

The Legendary Pink Dots, The Death Of Jack The

She could smell his fear like black piss river; like knotted balls of woad rolling in the smouldering ruins of an abbatoir. Like suicide in Menstrual Lake. Like the open graves of Hell. She could smell in as she gripped the knife and held it to his neck. She could smell his fear as cries for help grew wings and trickled neatly into garbage cans. As 16 crippled hands fumbled with his zip. Twisted. Ate him slowly . . . kissed him quick. The scarlet ghosts would flinch--a glimpse of stocking! Shock the Red Night blue and clean away the mess cos Jack is dead. JACK IS DEAD!! (And nobody knew)