 1970 sci-fi musical “Toomorrow,” which starred Oliva Newton-John.

Theodore William Graf Wratishaw (1871–1933) was a British poet and civil servant. The poem “Hothouse Flowers” was included in the collection of poetry titled “Orchids,” which was published in 1896, and later reprinted with another of his collections (“Caprices”), in a single volume format, under the title “Caprices and Orchids.”

SPIRITS BURNING & MICHAEL MOORCOCK

An Alien Heat

An Alien Heat at the End of a Multiverse

re-imagined by Don Falcone, Albert Bouchard, & Michael Moorcock

with Blue Öyster Cult family members Joe Bouchard,
Richie Castellano, & Donald “Buck Dharma” Roeser

Hawkwind family members Harvey Bainbridge, Adrian Shaw,
Mick Slattery, & Bridget Wishart

plus Andy Dalby (Arthur Brown’s Kingdom Come),
Monty Oxymoron (The Damned),
Ken Pustelnik (The Groundhogs),
Jonathan Segel (Camper Van Beethoven),
Andy Shernoff (The Dictators),
Lux Vibratus (Nektar),
Steve York (Arthur Brown)
and more...

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spiritsburning.com

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Hothouse Flowers

(Lyrics: Wratishlaw, reworked by A. Bouchard;
Music: Falcone & A. Bouchard, with Avery,
Castellano, Moorcock, Roeser, Tiburcio,
Vibratus)

Ryan Avery: Violin
Albert Bouchard: Drums, Cowbell, Shakers,
Tambourine, End Vocals, Acoustic Guitars
Richie Castellano: Guitar
Don Falcone: Piano, Synths, E-Percussion
Michael Moorcock: End Vocals
Donald "Buck Dharma" Roeser: Lead Vocals
Vicente Tiburcio: End Lead Guitar
Lux Vibratus: Bass Guitar

[From the 'Dancers At The End Of Time' trilogy prologue: 'The cycle of our Earth (indeed, our universe, if the truth be known) was near its end. Its inhabitants knew immortality and infinite power. Our story is about an event concerning one of these, much to his own astonishment... It is probably the last story in the annals of the human race. As it happens the tale is not dissimilar to what many believe is the first... the story of Jherek Carnelian, who did not know the meaning of morality, and Mrs. Amelia Underwood, who knew everything about it.']

Geronimo

(Lyrics: Moorcock, A. Bouchard);
Music: Falcone, with A. Bouchard,
Moorcock, Oxymoron, Segel, Shaw, Slattery)

Albert Bouchard: Drums, Banjo,
Lead & Backing Vocals
Don Falcone: Piano, Organ, E-Percussion
Michael Moorcock: "Geronimo" &
Backing Vocals, Harmonica
Monty Oxymoron: Conga, Shaker,
Cajon, Locomotive
Jonathan Segel: Violins
Adrian Shaw: Bass Guitar
Mick Slattery: Guitars

[The Scene: Jherek has a passion for the 19th century, has studied its history and language. Some of it mystifies him as he reveals to his mother, The Iron Orchid, during a picnic... They discuss the word 'virtue'. Afterwards, they go to a theme party, flying there in his locomotive.]

Soirée Of Fire

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard;
Music: Erickson, with A. Bouchard, Falcone,
Moorcock, Nacchio, Oxymoron, Wishart)

Albert Bouchard: Choir
Doug Erickson: Acoustic Guitars
Don Falcone: Distorted Synth, Mellotron,
Samples (Seaplane Docking, Greek Beats)
Michael Moorcock: Choir, Harmonica
Ann Marie Nacchio: Lead Vocals
Monty Oxymoron: Cajon, Shaker, Frying Pan
Bridget Wishart EWI (Bells, English Horn, Crash)

[The Scene: The Duke of Queens hosts a party, the theme 'The Great Fire of Africa.']

