

The Legendary Pink Dots, Espresso Noir

Crushed in the corridor, swimming in smoke. Broken leg, aching head - tried polite conversation in braille. Broken French. Though my friend chews his garlic, he's dead from his head to his sandals. I tear at the handle and we came to a shuddering stop and we topple like dominoes, swallowed the hot tide of bread crumbs and cheap wine... The cavalry dived into action with batons... knives... they gave me a fine, ripped the shirt off my back, threw my case on the tracks - saw it smashed to a fragmented mess by the midnight express from Atlantis. OO-OO. A manifestation of pure liquid light. Never stops at the stations, it flies overnight as we crawl in a circle. The sinks overflow. All the windows are enclosed and the ape on my shoulder's overdosed. He rattles a can for some change then he rolls around, over in pain and wraps his legs around my ankles. I try to complain... All I want is a coffee and GET OFF THIS TRAIN! OO-OO.