

Barry Adamson, Here In The Hole

You see, that's the way the world is
Not a lot you can do about it
Except to accept
There was a time I thought about it
Plenty of time I thought about it
Then decided not to
Here in the hole; I'm surrounded by fools
Degenerates and phonies
I suffer a constant bombardment of nonsense from all sides
When central control rendered me (?) to requirements
My imprints relocated to the ruins of Paris, where I regenerate
My new face accepting me immediately without the usual problems
I operate a program of self denial
Yet languish in polymorphous perversity as is my want
Each day, although I believe I'm free;
Something pulls me back into a past made real only by their understanding
And all the while the calls come in, and keep coming in (and keep coming and keep coming...)
And still;
I'm hunted for my flesh
I'm hounded for my beauty
In a world turned on its head
I steady myself, ready to enter (ready to enter)
They believe I know everything, but if my master's memory serves me well
In fact I know nothing
And so they will find me;
And in the middle of a cold afternoon, they will ask:
"What is it exactly that you know?" (exactly exactly exactly...)
And then, they will take me outside
And they will kill me
That much I do know