

Pulnoc

"Styloroc"

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After many weeks in the wilderness we came upon a
strange, exotic land.
A land of happy hours,
Where the sky is always grey and the food
exceptionally greasy.
We drank strange brown liquids,
And our stomachs swelled up like balloons.
A thousand fake orgasms every night
Behind thick dralon curtains.
They go on and on and on and on.
We sank back into mauve p.v.c. sofas.
Outside dogs roamed the streets
And the rooftops glistened in the rain
But now we've grown so fat we can no longer pass
through the door.
So stay we must,
Sprouting black hair beneath bri-nylon underwear.
Yes, here we will stay
These nights of suburbia go on and on and on and on
and on.

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