

The Fatima Mansions

"Brain blister"

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In rags in their normal place
where diesel machines roar by
Pale dawn, at the scrapyard gates
Fast food parks and hardware mines
Not smiling or frowning they,

the shades on the fringe of town,
unpaid, idle, lending shape
to the gravity which they say
has dragged this country down
This beautiful country down
Close off the backstreets, no-one goes
Bring on the ice, the game-shows: brain-blister

The bigger the roadside crowd
the denser the gameshow cloud
There's nothing on that churning screen
Just nonsense that might mean:
"Like it? Good. No? Tough!
Pen them in and shut them up
Slow march, eyes right
Save all your revolution for your Saturday night!"

[(Your curse)?]

You earn but you feel oppressed
The armour could do with a test
Why not betray your lover's trust?
Go ahead and push it until it bursts
You're back on the streets again
No armour, no dreams, no friends
The worst pain is behind the eyes
Where the killer of futures hides, still hides

They've closed the backstreets, you can't hide
If you feel brave, just step outside
where all tomorrows stink the same
Where night vibrates with cries of:
Brain-blister

Well, we laughed till dawn about the coming hell

[...?]

We learned to live without rest or hope
but [you'll?] never admit we live a joke
The patient is fading fast
Oh, but ignore it, it's just an act

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