

Espresso Noir

The Legendary Pink Dots

Crushed in the corridor, swimming in smoke. Broken leg, aching head -
tried polite conversation in braille. Broken French. Though my friend
chews his garlic, he's dead from his head to his sandals. I tear at the
handle and we came to a shuddering stop and we topple like dominoes,
swallowed the hot tide of bread crumbs and cheap wine... The cavalry dived
into action with batons... knives... they gave me a fine, ripped the shirt
off my back, threw my case on the tracks - saw it smashed to a fragmented
mess by the midnight express from Atlantis. OO-
OO. A manifestation of pure liquid light. Never stops at the stations, it flies overnight as we crawl
in a circle. The sinks overflow. All the windows are enclosed and the
ape on my shoulder's overdosed. He rattles a can for some change then he
rolls around, over in pain and wraps his legs around my ankles.
I try to
complain... All I want is a coffee and GET OFF THIS TRAIN! OO-
OO.