

The More It Changes

The Legendary Pink Dots

Fifteen storeys high, the black curtains drawn, and
The sun is just a brat that spits and the goes away. The
T.V. chatters, there's a pile of letters scattered on
The mat. Reminders, bills--they smell of cats. Three
Starving cats who chase each others' shadows. They
Curl up on him overnight and scratch him, and bite
Him . . . But he lost the will to fight, and he lost the
Will to move . . . It's been a month, will be another,
Until the busting down the door. They'll carry him
Away; they'll strip him clean. They'll lock him in a
Padded box some fifteen storeys high
Where the sun is just a brat that spits then goes away.