

Vodka intimate, an affair with isolation in a Blackheath cell  
Extinguishing the fires in a private hell  
Provoking the heartache to renew the licence  
Of a bleeding heart poet in a fragile capsule  
Propping up the crust of the glitter conscience  
Wrapped in the christening shawl of a hangover  
Baptised in the tears from the real  
Drowning in the liquid seize on the Piccadilly line, rat race  
Scuttling through the damp electric labyrinth  
Caress Ophelia's hand with breathstroke ambition  
An albatross in the marrytime tradition  
Sheathed within the Walkman wear the halo of distortion  
Aural contraceptive aborting pregnant conversation  
She turned the harpoon and it pierced my heart  
She hung herself around my neck

From the Time-Life-Guardians in their conscience bubbles  
Safe and dry in my sea of troubles  
Nine to five with suitable ties  
Cast adrift as their side-show, peepshow, stereo hero  
Becalm bestill, bewitch, drowning in the real

The thief of Baghdad hides in Islington now  
Praying deportation for his sacred cow  
A legacy of romance from a twilight world  
The dowry of a relative mystery girl  
A Vietnamese flower, a Dockland union  
A mistress of release from a magazine's thighs  
Magdalenes contracts more than favours  
The feeding hands of western promise hold her by the throat

A son of a swastika of '45 parading a peroxide standard  
Graffiti conjure disciples testaments of hatred  
Aerosol wands whisper where the searchlights trim the barbed wire hedges  
This is Brixton chess

A knight for Embankment folds his newspaper castle  
A creature of habit, begs the boatman's coin  
He'll fade with old soldiers in the grease stained roll call  
And linger with the heartburn of Good Friday's last supper

Son watches father scan obituary columns in search of absent school friends  
While his generation digests high fibre ignorance  
Cowering behind curtains and the taped up painted windows  
Decriminalised genocide, provided door to door Belsens  
Pandora's box of holocausts gracefully cruising satellite infested heavens  
Waiting, the season of the button, the penultimate migration  
Radioactive perfumes, for the fashionably, for the terminally insane, insane  
Do you realise? Do you realise?  
Do you realise, this world is totally fugazi

Where are the prophets, where are the visionaries, where are the poets  
To breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary