

# THE ANARCHIST

**Roland Michel Tremblay**

**Translated from French by the Scottish author Sheila MacLeod**

[www.crownedanarchist.com/anarchist.htm](http://www.crownedanarchist.com/anarchist.htm)  
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## **Black Poetry**

(if you want)

French version / Version française: [www.anarchistecouronne.com/anarchiste.htm](http://www.anarchistecouronne.com/anarchiste.htm)

Warning: this book is not for anyone I know, anyone who has aged too quickly.

I have no need for your judgements, keep them for yourself!

44E The Grove, Isleworth, Middlesex, London, TW7 4JF, UK  
Tel/Fax +44 (0)20 8847 5586, Mobile: +44 (0)794 127 1010

[rm@crownedanarchist.com](mailto:rm@crownedanarchist.com) [www.crownedanarchist.com](http://www.crownedanarchist.com) [www.themarginal.com](http://www.themarginal.com)

# THE ANARCHIST

<p>The Collective Soul Is Rotting          No Faith, No Hope          I'm Corrupt          Being Nothing          Virtual Sheep, My Only Love!          Let's Go To Mass On Sunday!          Your Children Are All Empty          Vessels          The Anarchist          Have a Nice Cup of Tea, My          Dear          I'll Tell What's Normal          I Fucked the Town Slag          It's Par for the Course in New          York          Drink Up Your Whisky, Old          Girl, and Cheat Death          We're Not a Lost Generation          The Alchemist          HELL HELP          I Strike and I Kill          Outside Buckingham Palace          Flush it all Down the Loo          Stop Puking all Over Me!          God Loves Me!          My Life Is Ruled By Sex          Poor Little Thing          My Head's About to Explode!          I Pissed on the Sorbonne          I Love My Sugar Daddy          Vaginaphobia          I'm Your Leader          I'm Unreachable          I'm Irresponsible          My Mea Culpa          My Devolution, My Revolution          Throw Me Away After Use          Step Into My Hell          Come With Me and I'll Show          You The World          Is it My Fault If I Don't Get a          Hard On?          Flee, Flee, Flee          I'm Going to Shoot Myself          Your Flowers Smell Like          Christ Decomposing!          You're So Sweet!          I Go from One Extreme to the          Other          The Meat Between a Woman's          Legs          From the Moment When . . .          Love is Sweet          Death          Anarchy on Earth          Anarchy</p>	<p>I Don't Give a Fuck About You          Head in the Clouds?          Illumination          If I Were A Woman          If I Were President of the          United States          If I Were God          My Terrible Sentence          Madness          Alone in the World          I'm Going to Find Myself a          Whore          Crazyness          Something Tells Me That This          Time . . .          The British Dream          Hollywood Success          The Following Poem Was          Banned in 53 Countries          And This One Was Banned All          Over the World          No Girls in the Army          Letter From Prison          A Gun At Your Head          Genesis          The Infinite          Propaganda          Frontline Terrorism          The World Is Dying          A Serious Problem with          Authority          You Lied          She Always Was a Monster          I Am the Talk of the Town          I Should be Dead          I'm Your Slave          I'm Your Inflatable Virgin          Mary          You're Just A Bitch-Victim          Life and I are Incompatible          There Are No Noble Feeling          There's Nothing Worse Than          People With Principles          The Policy of Truth          Get A Life, Old Crow!          I'm Just a Pretty Face          Bitchy Woman          Crabs, Crabs, and Crabs          Again          To Die in Peace          Are You Still My Friend?          Something Philosophical          Dear God, Let Me Be Done          With It          Living in Infinity</p>	<p>Beyond War          Ready to Explode          Freedom          Poetry to Galvanise a Whole          Generation          Faith in Mankind          I'm Ugly          I've Seen an Extra-Terrestrial          The Power of Words          Oh Gloria, If You Hadn't          Loved Cider So Much . . .          The World is Disheartening          Come On, Damn It, I've Got a          Life to Live          Existential Crisis          At the Heart of London          Put A Bomb Under Them          Too Many Stupid People All          Round Me          The New Love of My Life          Life          Life Isn't Life          I Hoped For So Much          The World Won't Change          Death to Purity!          What's Your First Name          Again?          The Crowned Anarchist          I Don't Remember          I Remember          I Know the Name of God          Contempt For Man's Pettiness          Again, Again and Again          Social Reality          Do the Opposite          Be Marginal and Make a          Difference          Cannes          The Most Beautiful Creature          on Earth          Where are the Great          Thinkers?          Oh No, Not Another Scandal!          I Could Pretend To Be The          Devil          I Live in Opposition to the          World          A Good Horror Story          What a Buzz!          We Are Energy          You're Zombies          My Last Cigarette, My Last          Beer          To Hell With Conformism          I Want to Shit All Over You          No Forgiveness</p>	<p>The New Age          Inner Peace          Prostituted to Other People's          Ideas          A Nice Big Burger          It's An Honour For Me          Are You Cool?          I Played Video Games for Ten          Years          I Failed My Last Physics Exam          Get A Pint of Milk          Mom, Come and Find Your          Son          Cock-Teaser          Go Fuck Yourself, Arsehole          You Abused Me          Sex? Sign These Contracts...          Twenty-Six Cameras Watch          Me When I Shit          The Nevada Desert          Anarchist Theory          A New Life For Sale          Descent Into Hell          Anorexia Nervosa          Creating A New World          Another Mutilated Body          Death Valley          Just When I Thought I'd          Understood          I've Said It All          A Swamp Full of Tadpoles          I Understand          My Frankenstein's Monster Is          Already At Large in the Crowd          Who Do You Think You Are?          When You Dream of Glory, I          Wank          A Little Hitler in the Making          Innocence Is Never Innocent          For Too Long          Oh My God!          You Opened the Gates of Hell          If I Were Einstein          In The Depths of the Marais          Church Street          What I've Found in the Holy          Bible of the Hotel          The Hidden Knowledge of          Things          The Voice of a Generation          I'm Making History          I Am God the Father</p>
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## **The Collective Soul is Rotting**

Perverted animal, knowing the whole world of sex  
I've thoroughly penetrated you and I remember  
This makes me just as perverted as you  
Aren't we happy together  
In our slum, forever arguing  
And getting nowhere  
Life is sweet when there's nothing but perversion  
To lead us to the heights  
Being there with you I meet human consciousness head on  
Observing, recognising itself, and dying with us  
The collective soul is just as rotten as ours  
Because we are its progeny

## **No Faith, No Hope**

Ah, I must empty my heart  
Of all its rottenness  
I'm so far from fulfilment and inner peace  
I yearn to die as I yearn to kill  
No light on the horizon  
And yet I know all about mysticism  
Know how to reach spirituality  
Find God  
But it's all from the mind  
Nothing from the heart  
I'm incapable of love  
But capable of death  
My sensitivity is useless  
I could destroy humanity with my violent thoughts  
No faith, no hope

## **I'm Corrupt**

I'm corrupt  
As corrupt as you could have wished  
I'm corrupt to the marrow of my bones  
I suffer from an incurable disease  
Fluttering in my brain  
Gnawing at my bones and offering me doubt  
Pain, unhappiness  
I walk with the weight of my guilt  
Through streets punctuated with churches  
Knowing right from wrong at last and doing wrong  
They've got me  
My thoughts are no longer my own  
I've fallen into their net  
I've listened, swallowed, digested  
I suffer from an incurable disease  
Called God

## **Being Nothing**

I'm an explosion of places  
A multitude of times  
There are several versions of me  
I follow this path or that while believing I'm following my destiny  
But it makes me suffer so much  
To know I'm following a beaten track and living too intensely  
I try to accept, to experience, everything  
Although I could easily spare myself

I'm an explosion of places  
A multitude of times  
I chase all sorts of possibilities  
I follow this path or that, I'm my own destiny  
It makes me suffer so much  
But I'm learning to get acquainted with life

Acquainted with the lives of others  
They're just like mine

I'm an explosion of places  
A multitude of times  
But I still feel I'm nothing  
Grubby and ugly, empty and worthless  
How can such a heap of meat follow a destiny?

## **Virtual Sheep, My Only Love!**

Three minutes have gone by  
The world begins to wonder  
Where is it now?  
Then my heart beats wildly  
I turn on my computer and click on my electronic sheep  
It looks at me, hums, walks around and produces strange noises  
This really cheers me up  
My little sheep . . .  
Then I begin to cry, for everything there is to cry about  
Then it sneezes and I'm happy again for a moment  
It jumps higher and higher  
Leaps up on to the words in these lines  
And this really cheers me up  
And I cry more than ever  
And I realise that I really love this virtual sheep  
That it's the only thing in the whole world that can stop me crying  
But then I realise just how sad I've become  
When a virtual animal is all that I have  
And I really don't know what I'd do without it  
How could I have become so sad?

