

## **Legendary Pink Dots "The Death Of Jack The Ripper"**

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She could smell his fear like black piss river; like  
knotted balls of woad rolling in the smouldering  
ruins of an abbatoir. Like suicide in Menstrual Lake.  
Like the open graves of Hell. She could smell in as  
she gripped the knife and held it to his neck.  
She could smell his fear as cries for help grew  
wings and trickled neatly into garbage cans. As 16  
crippled hands fumbled with his zip. Twisted. Ate him  
slowly . . . kissed him quick. The scarlet ghosts would  
flinch--a glimpse of stocking! Shock the Red Night blue

and clean away the mess cos Jack is dead. JACK  
IS DEAD!! (And nobody knew)

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