

## Suicide Ocean

Lydia Lunch

The clock died at a quarter to Midnight  
frozen angels on my bedpost  
tripping  
over some senseless beggar  
a simple case of mistaken face  
my how nothing changes  
different men in the same positions.

Time died at a quarter to Midnight  
the scent of a ghost  
fills the air  
the clock on the wall  
broke down to fall  
my bleeding head  
on the baseboard  
my how nothing changes  
different men in the same positions.

Just this side of Motel's End  
at Suicide Ocean.