

# David Bowie, Future Legend

And in the death  
As the last few corpses lay rotting on the slimy  
thoroughfare  
The shutters lifted in inches in Temperance Building  
High on Poacher's Hill  
And red, mutant eyes gaze down on Hunger City  
No more big wheels

Fleas the size of rats sucked on rats the size of cats  
And ten thousand peoploids split into small tribes  
Coverting the highest of the sterile skyscrapers  
Like packs of dogs assaulting the glass fronts of Love-Me Avenue  
Ripping and rewrapping mink and shiny silver fox, now legwarmers  
Family badge of sapphire and cracked emerald  
Any day now  
The Year of the Diamond Dogs

&quot;This ain't Rock'n'Roll  
This is Genocide&quot;