

Fionn Regan

"Anglers Curse"

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There's a wench out in the desert
Circled therein a black helicopter
Clothed in a blanket of [Incomprehensible]
Our suspicions were forever cemented

Save the mayfly and drown the horsefly
Follow the prince from a donkey's hooves
Climb through the mirror

There's a glass tunnel in the wasteland
Seen it in a picture book that shattered my solar plexus
Our sense of "Wonder whys?" forever
fragmented

Save the mayfly and drown the horse fly
Follow the prince from a donkey's hooves
Climb through the mirror

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