

## The Fatima Mansions

### "Big Madness"

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in the winter in a seaside boarding house  
the killer swigs and wheels  
round his room telling how he made that  
weeping spinster kneel  
yellow light seeps through a fly-glowed lampshade  
fading with the dawn  
he yells and laughs, "they all wanted it -- it was easy so  
how could it be wrong?"  
five am and the seas are boiling  
five am and the windows crack  
five am and my hands are on you  
big madness  
big madness  
when i phone you just to hear your voice, oh please  
don't judge me so  
it's just that i don't think i'll rise again till i've seen  
how low i can go  
next springtime when i'm gone for good and you  
struggle  
to find the words  
cruel enough through all these dying countenance  
my stupid laughter will be heard  
five am and the seas are boiling  
five am and the windows crack  
five am and my hands are on you  
big madness  
big madness  
big madness

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