

Tripitena's Speech

Lou Reed

[Tripitena:]

My love

The king by any other name a pissoir

You, my love tower over them all

They are but vermin beneath your heels

They are monkeys

Suit them, frame them to your own vision

But do not let one false word

Of mockery seep through to your vast heart

I have seen you from close and afar and your worth

Far exceeds your height, your width

The depth of your sorrow

Oh willful outcast doth thou not see the light of our love

Our linked fortunes

Our hearts melded together

Into one fine golden braided finery

They listen to the music of idiots and amuse themselves

With the sordid Miseries of their businesses

They are not the things of angels

Nor of any higher outpost that humanity might aspire to

Your loathsome vomitous

Businessman king is of the lowest order

His advisors

Crumbling mockeries of education driven by avarice

My love

Dress them in the suits of mockery

And in their advanced state of stupidity

And senility

Burn and destroy them so their ashes might join the compost

Which they so much deserve

If justice on this earth be fleeting

Let us for once hear the weeping

And the braying of the businessman king

Let them be the the orangutans they are

And set them blazing from the chandelier for all to see

Hanging from the ceiling by their ridiculous chains

And petticoats which you will have them wear

Under the guise of costumic buffoonery

He who underestimates

In time is bound to find the truth sublime

And hollow lie upon the grates of systemic disorder

Businessmen

You're not worth shitting on