

The Legendary Pink Dots, The More It Changes

Fifteen storeys high, the black curtains drawn, and
the sun is just a brat that spits and then 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.