

## **Fatima Mansions**

### **"C^7/Breakfast With Bandog"**

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I just survive any way I can  
No guru, no method, no pension plan  
Your luck's just as plain as I'm not paying attention  
I'm gonna take her with me in my satanic stretcher

They call me the [...] to Islam's plan  
I am! I fucking am!  
and now you say I'm a reprobate, well that's okay  
but you wouldn't if I, say, got paid  
They said you really should come with me  
to [...] and [...?]

And now they call me the [...?]  
That's me!....

On Christmas Day the sky is full  
Babies wail through the wafer wall

We penetrate a steepless face  
Lies now in who know's flat  
This is the one possible mystic act

Breakfast with Bandog  
Morning coffee with [Khali? Collie?]  
Golden gutters where we can beg  
You run to the cupboard  
with your hacknail and drown  
Wish me dead

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