## **Let's Go to Mass on Sunday**

I went into a church on Sunday  
With the latest edition of Let Us Pray in Church  
I kissed the congregation, fulfilling my destiny  
Doing a favour to those in need of love  
The priest smiled broadly, delighting in this joyous Mass  
He thanked me and absolved me from my sins  
Absolution, nothing too wicked for God to forgive

I went into a church on Sunday  
With the latest model of a gun  
I fired on the congregation, fulfilling my destiny  
Doing a favour to those who no longer saw clearly  
The priest smiled broadly, delighting in this deathly Mass  
He thanked me and absolved me from my sins  
Absolution, nothing too wicked for God to forgive

## **Your Children Are All Empty Vessels (and Sex-Obsessed!)**

I've watched them, hyperactive and spiteful  
Utterly empty-headed, blissful in their ignorance  
Vegetables, like me, in the scheme of things  
Learning stupidities for filling little pitchers  
But they're all cracked, spilling their contents on the floor instead of being able to act or question  
authority  
Not one of them who doesn't dream of flying out the window  
Or making love with the person next to them  
Most of them are already on drugs  
And you, for the love of heaven, want to see these empty vessels do well  
Your empty vessels will be successful and cracked at the same time  
No matter, your children will be cracked for all eternity  
How beautiful life is when your truth pours out from the mouths of your children

# The Anarchist

I sacrifice myself for one and all  
I come forward telling the truth  
Bearing witness, as I must, to my experience  
I describe my perversion, my immorality, in detail  
Listen, they spit on me, trample me, and I don't give a toss any more  
I'm here, it's today  
I'm not, unlike you, a mass of defences, ready to spring into action  
A tissue of falsehoods for justifying my failures  
Fifty-six ways to camouflage the truth  
Here it is utterly naked in front of you  
Open your eyes and learn a lesson from it  
You'll never be better than me  
You'll never be worth more than me  
I'm the one who confronts life  
I'm the one who confronts truth

## Have a Nice Cup of Tea, My Dear

«We don't need all this violence, this rowdy music, these indecent pictures»  
«When you're older, you'll change, you'll understand, I hope»  
«You've got two choices left: law or medicine»  
«You've got to have this diploma and these qualifications at least»  
«What you should do now is watch others and do as they do»  
«Why aren't you doing it?»  
«Where were you last night? Your life is ruled by sex»  
«You don't dabble in drugs, I hope. Remember alcohol's a drug too»  
«You have no idea of right and wrong»  
«You must keep trying, one day you'll get it right»  
«Have a nice cup of tea, my dear»  
And choke on it!

## **I'll Tell What's Normal**

It's the truth as you'll never know it  
It's serial infidelity by women as much as by men  
It's such a revulsion with life that a whole chemist's shop couldn't cure it  
It's separation, divorce, depression, abortion  
It's short-lived affairs where sex is what matters most  
It's a decent bottle of Scotch or of Cognac  
It's a packet of cigarettes harbouring cancer to gnaw at your guts  
It's random, street-corner death for a thousand and one reasons  
It's a struggle for power or money where no one's the outright winner  
It's a high-class bitch who knows everything and subjects you to her morals from hell  
It's a whore who's been humped by a businessman and dies from an overdose of coke  
It's a gaggle of neuroses meeting up to reinforce each other  
It's the Pope saying the opposite of what he thinks in the name of we don't know what  
It's a country owned by big, rich companies  
It's lives in hock to banks  
It's ubiquitous hypocrisy  
It's institutionalised slavery  
It's political corruption at every level  
It's God dead and buried

## **I Fucked the Town Slag**

Resplendent in her lovely garish frock  
Breasts bursting with hormones  
Wig of hair piled half a yard at least on top of her head  
She was really beautiful, my slag  
Singing to celebrate Saint Patrick's Day  
Counting her ex-boy friends in the bar, they came to far too many  
I took her, just as she was, back to my hotel room  
They must have thought I'd found a whore and not been too fussy about it  
But I kissed her, sucked her, fucked her inside out, my slag  
She was as docile as a bitch on heat who asks for more, my slag  
I should have snatched the wig off my slag  
Deflated the ballooning breasts of my slag



Clawed off her frock and her buttocks, my slag  
Finally killed her with pleasure, my slag  
Last night I fucked the town slag  
And now I feel free

## **It's Par for the Course in New York**

I'd hardly set foot in this great American city and already we were having sex in a taxi  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
Then we went out, found ourselves at an orgy, with everyone at it all round us  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
Then we met a surgeon, aged seventy, who wanted us to make up a threesome  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
Then I met a hundred and one people you'd slept with in one year  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
Then I saw your sixty credit cards, all of them over the limit  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
For you I worked in a mafia restaurant, swarming with rats and cockroaches  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
I met your psychiatrist friend who prescribed some amazing pills for me  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
With you I caught several sexually transmitted diseases  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
I even saved you from a drug-induced suicide where you coughed up blood  
«But that's par for the course in New York»  
For all those things, I love you  
«Ah, that's not par for the course in New York»

## **Drink Up Your Whisky, Old Girl, and Cheat Death**

Every day God grants, I get up and go to the Off Licence  
I buy two half-bottles of whisky for the old girl dying of cancer  
She's got three months to live, they tell me, so I say to her:  
Drink up your whisky, old girl, and cheat death!  
It's been five years now since they first gave her three months to live

So the whisky is obviously keeping her going  
And so every day God grants I get up and go the Off Licence  
I buy two half-bottles of whisky for the old girl dying of cancer and I tell her:  
Drink up your whisky, old girl, and cheat death!  
Knowing it's God who's sent me, she thanks me profusely  
Taking the first glass diluted with water, then drinking it neat  
Next day the nurse finds her out cold, picks up the empty bottles  
Crosses herself but remarks that it seems to work better than morphine  
So every day God grants I get up and go to the Off Licence  
I buy two half-bottles of whisky for the old girl dying of cancer and I tell her:  
Drink up your whisky, old girl, and cheat death!

## **We're Not a Lost Generation**

I watched you from the back of the bar, felt sorry for you  
Blatantly lacking in personality, you were just a hanger-on  
Lost, new to this world, you walk wondering if you have the right to do so  
But come on, for the love of heaven, get up and walk!  
Stop breathing in what others have breathed out  
Direct your energy to your surroundings  
Claim your place, be a mover and shaker of this world  
We're not a lost generation  
We're a generation landed with ramshackle structures  
This is no time for stupefaction, it's a time to destroy and rebuild  
Motivation destruction inspiration construction  
Come on, my boy, we'll make a man of you yet

## **The Alchemist**

Me, an anarchist?  
No way, my friend, you're quite mistaken  
I'm an alchemist, which is altogether something else  
I transform the rotten human heart into something palatable  
Capitalism and Communism into something else not yet invented  
Compulsory moral values into something not yet invented

The whole human race into something not yet invented  
Sublimation of everything into something other  
Than the systematic destruction of everything  
This is no mean claim  
Anarchy exists, is necessary for change, but never lasts long  
Soon people are killing each other and someone then takes control  
Anarchy is not enough, we must have alchemy  
That's why I'm an alchemist

## **HELL HELP**

Without hell, no heaven  
Without the devil, no God  
Without mediocrity, no excellence  
Without death, no life  
Without darkness, no light  
Without unhappiness, no happiness  
Without immorality, no morality  
Without mortality, no immortality  
Without perversion, no purity  
Without evil, no good  
Evil is therefore essential  
Long live evil!

## **I Strike and I Kill**

In a world of competition I've learned my lesson well  
Out of my way, punk, or you'll get what the others got  
You can judge me, destroy me, condemn me  
But you'll have that on your conscience  
Take advantage of the situation, strike, kill, step into your victim's shoes  
Even when you revel in it, we call this climbing the ladder  
You get there with motivation but mainly with a good kick up the arse  
The best killers are those who get to the top  
Pope, King, President, Prime Minister, Minister

Swanning around in limos when they don't have their private jets  
Lesser weasels have waded through shoals of shit to get where they are  
You'll find them heading companies, organisations, financial and educational institutions  
We don't get to the top by accident, integrity would kill us  
Everywhere I follow the social pattern  
I strike and I kill

## **Outside Buckingham Palace**

The other day, looking the harmless tourist, I was strolling by Buckingham Palace  
I looked at the flowers, although it was dark,  
not knowing if the Queen could see me from her royal window  
Unluckily for me I had a weapon but we should be allowed to defend ourselves,  
even against the Queen  
They trained their guns on me, all round me the click of their catches  
I went on examining the flowers, though fully aware of the threat  
Lights blazed, loudspeakers began to bellow  
Puzzled and panicked, I took out my weapon, held it up under the lights  
They stepped back, their guns clicking again (the first time being only a warning)  
They all took a look at my weapon: a harmless tourist's camera  
- You bunch of idiots, I was looking at the flowers!

## **Flush It All Down the Loo**

Yesterday, having nothing to eat and nowhere to go, I went to look for a job  
I found the three tallest buildings in town, the ones over fifty floors  
The first one said Bank of something or other  
-Good morning, I've seen your wonderful premises,  
the thousands of jobs you have, so here I am  
«But, my boy, we're serious here, we work hard»  
-Oh? And what do you do? I'm hungry and I need a place to sleep  
«Well, we manage everyone's money and deal with economics»  
-Do people need all this to have their money managed and their economics dealt with?  
«Get out, you ignorant fool, you don't understand how modern businesses work!»  
The second huge building was called something like Mutual Life

«Here we sell insurance, pensions, Treasury benefits, formalities galore»  
-But what you're selling is wind! And you charge a fortune for that?  
«Wind, is it? Insolent upstart! Our services are all essential and legally ratified,  
The papers drawn up by the best professionals, it's a lot of hard work!  
There are 25,000 people working in this building!»  
- What? 25,000 professionals with nice fat salaries for filling and filing forms?  
«Get out, young innocent, get wise to the real world,  
the great big serious world of modern business»  
The third huge building was filled to the brim with lawyers,  
spilling out of the top-floor windows  
-I want a lawyer at once to help me understand my rights and liberties in these companies  
«And how much money do you have, young man?»  
-One dollar, look how lovely the Queen is on my dollar  
«Get out, you cheeky young fool, you'd need 500,000 of those dollars to hire a lawyer  
And even at that price he'd be crooked!»  
Poor innocent that I am, I must have missed the boat

## **Stop Puking All Over Me**

Fine by me going out with you  
Fine by me drinking half the bar with you  
Fine by me making dangerous love with various objects tearing my insides  
Fine by me exchanging our sighs and saliva till we choke on our own CO<sub>2</sub>  
No problem piercing genital organs with rings  
Bring me your instruments of torture, your whips, your leather gear, your wedding dresses  
Hard drugs too, you know I love you, I'd do anything for you, even die of an overdose  
If you rape me like an animal I don't mind  
Introduce me to Satanism, the Black Mass with animal sacrifice, that's still fine  
Throw me out on the street for three days, then take me back, that's OK  
I'm happy to go to those places where they swap partners  
And watch illegal porno films where people do unbelievable, unimaginable things  
The hell you offer me I accept as paradise  
If you want me to piss in your mouth or shit on your face, I'm still up for it  
But please, please, please, stop puking all over me

## God Loves Me

Quickly, quickly, I went down the stairs of a dark sleazy club in New York  
Someone injected me with something which brought me straight back to the surface  
Even higher than the surface, I travelled through space  
Angels surrounded me, like countless embodiments of the Virgin Mary  
How wonderful I felt!  
Absolute fulfilment which only the truly spiritual can reach  
I found myself face to face with God  
God said to me:  
I love you!  
It hit me like a huge gust of fresh air, I stayed stunned by it  
Back on earth I took a plane to see my friends and tell them the good news:  
God loves me!  
They called the police and I found myself in a psychiatric  
hospital where I stayed for several days  
I went through a cure of total detox (although they prescribed other drugs for me)  
Now I see clearly:  
God doesn't love me!

