

Legendary Pink Dots "Espresso Noir"

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Crushed in the corridor, swimming in smoke. Broken
leg, aching head -
tried polite conversation in braille. Broken French.
Though my friend
chews his garlic, he's dead from his head to his
sandles. I tear at the
handle and we came to a shuddering stop and we
topple like dominoes,
swallowed the hot tide of bread crumbs and cheap
wine... The cavalry dived
into action with batons... knives... they gave me a fine,
ripped the shirt
off my back, threw my case on the tracks - saw it
smashed to a fragmented
mess by the midnight express from Atlantis. OO-OO. A
manifestation of pure
liquid light. Never stops at the stations, it flies
overnight as we crawl
in a circle. The sinks overflow. All the windows are
enclosed and the

ape on my shoulder's overdosed. He rattles a can for
some change then he
rolls around, over in pain and wraps his legs around
my ankles. I try to
complain... All I want is a coffee and GET OFF THIS
TRAIN! OO-OO.

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