

Pigface "The Breakfast Conspiracy"

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gonna tell you a story; some kind of a breakfast conspiracy

breakfast in bed, sir?

breakfast in bed, sir?

ah, no thanks, not today

in fact, I'd far rather be sitting in a distinctly upright position

so that I may at least have the ghost of a chance to digest

what I don't mind telling you- is completely inedible slop

lovingly and habitually prepared and served by

the thugs and vagabonds who are the so-called staff of this institution

finished with the menu, sir?

yes, yes, I shall enjoy soft cakes, toast, tea, scrambled eggs,

strawberry jam...

mind you, I can't complain, before I came here I thought

scrambled eggs were supposed to be brown and crispy at the bottom

and dull yellow at the top

my mother, god bless her, cannot boil a fuckin kettle without burnin the water inside

When I came here it's a different story, you know, oh ves.

a whole different deck of cards...

scrambled eggs arrive with the consistency of a moth swimming about

in a foul yellow liquid- I wonder where that came from? I would like to put forth my theory, my own inside story, if you will,

you wanted to know what I think?

I think that every morning as we sleep

our beloved kitchen staff gathers around the

scrambled eggs

like some pagan cult offering homage to a false icon first, the head chef, the cult leader, ritualistically

stands on an institutional chair, opens the fly of his institutional trousers, pulls out his institutional willy, and urinates in our breakfast. HA HA HA! they're just a bunch of loonies, what do they care? half the bloody time they end up throwing it on the floor, or worse still, at each other...

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