

The Legendary Pink Dots

"The More It Changes"

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Fifteen storeys high, the black curtains drawn, and the sun is just a brat that spits and the goes away. The T.V. chatters, there's a pile of letters scattered on the mat. Reminders, bills--they smell of cats. Three starving cats who chase each others' shadows. They curl up on him overnight and scratch him, and bite him . . . But he lost the will to fight, and he lost the will to move . . . It's been a month, will be another, until the busting down the door. They'll carry him away; they'll strip him clean. They'll lock him in a padded box some fifteen storeys high where the sun is just a brat that spits then goes away.

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