

Harper Roy "Liquorice Alltime"

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Slime filth bildge and alienation live in the world
experience non-event
Non-live own up to nighting except poodles in the
microwave oven and pillocks
On the Phillips TV; bare of any meaningful pith bereft of
any reason or raisin
Puking in the back alleys of beaten up arms dealers
vocal chords
Place in our time chips in our alcohol prannies in our
way
Place in our time
Place in our time
Liquorice alltime
Stream of shit conciousness drunken heretic in an
afternoon of tragic
Sunsets and foggy mornings, tragedy eyebrows, the
rivers run with blood
From my ears like an electric mistress at point blank
through the frontal
Lobes and back onto the dole and into the scratching
paupers grave of daily
Drudge in the Thatcherdom of discontent and the
greater Galtieri of
Disappearance and gall bladder melt down
Place in our time

Place in our time
Liquorice alltime
Dehydration. Bleeding mothers with totally infinitely
traumatised human
Sausages in the greater green pea soup of azure
weather maps and bullshit
Representation of Jack Frost God me stood at the bar
sober as a Newton's
Apple falling through transcending universes of seven
dimensions looking
For eight in the greedy onslaught for knowledge and
total disregard for
Anything past future including history
Falling, we're falling, take me home my lovely to your
first time bed and
Let me lie with you until they bury us in liquorice

alltime, come my love we
Face togetherness in the tragedy of all time
Liquorice alltime

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