

## Divine Comedy, The "Middle-Class Heroes"

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"hello...  
What have we here?  
A young lady!  
To what do i owe this pleasant surprise, my pretty one?  
How may i be of service this dark and wintry night?  
Ah, i see. you wish me to look into the future... your  
future.  
After gcse's, a-levels, university...  
After your first badly paid job in advertising...  
Okay, my pretty, just cross my palm with plastic,  
And i'll see what i can do...  
Wait!  
The fog is lifting!"

I see oriental paper globes  
Hanging like decomposing cocoons  
While exotic candles overload  
The dusty air with their stale perfume  
And i see lentils, beans, seaweed and rice  
In jars on the windowsill  
And it ain't hardly enough to feed the mice  
Running behind the lines of allergy pills

All these things will come to pass  
When heroes of the middle class  
Face up to their responsibilities

I see an indian fertility god  
He's got thirty seven limbs to spare  
And tasteless tie-dyed tablecloths  
That double up as evening wear  
And i see naked bodies twist and turn  
On the futon of dreams fulfilled  
But their three-year-old kid seems unconcerned  
He'd rather swallow all those allergy pills

I see unspeakable vulgarity  
Institutionalised mediocrity  
Infinite tragedy  
Rise up little souls join the doomed army  
Fight the good fight wage the unwinnable war:

Elegance against ignorance!  
Difference against indifference!  
Wit against shit!

My words fly up to heaven, my thoughts remain below  
Words said without feeling never to heaven go...

All these things will come to pass  
When heroes of the middle class  
Face up, repent, and pay the price  
For accidentally creating life  
An oversight for which they must atone  
And sacrifice their own

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