

Peter Hammill, Always Is Next

Ill met, ill starred, the sweat, the scars,
the back seat of the car, caught up in the sex,
the ties that bind, his thoughts, her mind,
why something doesn't connect...
the rush, the drool, his push, her pull,
the slushy gender pool, survive and protect.
Ill met, the lips, the tongues that dart apart
for whatever's next.

Well, now, what then, they count to ten
and sense the current direct.
This heat, this burn so sweet, they've learned
this stuff will never turn out as they expect.
Well then, what now? Again they've found
what somehow still resurrects:
a fit, a freeze, a pretty please,
drop down upon the knees and...
whatever next.

Whatever's next, what ever's next.

A clenching fist, a wrench, a twisted kiss
will salvage this wreck.
The steam, the windows stream and in
the back seat of the car they never suspect
out in the dark the Demiurge Avenger
auto-elect...
Ill met, the gun is cocked.
Though once they swore they'd be forever...
always is next.