## My Life Is Ruled By Sex

...and the same thing the next day  
Whether it's the tube to Piccadilly Circus or the subway to Washington Square  
I've only got one destination: SOHO  
I go to the village, go into a pub or a club  
Parade my spare-time English, my sad little eyes, my innocent face,  
looking all round me at once!  
And it's going on in every direction, all sides, I must learn to control myself  
Then suddenly someone looks at me, this is the green light  
In less than a second there I am there  
So you live with your parents? You're a Catholic?  
No, no, what am I saying...:  
You want to come to my place?  
And there we make love like a storm unleashed from the sky  
We kiss each other all over, lick, devour, masturbate, cry out and come

Afterwards we lie back, neither of us asks any questions, we part  
And the same thing the next day...

## Poor Little Thing

He's got new shoes, poor little thing  
He lives with his parents, poor little thing  
He goes to the University of Toronto, poor little thing  
He's got a career in front of him, poor little thing  
He's got a good job now, poor little thing  
He's saving thousands of dollars, poor little thing  
Soon he'll buy a house, poor little thing  
He's got a beautiful blonde on his arm, poor little thing  
He'll have children, poor little thing  
He'll have a condo in Florida, poor little thing  
He'll have a whole apartment block in the centre of Toronto, poor little thing  
He'll be rich, his fortune amassing over the years, poor little thing  
But he'll be unhappy, poor little thing  
None of his dreams coming true, poor little thing  
At fifty he'll go through his menopause, poor little thing  
He won't understand, he'll have regrets, be remorseful, poor little thing  
His uneventful past will resurface, he'll find plenty to be sorry about, poor little thing  
He'll need help and drugs, poor little thing  
Then cancer will carry him off, poor little thing  
Poor little thing

## My Head's About to Explode

This morning, in the next hour, this is what I should do:  
My tax returns  
A CV and some job applications  
Answer letters, pay bills  
Deal with demands from my bank about my overdraft  
Find some money and something to eat  
Find somewhere to live, I'm being evicted in two days

Find the love of my life, I'm in despair  
My head's about to explode  
In fact, what I have to do this morning is this:  
Sell some of my non-essential belongings  
Buy an airline ticket for who cares where  
Take a look at what's left then: nothing  
Start all over again  
My head's about to explode!  
In fact what I really have to do this morning is much simpler:  
Go to sleep and never wake up again

## **I Pissed on the Sorbonne**

The bells of the Sorbonne are ringing  
It's the day I wrecked my whole course  
The day I abandoned it all  
And then got completely rat-arsed  
On wine like a real old wino  
I burnt all my papers  
Junked all my notes  
I ran through the streets  
Saint-Germain, Saint-Michel  
To the Place de la Sorbonne, came to a halt  
I unzipped, I pissed  
Yes, I pissed on the Sorbonne, but that's nothing, I should have shat on it

## **I Love My Sugar Daddy**

He holds me with his shaking hands, asks me for a kiss  
We sit on a balcony overlooking Central Park  
He falls asleep with his head on my stomach, listening to it rumble  
Oh my dear sugar daddy, where would I be without you?  
In the street, where I spend all my time  
You feed me, listen to me, appreciate me  
You see in me what no one else can see



In your eyes I'm master of everything  
The world belongs to me, I just have to reach out my hand  
According to you I'm intelligent, handsome, a part of this world  
He watches me as best he can, gets me to sign bills for him  
I drive him wherever he wants in his Mercedes,  
go with him to concerts, the theatre, five-star restaurants  
He feels he can never do enough for me, is afraid I'll disappear without warning  
He swears absolute fidelity, keeps me company every minute of my life  
He gives me affection, shares his cat's affection with me too  
He takes me to his holiday home in Connecticut, his condo in Fort Lauderdale  
Opens his bar to me, goes with me through the wonderful throes of alcohol  
He takes me by the arm, I support him as he walks  
He really loves me and I love him in return  
He talks about his will, but I don't want to hear about it  
Head waiters smile at our entrance, but I ignore them  
I'm travelling first class now, when I used to hang around street corners  
Our friends are all worthwhile people, cultured and civilised  
I help him to dress, he helps me to undress  
He likes to see me asleep and naked in his bed, he watches over me  
He washes me, nothing in the world gives him more pleasure,  
he thinks I have «a magnificent dick»  
He knows how to thank me in his own way, opens the doors of the world to me  
He's the only person who thinks I'm someone  
I love falling asleep in his arms  
He's my only father

## **Vaginaphobia**

I see her coming a long way off, give her a big, embarrassed smile  
Her eyes insist, but I'm still shy  
She takes the initiative, buys me a glass of wine  
And we talk about a thousand and one things, music, poetry, the eternal flame  
She lives in the West End, carries me in off in her BMW, even opens the door for me  
She invites me to a restaurant in a hotel in Baker Street  
I'm the only one listening to the pianist playing Brahms in the background  
She tells me she's rich and successful, socially and otherwise  
She becomes more insistent, I more uncomfortable

When she shows her legs I feel a wave of nausea  
Finally she puts her hand on me, asks me up to her room  
I go up with her, we make ourselves at home, I've had several glasses of wine  
She undresses me slowly, so far so good  
She puts my penis in her mouth, so far I'm still breathing  
She puts her finger up my arse, then licks it, I'm very impressed  
But then she insists that I take off her skirt  
Where's the emergency exit?  
I take off her shirt, her tie, her waistcoat and her skirt  
There she is naked in front of me, a big lump, her cunt prominent  
My friend, it's time to take flight!

## **I'm Your Leader**

I head a new Anarchist movement, proclaiming the advent of a new Christ  
In other words, me  
I gather together those who are sickened by life  
Those who can no longer bear the weight of rules and laws  
Who no longer want to hear what they must or must not do  
Who have had enough of living by the precepts of other people  
I'm your leader  
Through me we'll make them listen to reason  
We'll destroy their way of thinking and ruling  
We'll rethink the world  
I've come to this world to clean up the Capitalist system  
I've come to this world to call everything into question  
You're going to hear us  
You're going to stop in your tracks  
You're going to think about what you're doing  
You're going to see that I'm right

## **I'm Unreachable**

Who am I? A name on an endless list  
Where am I? In West 9, Fourteenth arrondissement,

88th Street uptown, Church Street downtown  
How am I really living, what am I really saying?  
How do you find me, talk to me, tell me your problems?  
How to sit down with me and listen before you start judging me?  
Words on a page, we know what they're worth  
I'm no one and everyone at the same time  
I'm just a vague shape but I walk with you every day  
Turn your head and you'll see me  
I'm your innate unconscious  
I tell you what you want to hear  
The life you'd like to live without ever admitting it, especially to other people  
Perhaps you don't dream enough  
Achieving nothing fit to be recorded in the balance-sheet of a passionate life  
Could you die today and say: everything's been achieved,  
I can die happy, I've done what I set out to do,  
What I burned to do from the very core of my being?  
Who am I? Who am I?  
Do I really exist and where do I really want to be?

## **I'm Irresponsible**

I can't hold down a job  
It's impossible for me to sit still  
I suck people's blood till I've bled them dry  
I always manage somehow to take a plane somewhere  
I footle about all day  
Look for affection on street corners  
Spend all the money which has the misfortune to find its way into my pockets  
I despise everybody without exception  
I despise everything without exception  
Life has no meaning for me  
I celebrate death in my free time  
Drink alcohol the way you drink water  
Smoke something some countries forbid  
Do worse than that, but I know when to shut up  
I'm irresponsible  
But I live life to the full

## **My Mea Culpa**

Must we pay for our mistakes?  
Can we be forgiven a life of misery?  
Where do I go for a refund?  
I want to take back this life which I don't remember asking for  
I've lost it in trying as best I could to make it liveable  
Nothing works, I promise you  
Always and everywhere unlucky  
I pay all the time for the least of my actions  
Will you forgive me the hell I've made of my life?  
Will you understand it's better than the hell you've prepared for me?  
I was born sick, seriously so  
I'm in no way responsible for my destiny  
Couldn't sit happily in my own skin  
Nothing could have kept me alive if I'd had to work a nine to five day  
Hear my will, while there's still time  
I leave you the guilt of my existence  
Stuff it up your arse

## **My Devolution, My Revolution**

The more I go forward, the more I get bogged down  
The evolution of the human race must be following the same path  
An evolution in reverse  
Going in the opposite direction to the one it should normally take  
But hang on a moment  
Which direction should we be going in to make it evolution?  
Up or down, where's up, where's down?  
Can we help getting bogged down when everything directs us to death?  
An evolution in reverse, if such it can be called, is still evolution  
Evolution has so many implications, the getting of knowledge  
Personal experiences unknown to those who think them evil  
I know more than that about life, see much further

