The Legendary Pink Dots, The Death Of Jack The

She could smell his fear like black piss river; like
knotted balls of wors 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)