

Blame Ella

"Subterranean Experience"

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ULTIMUS CENSOR

You're sitting alone in the subway,
Surrounded by gray, empty faces.
You're eaten up by eager eyes.
Disgust creeps into your brain.
Hydraulic doors open in vain,
Sizzling valves stutter lies.
Growling voices talk to you.
You're a figure in "Metropolis".
Machine guns hammer in your head.
You hope you'll overcome all this.
A cute little boy grins at you,
His awfully fat mother smiles.
A mixture of garlic and puke smell
Attacks your sensitive nose.
A pretty young lady cries.
You want to get out of this hell.
Shudder grabs you. The police man
Down there in the corner
Watches you, staring into your eyes.
His polished, silvery gun threatens.
Four minutes till the train arrives.
Thinking of what'll happen this night
Makes your nipples become hard.
To your surprise, you're ashamed of this.
But soon your mood becomes bright.
The train stops, your eyes scan the platform.
Your heart's fluttering but he's not there.
You get up, leave the carriage, feel sad.
A strong arm hugs you, a kiss hits your neck.
His voice: "If you wouldn't have come, I'd gone mad."

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