Don't we have to descend into hell to find wisdom?  
My devolution, my revolution

## **Throw Me Away After Use**

I'm non-returnable, even if it's against the law  
Can't be recycled, the machine wouldn't know what to do with me  
All I'm fit for is burial in some remote spot  
Where I'll be forgotten far from any organized society  
I only knew how to lose myself every which way in its dregs  
I thought I could reach the heights by going in by the back door  
But I despised those heights too much  
I'm worthless, I'm nothing  
I reject as a matter of course whatever could make me valuable  
Whatever could make something of me  
My mind can't accept any sort of label  
I do talk, but no one ever listens to me  
No one has ever listened to me  
Because no one ever listens to anyone  
All they've done is to watch me, interpret me from afar  
My life is only just beginning but already I've drawn up a balance sheet  
Have I lived too much in so short a time?  
And what use is living too much, I've had nothing out of it  
Sometimes someone takes me, swallows me, appreciates me for a fraction of a second  
Then they've had enough, spit me out again  
I'm worthless, I'm nothing  
Life isn't worth the effort of living

## **Step Into My Hell**

Come on, come in and share my hell  
I'm at home here in the warm  
It's comforting when it's cold outside and in  
Sorry there's nothing left to eat, that's one of the joys of my hell  
It keeps me alert, seeing human misery quite clearly

There's plenty to drink, though, a bottle of French wine tonight:  
La Vieille Ferme, Côtes du Ventoux  
My survival depends on drink more than on food  
I'm going out tonight, come with me  
We'll listen to a rhythm wild enough to wake up your heart  
Make it beat at the right speed to lift you outside the walls of your life  
I'm going to meet someone who'll show me a new universe  
You too can share it  
Hear life being discussed, people existing  
Revealing all their secrets to complete strangers  
Because I'm a complete stranger, more to my family than to all those unknowns that I meet  
Step into my hell  
Once you come to understand it, perhaps it won't be hell any more  
But you won't come to understand it  
Just as I won't come to understand you  
Must we for that reason try to wipe out one another?  
There never was a war without loss of life  
I've got nothing to lose, you've got nothing to gain  
If there must be a fight, I'll fight  
If you want war, I'll wage it  
If I have to kill you, I'll kill you  
I've got nothing to lose, you've got nothing to gain  
Step into my hell...

## **Come With Me and I'll Show You the World**

You're so handsome, so young and not yet disillusioned with life  
You admire me, think I've done everything you'll never dare to do  
Here's Church Street, Woody's, Boot's, John, George and Henry  
It's not a bad beginning but let's go further south  
Here's Greenwich Village, the Crow Bar, Splash, John, George and Henry  
Have a cigarette, have a beer, we'll go back in a taxi  
Here's Old Compton Street, Soho village, Popstarz, John, George and Henry  
Smoke this joint, let that melt in your mouth, sniff this, undress  
Here's the Marais, the subway, the Queen, Jeannette, Georgette and Henrietta  
There you are, now you know about the world  
Don't expect to find anyone better than me  
Because you'll only find everywhere John, George and Henry or various versions of them

## Is it My Fault if I Don't Get a Hard On?

How did you get to be so cold?  
Slow and uninterested at first, then suddenly passionate  
No communication, meetings arranged through a go-between  
Me torturing myself all day because we'd said nothing about the night  
Forget the candlelit dinner, romance and flowers  
Was there any desire? What did you do to fan the flame?  
We screwed each other without human warmth  
Then we had to get drunk to do it  
I did my best in the circumstances, three joints before bed, but to no effect  
Two people in my bed at the same time, I don't even recognise myself  
But if the person I fancy decides to leave us together...  
Then all I see in you is that first impression you gave me,  
how can you expect me to get a hard on?  
Bring back the third person and maybe we'll make it  
You brought him back, we made it, but at what price?  
You think you don't excite me  
You think only the love of your life excites me  
I've introduced jealousy into your relationship  
Destruction, that's my passion  
But it's only with you that I don't get a hard on  
It's not my fault and it's not down to drugs!

## Flee, Flee, Flee!

Leave and go anywhere else  
London, Paris, New York, Toronto  
When everything's going wrong  
When people don't understand each other  
When you don't look straight at me but glance to right or left  
When your parents try to convince me I've got the wrong number so that I can't reach you  
When my social life is truly bankrupt because my studies take precedence  
When shame, guilt and even nostalgia are killing me

Let's sprinkle it all with whisky, Canadian Club, and make our sign of the cross

Flee, flee, flee!

As soon as anyone criticises me, no matter what for

Looking on me as less than nothing (which is entirely true)

Taking me for an idiot to be exploited all the way and back

Abusing me as much as they can and may, even within the law

You can trample all over me, spit in my face and finish me off altogether

I've still got the option of flight

Flee, flee, flee!

When the brain stops responding to the body

When my IQ goes up (against nature) by a notch

When I start to act like an idiot, talking to myself or crying in the dark

My only solution, utter forgetfulness, complete renewal, rebirth

Flee, flee, flee!

## **I'm Going to Shoot Myself**

I want to do it without causing trouble or sorrow

My family have long since forgotten me, how could they feel the impact of the shot?

I want to make sure that no one ever finds me

Spare myself a funeral, the fire and the urn

Leap into the ether and never come down again

Bury myself in the earth and never come up for air

Sink to the bottom of the sea and never resurface

Travel through infinite space without arriving anywhere

Become utter nothingness, with no remains in refrigerators or elsewhere

Burn up everything I've touched, even my own ashes

Be sublimated into energy which will lose itself among the stars

I've got to stop myself from thinking, finish myself off for good, not half-heartedly

Stop all the torment and wild fantasies

Blow all the circuits of memory capable of retaining any token of my presence on earth

I have no pity for anyone, least of all for myself

Forgive me! I wanted nothing more than to live!

But living is impossible...



## **Your Flowers Smell Like Christ Decomposing!**

You waited patiently for the deadly boring workday to come to an end  
You walked quickly, at random, to wherever I might be  
I was with someone else but willing to free myself for you  
Doubtlessly thinking I was French  
You'd bought red wine, baguettes and some weird, smelly blue cheese  
Miserable cow, I've got nothing to do with France  
France threw me out, I can't legally live there  
You see? I speak English now and I'm proud of it!  
Where do I come from? Nowhere  
You persisted, airing all the romantic ideas you'd amassed  
You were wondering how to improve your behaviour, temperament, manners  
Talk about love, complicated friendship, perhaps the start of a love affair, fidelity  
You know very well I was stuck where I was  
You didn't even mention the marriage or the arrangements for divorce  
Then, when you produced your flowers smelling like Christ decomposing, it was too much  
Go on, pack up your goods and get out of my life

## **You're so Sweet!**

That's what you said to me the first time I kissed your neck  
I took you in my arms and you told me I was nice and sweet and all  
Then you rejected me: You're so sweet, but . . .  
All the same, next day you learned more about me and we talked about your hometown, Seattle  
You saw a sensitive soul, wearing his heart on his sleeve (old, outmoded English phrase)  
A soul so pure and sweet that no one reading these lines could understand the paradox  
That night you lit candles, put on some hackneyed classical music which everybody knows  
I was hardly dressed but played the innocent who doesn't know what effect he's having  
I went out for a moment but came back for a cigarette  
You were dressed strangely for the night, very exciting  
I came close to pouncing on you and raping you there and then  
But I stopped myself, to be sure of being able to see you one more time  
Then, when you threw me out, you made the mistake of giving me one last kiss for the night  
At once I got a hard-on and we both got carried away  
You asked me to put out the candles so as to hide your old body

You made love like someone rediscovering his joie de vivre, the happiness of existence  
You gave me more warmth and energy than I would ever have thought possible  
You confessed that the age difference between us had caused a psychological block  
(But no, I'm of age, you won't go to prison, don't worry)  
Thirty-one isn't old, you know  
You're capable of such tenderness, such wonders  
In fact you're the one who's so sweet and that's unforgettable

## **I Go from One Extreme to the Other**

As with everything in this world, there's no happy medium  
Everything goes right or everything goes wrong  
And my reactions are extreme  
Either I'm having such a good time that I could die of happiness  
(Sometimes just watching the movement of a snail)  
Or I want to die drowned in drink  
(sometimes just seeing a snail crushed at the side of the road)  
I'll draw down the moon for you or I'll cut off your head and bury you  
I'm on a strict diet or eating to bursting point like a pig  
I'll dance at the edge of the cliff but sometimes I need a darkened room, hermetically sealed  
I insult people and lose all my friends or I shower them with more flowers than they can bear  
I get through a task by working on it twenty-four hours a day or I do nothing at all  
I'm an extremist  
As with everything in this world, there's no happy medium  
Everything goes right or everything goes wrong

## **The Meat Between a Woman's Legs**

Yes, someone told me about it, I know it exists  
It seems it has a strange colour and texture, an aphrodisiac scent  
I've discussed it at length with priests  
Advertising agencies and business men  
In high-minded purely intellectual conversations  
It's an interesting concept, a marketable product  
We should draw up a strategy, avoid all pitfalls

Sell it fairly expensively but target the right consumers  
It's a good marketing ploy, a gilt-edged industry  
Yes, I have to admit it has certain undeniable qualities

## **From the Moment When . . .**

From the moment when . . .  
You're worth nothing any more and it's written in the stars  
That you've failed at everything and have no future  
That everyone's rejected you, parents and the love of your life  
That you've got no more food and it's only by a miracle that you've survived this long  
That you're lost at five o'clock in the morning in the middle of some strange town with nowhere to  
sleep  
Then real life begins  
The life where you have no more hang-ups, no more shame  
No morality, no outmoded values  
Not answerable to anyone  
Then I indulge myself to death  
I make my base in London  
I go out, drink, smoke, take drugs, and rave the night away  
And when I'm lost in the Underground on my way to the centre of town, I'm ecstatic!  
I revel in my total freedom  
I'm so far away from all those people who say things should be this way and not that  
I'm far away from the ones who live in the past and have no hope in the future, without even taking a  
look at the present  
Ah well, as for me, I've never lived as much as I do in the present  
From the moment when everything you've ever known no longer exists, life begins

