

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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