

# Beck, Diamond bollocks

Looking back at some dead world that looks so new,  
offices and fountains that they named for you,  
dazzlements of accidents rejoice their doom,  
hari-karis spinning round the golden looms.

Girl you dream infections from a nauseous heart,  
choice cut meats from derelict boulevards.

Hear that lonesome whistle blow,  
no direction to be known,  
in a senile of revery.

A tearful gaze turns away,  
emoting cold and grey,  
scented eunuchs clothe our wretchedness.

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offices and fountains that they named for you,  
so ungrateful to the who's and what's-his-face,  
terrorist confections look so out of place.

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