## **Love is Sweet**

We've been head over heels in love for four years  
We don't understand each other any more but try to be faithful  
We cook ourselves nice little dinners  
Broccoli soup with cream, charlottes with maple syrup  
We sleep together in a queen-size bed, hardly ever snore

We go together to the cinema, go shopping together  
Everyone knows about our relationship and accepts it gladly  
Life couldn't be sweeter  
But . . . where did we meet?  
What no one knows is that we met in the bog at a bar in town  
There's nothing more romantic  
A dark room filled with smoke at about two o'clock in the morning  
I'd just arrived, was already drunk  
I'd been smoking something dodgy, couldn't see very well  
You gave me a lift home saying perhaps we'd see each other again at the end of term  
I gave you the wrong phone number  
You gave me crabs in the first month of our relationship  
And now today that love is dead  
All that's left in my head are the worst moments  
For a long time I wished you dead  
Every year you left me in the lurch to look around elsewhere  
The little friends you slept with would come and ring our doorbell  
You're a complete slut  
Today I feel free beyond description  
Love is sweet . . .

## Death

I lay there in silence  
Blood dripping on the ground  
I didn't see your gun  
I'm dying for you  
You've never understood anything  
Unknown in the big city  
Lost for days on end without seeing you  
Waiting for you in Ottawa or in Paris  
Where were you then when I was still alive?

I'm lying here in silence  
Listening to myself die  
My gun in the bracken  
I'm dying for you

I've never understood anything  
Unknown in the big city  
Lost for days on end seeing you in my dreams  
Waiting for you in Prague or in Texas  
So where are you now that I'm dead?

I'm lying here in silence  
Listening to you die  
Whose gun was it?  
You're dying for me  
We've never understood anything  
Unknown in big cities  
Lost for days on end without seeing each other  
Waiting for each other in Toronto or in London  
Where are we now that we're dead?

## **Anarchy on Earth**

Oh God!  
They were all born in their own little world  
They all interpreted your existence according to their own ideas  
They all wrote their own bible and believed in it  
They all thought they knew everything  
They all thought they were right  
They all waged war to impose their own ideas  
They all killed in your name

Oh God!  
Did you want so many nations and such wretchedness?  
So many births and deaths?  
Can pardon, absolution, ever come from all this hell?  
We're born, we die, just where we are  
Freedom of thought has never motivated us  
We all have our own laws, our own ways of doing things  
They all waged war for their own ends  
They all killed in your name

Oh God!  
Didn't you want us to convert our enemy?  
Didn't you want us to understand our enemy?  
Didn't you want us to help our enemy?  
Didn't you want us to love our enemy even if he kills us?  
They all waged war  
They all killed in your name  
They're all guilty  
You probably wanted anarchy on earth?

## **Anarchy**

Anarchy is being aware in ourselves that something else exists  
Anarchy is thinking differently from the rest of the world  
Anarchy is ridding ourselves of everything foreign to our desires  
Anarchy is doing what we've always wanted to do

Anarchy is something within ourselves  
Anarchy has nothing to do with anyone else  
Anarchy isn't fighting or destroying our own kind  
Anarchy isn't demonstrating in the street to denounce this or that

Anarchy is a revolution within  
It's the awareness that something else exists  
It's an existence that depends on no one else  
It's an intrinsic freedom guiding us towards happiness and joy

Anarchy isn't political  
Anarchy isn't racist or discriminatory  
Anarchy bears no ill will to anyone  
Anarchy is questioning everything again and again  
It's being above the things of this world  
It's the quest for a reason for living  
It's doing whatever makes us happy  
In a world where it's impossible to be happy

Anarchy is a revolution of the mind

Anarchy is a feeling of freedom  
In a world where there is no freedom  
And that's very powerful!

## **I Don't Give a Fuck About You**

You think you know everything  
You analyse my every move  
You give me marks out of ten  
I don't give a toss

I'm above all that because I haven't yet achieved great things  
I live purely by necessity  
Survive purely by instinct  
If you're not happy, go fuck yourself

You've learned everything, know everything  
You know what's good and what's bad  
You have preconceived ideas as to what I should or shouldn't do  
You think you could do better  
Come on, then, let's have a laugh at your shortcomings  
You're still something better than I am?  
All the more reason to challenge and contradict you  
I don't give a fuck about you!

## **Head in the Clouds?**

You're looking at me  
I'm not listening  
You attract my attention  
Your head's in the clouds!

I reply  
No, no, my head's not in the clouds

You watch me  
I'm somewhere else  
You panic  
You're head's in the clouds!

I reply  
No, no, my head's not in the clouds

You spy on me  
You're infuriated  
You yell  
You're head's in the clouds!

I reply  
No, no, my head's not in the clouds  
I'm much further away than the clouds

## **Illumination**

I saw light on the horizon  
Got out of my boat to hear more clearly  
Flew as far as the mountain  
A wave filled the sky  
Seductive music charmed me

In that light I saw  
Sound travel over the fields  
Flying with bats over the canal  
Waves filled the sky  
And I understood

All the answers were there on the horizon  
In the smallest details in front of my eyes  
Light, sound, waves  
I flew all over the sky  
With the eagle eyes of the illuminated



## **If I Were A Woman**

If I were a woman, I'd be beautiful  
If I were a woman, I'd be slim  
If I were a woman, I'd be clever  
If I were a woman, I'd be an engineer  
If I were a woman, I'd build a tower reaching up into space  
If I were a woman, I'd have 16 children who'd all be engineers  
If I were a woman, I'd understand everything happening around me  
If I were woman, I'd embrace human rights, the poor, the orphaned  
If I were a woman, I'd be president of the company  
If I were a woman, I'd be Joan of Arc  
If I were a woman, I'd be secretary-general of the United Nations  
But since I'm not a woman  
I'm going to fall asleep in front of the telly with my beer

## **If I Were President of the United States**

If I were President of the United States, I'd speak in the name of God  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be a diehard Christian  
If I were President of the United States, I'd speak in the name of family values  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be heedful of my duty and good  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be firm and ruthless  
If I were President of the United States, I'd joyfully love everyone  
If I were President of the United States, I'd kill the terrorist enemy  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be old and wise  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be rich as Croesus  
If I were President of the United States, I'd build up a strong army  
If I were President of the United States, I'd develop an infallible defence system  
If I were President of the United States, I'd rule the world  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be pure  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be perfect  
If I were President of the United States, I'd be the most powerful man ever  
But since I'm not President of the United States,  
I'm going to the bog to wipe my bum

## **If I Were God**

If I were God, I'd have created you, you miserable animal  
If I were God, I'd know what was going on in your underdeveloped brain  
If I were God, I'd laugh at your petty power of authority  
If I were God, your shortcomings would make me laugh  
If I were God, it wouldn't interest me how pure you were  
If I were God and you a delinquent in the making, I'd take an interest in you  
If I were God, all your laws and social niceties would be meaningless to me  
If I were God, I'd delight in watching you destroy yourself  
If I were God, I wouldn't listen to your self-serving prayers  
If I were God, one genocidal act more or less wouldn't mean the end of the world  
If I were God, I'd know just how wretched you were in all your apparent greatness  
If I were God, your life would be futile  
If I were God, your death would be futile  
If I were God, only my overall plan would count for anything  
If I were God, only what I'd foreseen for humanity would count  
If I were God, only the final reckoning after the death of humanity would count  
And since I am God  
I'm going to write your story

## **My Terrible Sentence**

Forgive me God for I have sinned  
I thought in my madness that I could save the world  
I thought I could make a difference  
I thought I had the power to change things  
  
They deported me  
They put me in prison  
They stripped me of all the rights I'd been granted  
They stripped me of all the hope I'd built up for myself  
  
I deserve it

I was deaf  
I was blind  
I wasn't up to it  
Now I'm silent  
Now I'm invisible  
Now I'm dead  
Is that what you want?

Now there can be no pardon  
No possible understanding  
No magic vision  
In my mind you're dead

Oh God, how your logic put us in the wrong  
How your will fails to move us  
How your wisdom is unknown to us  
My sentence is that of humanity

We've all sinned  
We've all thought we could save the world  
We've all thought we could make a difference  
We've all thought we had the power to change things

We all deserve death

## **Madness**

A tortured soul like mine  
That has lost its direction  
On the right road to happiness  
That's complete madness

I take all souls with me in my torment  
In an endless madness at the brink of day  
All the outmoded constructions  
Which existed only in my imagination

Oh God . . .  
I see things  
I hear things  
Beyond my understanding

Save me!  
I'm at the beginning of time  
I'm at the end of time  
I'm infinite

Madness has got hold of my poor soul  
I've gone crazy  
Hear my prayer!  
It's as infinite as space

But in this universe I'm all-powerful  
I control the capabilities of everything  
I see beyond the horizon  
The nightmare of my existence

I'm no longer myself  
I never was myself  
I'll never be myself  
Complete madness

## **Alone in the World**

Oh yes, some nights I turn around  
And realise I'm alone in this space  
That there's no way in or out that can lead me to anyone else  
I'm alone in the world

I think about what's going on in the starry sky  
I'm trying to understand the reality around me  
I work on my own ideas, my own ideals  
I know that the rest of the world exists only in my imagination

This is my life, what's in my mind  
With trees and the camp fire  
Nothing else exists  
Nothing to poison my existence

I manage to forget you  
I manage to forget that somewhere office blocks exist  
Towns and their inhabitants  
Duties and responsibilities

I find myself alone with my ideas  
My theory of the universe  
My home-made philosophy  
My fate and my happiness

I'm leaving alone for space on my asteroid  
I'm going out of the solar system  
I'm exploring other galaxies  
I'm alone in the world

## **I'm Going to Find Myself a Whore**

Beautiful slave of this world  
Preferably blonde  
Not too old  
Between twelve and fifteen

A virgin if possible  
Wearing high heels  
Already in a mess  
And dependent on hard drugs

Don't you dream too?  
Have an extraordinary longing to get out of your rut?  
A destiny to fulfil?  
A desire to change the world?

