

Roy Harper

"Man Kind"

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Down in the deep recesses
Of my torture
I am spreadeagled by it
Watching the knife
Slowly going in
Exposing my naked
Thumping heart
And I shed a tear
For a grey sky
My executioner is masked
I try to take a deep breath
As she rips the aorta
Hoping that she also rips

My lungs or windpipe
So that I can play her
The final power chord
Of my last intake
Straight into her face
The tear running down mine
Will be the last thing I feel
Before I awake
To collect my shreaded dreams
From around the universe
In which they'd been strewn

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