

The Horrors

"Excellent Choice"

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FOREGROUND VOCALS:

Well I'm not trying to question your decision, in my
opinion you've made an excellent choice
I don't want to put the doubt in your mind
In my head , well, you're just fine excellent choice
Now listen
Well I'm not trying to alter your opinion, I'm so happy
that you've finally found your voice
I don't want to put the doubt in your mind, in my head...
you're just fine
Excellent Choice

BACKGROUND VOCALS:

Bitterly huddled in his plastic seat,
He steadily took a look at his surroundings;
Greasy snakes, dried husks, perfectly poised horses in
nice dresses.
He wrote good ideas and suggestions,
He thought to himself:
"I must insist that my brain, locking my feet and thighs
passes a motion to carry out motion.
Turn and leave this place."

His call was ignored, and he remained shrivelled with a
sticky berth.
Eyes widened as a bizarrely costumed chin popped
slowly forth,
Clearly dribbling from its eyes.

Galvanized, our narrator began to struggle to his feet,
but too late:
Eyes met, and the creature shuffled over.
"No, you can't borrow my glasses" the narrator
exclaimed as a furry hand emerged upon his face.
"Get your fingers out of my hair, get your tongue out of
my drink!
Leeches! Leeches!"

"These things can't decide if they're harpies or
vermin!" the narrator thought to himself as the images
shifted.

"I have literally no desire to instruct or even advise them"

The monkey had disappeared.
He continued sweating and mopping and could barely cope,
Wiping the excess fluid onto his jacket and cap,
Leaving a dark mark; he had a sudden urge to go fishing.

A large part of his sanity eroded by what his eyes were confronted with at every turn.
Our narrator moved northwards, to the drinks table.
A slime sucking, coloured tentacle reached out tentatively, and delved into the refreshments.
He grudgingly accepted it, before lifting his hand from the jacket pocket in which it rested, to slap away any (???) glances.
He made his way back to the clean plastic seat,
Placed his drink on the floor next to his right shoe.

And shuts his eyes

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