Well then you've found me  
I'm your whore  
Beautiful slave of this world  
Still a virgin

I'm a surprise  
A romantic dinner before screwing  
Candles burning all night long  
Fireworks blowing up in your face

I'm going to find myself a whore  
She'll be dark  
She'll be old  
She'll be dirty

You've found me  
I'm your whore  
Beautiful slave of this world  
In a firework display blowing up in your face

## **Craziness**

One day I woke up crazy  
The way you are now  
My only solution is this anarchy  
They tried to lock me up for some time  
Time for me to recover my spirits  
Time for me to understand that life is a game  
Time to understand we must always throw the dice  
Time to understand we must accept hell  
Pretend to enjoy it and smile at life

One day you'll all be crazy  
The way I am now  
Your only solution will be medical help  
They'll lock you up for some time  
Time for you to recover your spirits

Time for you to understand that life is a game  
Time to understand we must always throw the dice  
Time to understand we must accept hell  
Pretend to enjoy it and smile at life.

## **Something Tells Me That This Time . . .**

This time when they ask you to come to the centre of London  
You won't go looking shy and submissive  
This time when they ask you into the office  
You won't be feeling afraid and anxious  
This time when they tell you you're incompetent  
You won't come up with some silly excuse  
This time when they show you their fabricated evidence  
You won't be sick and discouraged  
This time when they lie to you through their teeth  
You won't play their game and start lying yourself  
This time when they let you know their unjust decision  
You'll take charge at last and tell them to go to hell

Something tells me that this time . . .  
You won't be manipulated by them  
You won't let them walk all over you  
Their lies will have no effect on you  
You won't go home defeated  
You won't spend three days bemoaning your lot  
You won't sink into permanent depression  
You won't start taking drugs to forget your problems

Something tells me that this time . . .  
You'll be a different man  
You'll be strong  
You'll stop wanting to forget your problems  
You'll take yourself in hand and stop the useless struggle  
You'll face up to your existence  
You'll move on to other things  
And then you'll be born again

# The British Dream

The phone rings, it's my drinking buddy from Manchester  
He asks me to go with him again to Camden Palace and get rat-arsed  
One pint, two pints  
New Order are playing  
And suddenly the world belongs to us  
We dream about being rich, leaving for Los Angeles  
To forget that we're poor and looking for work  
Again we talk about starting our own business  
It'll be called The Crowned Anarchist plc, a nicely provocative name  
It'll make millions and be quoted on the stock exchange  
Three pints, four pints  
We're doing justice to English pubs  
Our capitalist side never really disappears  
What we're looking for above all is our independence  
We'll succeed at something, though we don't know what  
And at once we're the brightest and most brilliant people of our generation  
Five pints, six pints  
Reality suddenly hits us  
We're nothing and we'll never be anything  
We can't take risks and throw ourselves into crazy enterprises  
You have to be mad to set up a business, only lunatics succeed  
Seven pints, eight pints  
We're well into a coma  
The whole world is mad, lunatics all of them!  
What are we doing in this world?  
Nine pints, ten pints  
We vomit all over the toilets of Camden Palace  
The two of us fall asleep at the bar  
All our dreams wiped out by our natural functions  
Compared to the American Dream, the British Dream is lovely!



# Hollywood Success

One glass of wine too many  
That's why I've just been sick on the carpet  
But before . . .  
I `m nineteen  
Just arrived in Los Angeles  
Ready for anything  
Queuing up at the Zombi Bar  
To meet anyone there worth meeting  
I'm not fussy, sleep with influential men and women  
In a world of poverty you take advantage of what's on offer  
Me, me, me!  
Now you'll see I'm someone of little brain, great  
With a good body, great  
And an endless will to get all your plans going, great  
We're not in Paris, here you make millions, millions, millions  
And spend it all in as long is it takes to say so  
We're not here for the millions  
We're here to meet the right person  
I won't wipe tables any more  
I've done too much of that in all the capital cities of the world  
Me, I'm going to be part of the world of the rich and famous  
The fearsome world of Hollywood  
I'll have one hit, two hits, three hits, a flop  
Drown my sorrows in alcohol, then drugs  
I'll be forgotten for years  
Then resurface one day when someone gives me a break  
But I'll screw up again  
Later go into detox  
I'll babble about the Teletubbies  
Time for me to hold a gun to my head  
But I'll have succeeded, for just one moment,  
To live on another planet

## The Following Poem Was Banned in 53 Countries

I woke up one morning needing a fuck  
So I decided to take a walk round my grandfather's farm  
There was a magnificent mare in the stable  
A ripe juicy mare  
A nice rounded mare like you see in all the best illegal porn films  
I mounted her  
Let's do it! Ah, aah, aaaaaahhhh!  
Satisfied at last I went into the henhouse  
A nice fat hen full of lard!  
Let's do it, hen! Yes, yes! Ah, aah, aaaaaahhhh  
And even then I couldn't leave my grandfather's farm  
Without taking a peek at the pigsty  
Ah my friends!  
Two huge nursing sows, you want them? There they are!  
Let's do it, fat sows! Heigh ho! Ah, aah, aaaaaahhhh  
Then at the side of the shed  
A nice fat cat on heat  
Have I still got the energy?  
Wah, wah! Wah, hey! Ah, aah, aaaaaahhhh  
And just before I left, a little white mouse  
Oh no, I told myself, it's time to go

## And This One Was Banned All Over the World

One day I woke up needing a fuck  
So I decided to go to a shelter for battered women  
[The rest is censored but you can imagine what happened . . . ]

## No Girls in the Army

The army, my girl, is for strong men  
Macho men  
Well-endowed men

It's a place where you'd be among men playing at soldiers  
It's not for you

The army, my girl, is a place for men with muscles  
All naked together in the shower  
With big, well-hung willies  
It's a place where you'd be among men playing at being among men  
It's not for you

The army, my girl, is for the stronger sex  
Men bursting with spermatozoa  
Full of testosterone  
It's a place for playing together even at night  
It's not for you

## **Letter From Prison**

At night I look through the bars  
I see the full moon  
My gaze then falls on the cement floor  
You'd believe I was thinking about remorse  
Or about vengeance  
But I'm not thinking about anything  
My heart is empty  
My gaze absent  
I've stopped living  
I've always held my breath  
I look at the moon in the sky  
I'm far away, far, far away in space  
I can't remember being born  
I can't remember having lived  
A vague memory comes back to me  
Only to be forgotten between the toilet and the stool  
Human suffering  
I despair of ever seeing a better day  
When life becomes bearable

I hear stories through the bars  
You'd believe they'd make me think  
Or make my condition worse  
But I don't hear anything  
My soul is deaf  
My life is total silence  
I've stopped living  
I've always turned a deaf ear  
I hear the stars in the sky  
I'm far away, far, far away in space  
I don't remember hearing tears at my birth  
I don't remember hearing anything at all  
A vague snatch of speech comes back to me  
Only to be forgotten between the candle and my bed  
Human wretchedness  
I despair of ever hearing a better day  
When the cacophony of civilisation becomes bearable

## **A Gun at Your Head**

A gun at your head  
To make you understand  
The eternal void  
The insignificance of our destiny  
Now I see there's nothing beyond the horizon  
Nothing to expect from nothing  
The irony of our existence  
I'll throw

A bomb under your seat  
To make you understand  
The darkness of our logic  
The violence in everything  
Now I see there's no hope beyond the horizon  
Nothing to hope for from anyone  
The hell of our consciousness  
I'll start

A world war on your head  
To make you understand  
The evil in this world  
The uselessness of the planet  
I see now that there's nothing to see beyond the horizon  
Nothing to expect from space  
The illusion of science  
I'll explode

## Genesis

Have they even got any hope in life?  
Any joy in seeing daylight fill space?  
Are they still thinking about science, philosophy and politics?  
Do they think they'll discover psychology one day, late in the evening?  
And has the wonderful world of money yet been born?  
It's called the world of marketing and sales  
With project managers and managing directors  
God must have created these things as irony or as vengeance

Once I saw a garden  
Radishes, carrots, tomatoes  
Earth and flowers  
I didn't see the advent of the business world written in the stars  
Nor that of political wretchedness  
I see the joy of someone who knows and can do nothing  
Who walks free from every plague, every thought  
Going out with no pressure, no qualifications  
And walking all day without thinking about anything at all  
A world that's forgotten his existence  
A world that doesn't think any more  
But lives and breathes

I walk in the wind  
Learn to unlearn  
To forget whatever we've tried to understand

Free myself from these machines and this noise  
Flee from people running in all directions  
I'm in quest of inaction  
I want total emptiness  
I want to live

## **The Infinite**

I thought I understood the idea of the infinite  
Seeing my body stretched out relatively in all directions  
Seeing time at once stopped and multiplied by itself  
I saw the beauty of a world impossible to fashion  
Energy fields with no beginning and no end  
Heavenly electric storms over the whole universe  
Seeing across time what happened before and what will happen after  
The power to see reality as infinity where the present has never existed  
To understand and interpret infinities of reality  
It's even better to see, understand and live in this world  
A multitude of events all invisible at once  
And the ability to deal with different strands of experience  
I see, try, know everything  
I live at infinity

## **Propaganda**

I live in the most beautiful country in the world  
The Prime Minister is the most intelligent being on the planet  
He's challenged everything  
I now have enough to eat  
  
The economy's rolling in money  
My job pays a fortune compared to what I'd earn elsewhere  
It's elsewhere that people are dying of hunger  
While I live in the richest country of all

It's crazy, money falls from the sky  
But the district I work in is dedicated to finance  
What does this mean?  
It means everything because I have enough to eat

Life is wonderful!  
I weep with joy!  
Look at me, happiness is written on my face  
We live on the most beautiful planet in the universe!