In The Future

(Lyrics: Falcone & Moorcock;
Music: Falcone, with J. Adams, A. Bouchard,
Castellano, Moorcock, Pustelnik,
Vibratus). This song includes original
music from the Falcone song "In The Movies."

Jsun Atoms: Lead Vocals
Albert Bouchard: Backing Vocals
Richie Castellano: Guitar
Don Falcone: Piano, Clavinet,
E-Percussion (Maracas, Claves, Boom)
Michael Moorcock: Chorus Vocals
Ken Pustelnik: Drums
Lux Vibratus: Bass Guitar

[The Scene: The Dancers at the end of time live as gods. They have 'power rings' to create anything they desire. They celebrate the far-gone past with parties re-creating that mythical time. Being immortal, they use memories of the dead in their masques and parties.]

Doomed

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with additions by A. Bouchard; Music: A. Bouchard, with Falcone, Moorcock, Segel)

Albert Bouchard: Guitars, Bass Guitar,
Drums, Tambourine, Lead Vocals
Don Falcone: Organs, Synths
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals
Jonathan Segel: Violins'

[The Scene: At the 'The Great Fire of Africa' theme party, an alien space traveller, Yusharisp, arrives and warns the guests that their world will soon end. Lady Charlolina casually adds him to her menagerie. A woman transported from 19th century Victorian England is also present. Her name is Mrs. Amelia Underwood.]

Fall In Love

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with additions by A. Bouchard; Music: A. Bouchard, with Falcone, Fleming, Moorcock)

Albert Bouchard: Acoustic Guitar,
Electric Guitars, Bass, Piano,
Drums, Backing Vocals
Don Falcone: Organs, Synths
Don Fleming: Lead & Backing Vocals
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals

[The Scene: Jherek decides to pursue the idea of 'love' with Mrs. Amelia Underwood.]

Any Particular Interest

(Lyrics: Moorcock; Music: Falcone, with J. Adams, Castellano, Fry, Moorcock, Pustelnik, Vibratus)

Jsun Atoms: Lead Vocals
Richie Castellano: Guitar
Don Falcone: Piano, Clavinet,
E-Percussion (Maracas, Claves, Boom)
Craig Fry: Violin (Col Legno Battuto & Bowed)
Michael Moorcock: Harmonica
Ken Pustelnik: Drums
Lux Vibratus: Bass Guitar

[The Scene: The inhabitants of this future have menageries showcasing beings from various worlds and eras of Earth's history]

Dark Dominion

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with additions by A. Bouchard; Music: A. Bouchard, with Falcone, Moorcock, Shernoff)

Albert Bouchard: Guitars, Basses, Synths,
Percussion, Bells, Backing Vocals
Don Falcone: Mellotron, Synth Horns,
Spaceships (Effected E-Bow Bass Guitar)
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals
Andy Shernoff: Lead Vocals

[The Scene: Mrs. Amelia Underwood has become part of Mongrove the giant's menagerie.]



Seven Finger Solution

(Lyrics: Mark Barkan; Music: Falcone, with Barkan, A. Bouchard, J. Bouchard, Dalby, Gold-Molina, Verdeaux)

Albert Bouchard: Backing Vocals
Joe Bouchard: Lead Vocals
Andy Dalby: Guitars, Bass Guitar, Drums
Don Falcone: Electric Piano
Cyrille Verdeaux: Strings, Synth Flutes

[The Scene: When Jherek expresses an interest in Amelia, Mongrove the giant agrees to trade Amelia for Yusharisp, the space traveller whom Jherek must steal from Lady Charlottina's menagerie.]

To Steal A Space Traveller

(Lyrics: Moorcock, A. Bouchard;
Music: Bainbridge, A. Bouchard, J. Bouchard, Falcone, McKella, Moorcock, Pustelnik, Shaw)

Albert Bouchard: Chorus Vocals, Backing Vocals, "Stop Thief"
Joe Bouchard: Lead Vocals
Harvey Bainbridge: Synths (Wind, Machines, Arpeggiators)
Don Falcone: Chorus Vocals, Keyboards (Lead Synths, Pads, Acoustic Guitar), Electronic Percussion,
Greg McKella: Guitars
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals
Ken Pustelnik: Drums
Adrian Shaw: Bass Guitar

[The Scene: Jherek steals Yusharisp and trades him for Mrs. Underwood.]

