

# The Fall, Medical Acceptance Gate

I worked for future salary the nightshift  
in Spalding Street. The respect is worth it.  
1.AM at the front gate it had just been  
sunday night stood this man, tall and twisted back.  
He spoke loud and said Come out of there that  
grill on the wall contains a crowd and  
that twisted shape you call the laundry  
post reminds me of my origin.  
Your criss-crossed fences are avenues.  
Paid for by the NHS, you need it more than  
the patients for mortgage fees and medical pranks.

but you wont fix my quartz chip  
or repair my broken kind  
kindness borne of mousey brain  
twisted with kin of bitter world  
Vicious dreams of EC1  
and lapland girls and green purse  
with tall and chaste inducements (\*?pronounced inductments?\*)

the porter went to move the man  
and we got back to practice time  
but his hands went through the man  
he was made up of liquid pitch  
his legs two propeller sticks  
crisscrossed fence posts were his eyes  
his mouth red like a twisted reich  
his mouth like a twisted knife  
he wreaked of bleach and hospitals  
he wreaked of bleach and hospitals  
the porter swears this is true  
he wreaked of bleach and hospitals  
the porter swears this is true  
and drinks too much in his brown and white hut  
but the thing clings to the acceptance gate  
the thing clings to the acceptance gate  
the thing clings to the acceptance gate  
the thing clings to the medical acceptance gate  
and nobody says he's seen it  
It only bounces young MDs  
we are dedicated to fight disease  
to fight disease  
disease  
disease