Tie me up, I can't carry on any more  
Joy and happiness are choking me  
Everything's so perfect that it screeches like the tyres of my new car  
Aaaaahh! At last God has heard our prayers

Such a beautiful country!  
Such a rich culture!  
Such a wonderful system!  
It's too much. Kill me, someone

I want to let everything go  
I want someone to launch me into space  
I want to escape way beyond our solar system  
With a gun in my hand tonight and tomorrow be no more

## **Frontline Terrorism**

I've got no pity at all for the old granny believing in her God  
No pity at all for the bloke in his suit and tie dying in conformity  
No pity at all for that woman fighting for recognition  
No pity at all for that child who'll become a monster in our image  
I've got no pity at all for anyone

Why should I take pity on you?  
Why do you deserve to live?  
Why is your daughter's life worth more than the lives of 7 billion other parasites on this planet?  
Do you think I give a toss about your dog, your cat or your goldfish?

All you've ever done all my life is to make me sick

Oh, you were capable of finer feelings  
Of loving your neighbour  
But it's a bit late to prove it  
If you haven't already done it, you never will  
You're incapable of understanding, of good deeds or of love

I won't be a hypocrite, won't hide away to say what I think  
When the bomb went off, I was on the front line  
When the time came, I was the one who lit the fuse  
You never wept for my dead, I won't weep for yours  
You are the catalyst of this terrorism

## **The World Is Dying**

The world is dying  
And I don't give a toss  
I'd like to speed up the process  
Steer it to a quicker death  
But what power do I have on this planet?  
They'll analyse my neurosis  
This desire to see the world explode  
Eliminate all trace of human existence from the earth  
And take the last laugh with me to my grave  
Because you'll never understand me  
I'm playing with you  
I'm playing with the analyst  
Lying to him all the way and back again  
Don't forget it: *Je est un autre*  
I'm a sheep  
White like all the other sheep  
I'm law-abiding  
I've been to university  
Been a managing director  
What a creep I am  
Socialist and capitalist at the same time



I've read Marx, Nietzsche, Machiavelli and Stalin  
And now I'm a volatile mixture  
Boom! The world's just blown its fuse  
Grace – is that too much to ask?  
I'm the worst of anarchists  
I don't listen to reason  
Anything can justify my death  
Anything can justify your death  
Can you prove to me that you deserve to exist?  
I offer all my worldly goods to anyone who'll kill me  
I've had enough of this wretched existence  
And like any good anarchist  
I'd like to take the rest of the planet with me when I die

## **A Serious Problem with Authority**

Ever since I was born you've told me what I should do with myself  
I've never been free to take the slightest little decision  
And if I once stood up to tell you I wouldn't do something  
Once just walked away to do something else  
That something else soon became your Plan B  
I went on doing whatever you wanted me to do  
And you wonder why I hate authority  
Why I don't take kindly to criticism  
Why I can't stand people telling me what to do  
It's because you've planted these powerful authority figures everywhere  
At every level of my existence  
Some sort of authority is fencing me in  
Checking up on me, spying on what I do  
And if I object, however feebly, an army descends on me  
An army of parents, teachers, supervisors, directors, priests  
Psychologists, policemen, soldiers, agents of all sorts of outfits  
What counts is order, conformity's the thing, total peace without compromise  
Well, I'm telling you I'm not the one who has a problem with authority  
Too many people have too much authority over everyone else in the world  
Don't be surprised when everything blows up in your face  
When someone suddenly pulls a gun and fires it among you at random  
You were asking for it and you'll find it yet

# You Lied

How could you?  
How could you lie to us all these years?  
How could you manipulate events like that?  
Why have so little faith in your children?  
Did you think we couldn't take things as they were?  
Couldn't adapt ourselves to new realities?  
That we'd give one last cry and die?  
No  
We're not fools  
We're not crazy  
We're capable of seeing, hearing, acting for ourselves  
Taking control of our lives and being aware of what's going on  
Challenging everything from morning to night  
And living in this new age of which we've been robbed

How could you?  
How could you carry on like that?  
How did you manage to hide so many things from us?  
Everyone knew  
Everyone understood  
Everyone kept quiet  
Everyone thought you were right  
That these things must be hidden  
Fear  
Fear of talking  
Fear of looking ridiculous  
Of being destroyed  
Of dying

How could you?  
How could you lie to us all these years?  
How could you manipulate events like that?  
Some opinion you must have of your children  
When you think it important they must live in ignorance!

And what would that change anyway?  
Nothing  
You'll pay the price  
You'll vanish  
And we'll take over  
And you'll see that we'll build better things than you do with your petty constructions  
We'll rebuild a truly happy world  
We'll be born again

## **She Always Was a Monster**

There's something hanging from your crotch  
Let's see, old sow, it's getting bigger  
Don't you ever wash, you old bag?  
It's really disgusting, puts me off  
To think that you're an expert in your field  
A field that you're the only one to understand  
Don't you know that the world has moved on?  
You tell me you've been ill  
I can well believe it, with those boils on your cunt  
And how's the womb?  
Generalised cancer?  
I've been telling myself too that it took something like this to understand  
Understand that another life exists outside of your contempt  
I'm not going to wear myself out slagging you off  
Because you've always opened doors for me  
And then you've shut them all  
If you hadn't been so worried about your cunt  
You'd have seen that I didn't give a shit about your insides  
Your ailments  
Your cancer  
Your hair falling into the drains of Paris  
Bitch, fucking bitch!!!  
That's all you are  
I'll open those doors for myself  
Go back to your cancers and ailments  
I kiss your crotch  
And what's hanging from it

## **I Am the Talk of the Town**

They're talking about me, darling  
On five continents, darling  
I am beautiful  
I am everything  
I am the talk of the town  
Darling  
I'm a sex-machine  
I'm an orgasmic doll  
I cry out  
I bugger you  
It hurts, darling  
I'm happy  
You're in pain  
Hurrah!  
But I'm dying  
Of lack of interest  
Lack of motivation  
Complete lack of seriousness  
Baaah, baaaaaaah, baaaaaaaaaaaaah!  
I don't give a shit, darling!  
I'm the talk of the town  
And I don't give a fucking fuck  
Darling

## **I Should be Dead**

I can't begin to understand  
Why I'm still alive  
When I've tried so hard  
To leave this world  
To rid myself of you  
In ridding myself of myself

Flee from this old country  
Go to new places to escape from other people in old countries  
And isolate myself on a desert island to be sure of finding the inner peace I deserve  
I swallowed pills, hundreds of pills  
Drank 13 bottles of whisky one after another  
Threw up 13 bottles of whisky probably because I was full of pills  
I bought myself all The Smiths' records  
Fired a bullet into my head but it went straight through my brain and I'm still alive  
Good Lord, what's a man got to do to die in this world?  
Take down his trousers, show you his dick and jump off a bridge  
Blah blah blah blah, hic!  
So go to hell  
I don't give a toss about you  
What I'd like is to get rid of you forever  
But that doesn't work  
That's why I threw myself on to those electric cables  
50,000 volts and I'm still alive  
The only explanation  
Is God, he's the one who's stopping me from dying  
So He can screw himself!

## **I'm Your Slave**

I've stopped living  
I've abandoned all my plans  
I've thrown my promising future out of window  
I can tell the whole world of my misery and suffering  
The hell you've made for me  
There's no place for joy in your universe  
Happiness was never part of the equation  
I've stopped thinking for myself  
I obey your commands  
I break the law and work all the overtime I can  
I work like a dog to forward your useless projects  
I'm your slave  
Forever, yours for eternity  
I give you my life, my talents, my skills

All that for your personal advantage  
I don't say a word  
I listen to your sermons on my faults  
I ask pity for myself  
I'll get to heaven  
The heaven of slaves  
Amen

## **I'm Your Inflatable Virgin Mary**

Blasphemy!  
Screw me!  
I give myself to you entirely  
Isn't that what you wanted?  
Screw me!  
Blasphemy!  
I'll give birth to Christ the all-powerful  
That shit will emerge from my guts  
To destroy everything it meets on its way  
Cause wars in the world  
Blasphemy!  
That'll be the fruit of this bottomless hole, endless suffocation  
Dead men on top of me, blood all over the universe  
Screw me!  
So that Christ in his turn can screw  
The whole world  
Bogged down in this muddy marsh  
This thick fog  
Blasphemy!  
The ways of God are impenetrable  
Screw me!  
The new improved Virgin Mary  
Who spawns hell on earth  
For thousands of years  
Until there's a perfect being  
Superman  
Christ decomposed to humanity's tune

We've achieved the new age  
Of a frustrated virgin  
Who gave birth to the end of the world  
The ways of God are impenetrable  
Blasphemy!

