

Pulp

"The Will To Power"

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Walking from the scene of some humiliation feeling
like a dog.
Walking from the scene of some romantic triumph
feeling like God.
Walk towards the small town lights, felt brighter than
the lot of them
Can have anything, can never fail.
The will to power, the force of destiny and efficiency.
Generations glimpse the high pitch, play it for real,
four billion spectators look on;
Judging, analysing, losing; sinking, swimming, striving,
longing, failing.
Weak flesh projected through Europe on speed of all
the needs;
Suck and sate, forces of fate.
A polemic, a sharp cutter, a fashion, a spirit, a
simplicity.
The only choice, the only voice, in the darkness.
The only choice, the only voice.
1933, where are you now? Where are the broken
bottles?
Where's the toffs slumming it?

Where's the fanaticism? Where's truth and beauty?
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the lot of them
Can have anything, can never fail.
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Where's truth and beauty? ...

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