

The Fatima Mansions

"C^7/breakfast with bandog"

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I just survive any way I can
No guru, no method, no pension plan
Your luck's just as plain as I'm not paying attention
I'm gonna take her with me in my satanic stretcher

They call me the [...?] to Islam's plan
I am! I fucking am!
and now you say I'm a reprobate, well that's okay
but you wouldn't if I, say, got paid
They said you really should come with me
to [...?] and [...?]

And now they call me the [...?]
That's me!....

On Christmas Day the sky is full
Babies wail through the wafer wall
We penetrate a steepless face
Lies now in who know's flat
This is the one possible mystic act

Breakfast with Bandog
Morning coffee with [Khali? Collie?]
Golden gutters where we can beg
You run to the cupboard
with your hacknail and drown
Wish me dead

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