

# 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