Virtue & Mrs.

Amelia Underwood

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard;
Music: Bouchard, with Falcone, Moorcock, Wishart)

Albert Bouchard: Virtue Electric Guitar, Bass Guitar, Drums, & Vocals;
Mrs. A. U. Piano & Vocals
Don Falcone: Virtue Rhythm Piano, Clean & Distorted String Ensembles, Celeste, & Organ
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals
Bridget Wishart: Mrs. A. U. EWI (Violin & Bassoon)

[The Scene: Initially repulsed by the inhabitants' lack of morality and their 'debauchery', Amelia decides to teach Jherek virtue and self-denial.]

Learning The Art

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard;
Music: Erickson, with Avery, A. Bouchard, Falcone, Shropshire, Willey, York)

Ryan Avery: Violins
Albert Bouchard: Lead Vocals, Drums
Doug Erickson: Acoustic Guitars
Don Falcone: Piano, Electronic Percussion
Craig Shropshire: Udu, Kanjira
Dave Willey: Accordion
Steve York: Bass Guitar

[The Scene: Amelia begins to soften towards Jherek.]



Back To 1896

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with additions by A Bouchard; Music: A. Bouchard, with Erickson, Falcone, Moorcock)

Albert Bouchard: Lead & Backing Vocals,
Guitars, Bass, Electronic Percussion
Doug Erickson: Lead & Rhythm Guitar
Don Falcone: Piano, Organ, Synth
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals

[The Scene: Jherek learns that Lady Charlotina, in revenge, has granted Amelia her heart's desire by returning her to her own time.]

Quest For Bromley

(Lyrics: Moorcock, with A. Bouchard;
Music: Erickson, with A. Bouchard, Castellano, Falcone, Nacchio, Oxymoron, Shropshire, Wishart)

Albert Bouchard: Additional End Vocals
Doug Erickson: Acoustic &
Electric Guitars
Richie Castellano: Vocals
Don Falcone: Synths, Pianos,
Samples (Greek Beats)
Ann Marie Nacchio: Vocals
Monty Oxymoron: Cajon, Shaker,
Frying Pan
Craig Shropshire: Udu
Bridget Wishart: EWI (Choir, Bells)

[The Scene: Jherek uses a time machine to follow Amelia back to 1896 England.]

Thank You For The Fog

(Lyrics: Falcone & Moorcock;
Music: Falcone, with A. Bouchard, Dalby, Moorcock)

Albert Bouchard: Drums, Bass Guitar,
Backing Vocals
Andy Dalby: Guitars
Don Falcone: Lead & Backing Vocals,
Organ, Piano, Samples (Ethnic Drums)
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals

[The Scene: 19th century London. Jherek, naive about the period's realities, is tricked by a local thief (Snoozier Vine), into becoming an accomplice to a crime. Jherek is arrested, jailed, and sentenced to death by hanging.]

Old Friends With New Faces

(Lyrics: Falcone, with Moorcock;
Music: Erickson, with A. Bouchard, Falcone, Moorcock, Sears, Shropshire, York)

Albert Bouchard: Lead & Backing Vocals,
Electric Guitars, Electronic Drums
Doug Erickson: Acoustic Guitars
Don Falcone: Synths, Piano, Organ,
"I'm on a wooden rig..." Vocals
Michael Moorcock: Backing Vocals
Paul Sears: Acoustic Drums
Craig Shropshire: Phased Udu
Steve York: Bass Guitar

[The Scene: To Jherek's surprise, the judge appears to be a friend. Amelia and a priest visit him in jail. As an immortal, Jherek does not understand everyone's concern.

(Jherek is hanged and awakens in his own time.)]