## **You're Just a Bitch-Victim**

You walk past me, ignoring me completely  
In your eyes I'm worth less than nothing  
You think I'm sixteen, I think you're a good fifteen years older than you really are  
You put me through the hardest graft for your own satisfaction  
You have such a good time it disgusts me, you laugh in my face  
You bad-mouth me to everyone all over the place  
You seem to be having your period every day of the year  
Walking with clenched thighs as if afraid that your bloodstained tampons would fall to the ground  
Your face gives me a rash, I couldn't imagine making love to you  
You don't take care of your skin, put six layers of makeup on your eyes  
A real clown, a real whore  
You're so dried-up, anyone would swear you're about to break into bits  
God how I loathe you, I'll beat you till you've no teeth left  
The dinosaurs are still alive, spitting the same fire, I've been burnt by it again and again  
Bring me an axe to chop this plank of wood  
You're just a bitch-victim

## **Life and I are Incompatible**

I'm a contradiction of nature in every sense of the term  
I think differently from the rest of the world from A to Z  
I'm totally sure there's no justice in this world  
And go further in believing that there's nothing to justify justice  
I'm moved when I see how we let people die of hunger  
Very surprised to find that the hungry don't rise up against those who have too much to eat  
Order has been imposed on the world through fear  
A social contract ignoring the fact that we're in a jungle

That, in the jungle, the law of the strongest prevails and the rest must die  
But the ruling principles of these societies flirt with anarchy  
There again the law of the strongest prevails but on a different level  
You have to fight against life, fight against death  
Impose yourself, your ideas, desires, needs, laws and rights  
But everything in this world is only convention  
There are no rights, no freedoms, no need of anyone else we should gratify  
Nothing is good, nothing is evil  
It's up to us to adapt ourselves to life

## **There Are No Noble Feeling**

There are no noble feelings  
There's only hidden self-interest  
Even in aiming for heaven and going to paradise

## **There's Nothing Worse Than People With Principles**

There's nothing worse than people with principles  
Because their principles only ever apply to themselves  
Because of course no one can live entirely according to the best principles in the world  
And so they don't live up to their ideal life  
And suffer enormously  
Then they try to regulate our lives instead  
According to principles they don't respect themselves  
And so my life is fettered by these principles  
Principles which change from one person to another  
And I ask to see how all this may be justified  
Where is the source of what should and should not be  
Life could be much simpler  
Without all these futile principles



## The Policy of Truth

Should we hide the truth?  
Should we tell the truth?  
Should we demand truth from others?  
Should we help others to hide the truth?  
Should truth become an obsession, something beyond price?  
We could spend our whole lives looking for truth  
We could destroy the whole world for the sake of the search for truth  
We could lose all our friends and family for the truth  
We could make our lives wretched simply by needing to know the truth  
We could lie and feel horribly guilty about hiding the truth  
We could destroy our careers and our whole destiny in letting others know the truth  
We're worth nothing any more when others know the least of our truths  
Other people's truth is extremely dirty, best not to know too much about it  
Not every truth should be told  
Not every truth should be known  
Every quest for the truth will be in vain  
Every attempt to hide the truth will be in vain  
The policy of truth

## Get A Life, Old Crow!

You're certainly the prettiest girl I've ever met  
(Well, perhaps not, but almost)  
You're twenty-one and I thought you were twenty-six  
(In your case, that's a compliment)  
If I wasn't what I am, I'd probably ask you to marry me  
(And then I'd have a British passport)  
You walk up and down the aisles pushing a trolley full of books  
(At sale price, everything must go)  
You smile angelically at me  
(The better to plant your claws later on)  
You're sweet and lively  
(Like sows in pigstys)  
I stroke your lovely blonde hair

(Because you never stop flirting, you cow)  
But when I ask you how you spend your free time, it doesn't mean I'm asking you for a date  
(Fuck off)  
And then you tell me you've got a boyfriend  
(To put an end to your flirting, it's gone too far)  
You absolutely have to go to your break  
(What does your determined tone really mean?)  
You practically accuse me of sexual harassment  
(But where did you get that from?)  
Perhaps it was when I got hold of your bum by mistake  
(Believe me I'm not interested in pinching bottoms)  
And perhaps I brushed up against one of your breasts absent-mindedly  
(That was an accident too or unconscious)  
In short, you're a real bitch to put me in my place today  
(Your problem is not knowing how to flirt and be nice about it)  
Implying that I want to sleep with you?  
(You must be out of your mind)  
Treating me like some kind of pest in front of everyone  
(What do you take me for?)  
Your poor boyfriend, no way would I want a woman as frigid as you  
(Amen)  
Come on, get a life!

## **I'm Just a Pretty Face**

I strut about, looking good beside rich ugly people  
I fill a void, enliven their conversations  
I'm a good listener, a confidant who never contradicts them  
I'm no good, I was born that way  
Wherever I go I'm told how good-looking I am and people talk to me  
I've got the knack of getting whatever I want, of fitting in to any circle  
I'm your dream domestic animal  
People use me to feel better about themselves  
But, watch it, my little brain is working all the same  
I can see you coming  
I judge and despise you  
I listen to you but I hate you

If you abuse me, I'll have my revenge  
I don't believe in wealth  
I don't believe in security and stability  
For me there are no such things as the social scene or famous people  
No class of important or intelligent people  
You're all the same to me, if not worse than the lowest of the low  
Every attempt to buy me or impress me will be in vain  
There are all sorts of eighteen-year-olds, with no personality, ready for anything  
And if they don't sleep with you, you'll soon get tired of them  
If they become demanding, you'll have a hard time  
I'm just a pretty face but, watch it, I bite

## **Bitchy Woman**

Only a minute after we were introduced you started insulting me  
Saying you felt sorry for me because I wasn't born in London  
Then I took a good look at you  
You're old, my girl and you can't hide the wrinkles on your face  
And your makeup only makes your ageing skin look worse  
At your age you go out all the time, drink and take drugs  
But unfortunately all this shows in your body  
You dress like a mad cow and think you're a big wheel on the London scene  
You're ridiculous to the core of your being  
You poor fool, I've every reason to feel sorry for you  
I who am still young and handsome and intelligent  
So that people see me as a puppy they want to clasp to their chests  
They offer me the world on a plate so the world belongs to me  
Every day I turn down opportunities which could take me a long way  
People want to die in my arms, yes mine, madam  
So who cares if I wasn't born in the West End?

## Crabs, Crabs, and Crabs Again

You were itching horribly and put it down to stress  
Like everyone else, you'd masturbated and this had affected your neurones  
Your doctor didn't find any little creatures, referred you to a psychoanalyst  
And now you do visualisation exercises to calm you before you explode  
You've never taken the time to sit still in silence and think  
I meet you coming out of bars at dawn, all in a sweat, high as a kite and completely out of it  
You look at me as if I was a vegetable, don't even recognise me  
You remember vaguely that you went out four days ago and now don't know where you are  
I give you my last pounds so that you can eat but you spend all the money on some drugs or other  
You accuse me of not calling you any more, but there's a limit to my resources  
I can't follow you any longer through the lower depths of London, you're too far gone  
You'll never surface again but I want to surface one day (if possible)  
Death is waiting for you round the next corner  
Thank you so much for your farewell present  
Crabs, crabs and crabs again!

## To Die in Peace

I would so like to die in peace  
Far from all thought-systems and any systems at all  
Far away from everyone  
Sufficient unto myself for my own survival  
In conditions I know how to manage  
There's nothing more you can bring me, I'm full, look, I'm throwing up in your face  
There's nothing I can bring you, I've seen nothing but rejects everywhere  
So, if I can't expect anything from you and you can't expect anything from me, why force all these  
duties, responsibilities and bureaucracy on me?  
I'm not asking to drink the whole sea, I'm not asking for all these rules and regulations  
I'm not even asking for any sort of enjoyment  
Even less that my needs are satisfied  
I'm asking to be able to stay sitting here on the ground until death catches up with me  
But you never grant me this right  
Sad world!

## Are You Still My Friend?

Oh dear, oh dear  
I offended you  
I stole everything from you  
I understood the whole of your miserable life  
I took pity on you

Oh dear, oh dear  
You're my best friend, my only friend  
I love you more than you could imagine  
I thought that you were mine and no one else's  
But you have a life I know nothing about

Oh dear, oh dear  
What have I done?  
I've destroyed everything  
In less time than it took to establish this impossible friendship  
At least you know me, I was an anarchist from the beginning

Oh dear, oh dear,  
Could this be the end of that friendship?  
Is it impossible to forgive whatever it was?  
Are we going to be strangers even in the promised land?  
It depends entirely on you

Oh dear, oh dear

## Something Philosophical

When my life makes no sense  
When I'm as wretched as can be  
And only want one thing – suicide  
Quick, quick  
Something philosophical . . .

The stars, the sky, the moon  
The universe, the galaxies  
The question of our existence  
Quick, quick  
Something philosophical . . . .

I'm dying  
I weep  
No reason to exist  
Quick, quick  
Something philosophical . . .

To bring me to something essential  
Something not real  
Something other than this reality  
Quick, quick  
Something philosophical . . .

Doesn't matter what  
Don't know what  
To make me forget  
Quick, quick  
Something philosophical . . .

## **Dear God, Let Me Be Done With It**

I've looked at your planet  
Your creatures  
I can't identify with them  
They've rejected me

I've admired creation  
In every place  
I can't identify with it  
I want to stop existing

What a wonderful possibility!  
Cancer, pneumonia, some incurable illness  
Why haven't you picked me?  
But I was born dead

Oh why?  
Why have you let me suffer so much?  
Why force me to act?  
Why force me to exist?  
No goal to aim for  
No social success to look for  
No love which will make me happy  
No personal satisfaction worth the effort

Permanent guilt  
Guilt at the heart of me  
Guilt I don't understand  
The desire to achieve great things without asking anything in return

So let me die

## **Living in Infinity**

I wanted to achieve great things  
And I achieved them

I wanted to love the world  
And I loved it

I wanted to travel over the oceans of the universe  
And I travelled there

I wanted to understand the universe  
And I understood it

I wanted to create wonderful things  
And I created them

You don't understand!  
I've done everything  
Loved everything  
Understood everything  
Created everything

But God's work is never done  
It's always ongoing  
And all the more majestic for that  
It's infinite  
And I lack the energy

I lack the energy to achieve great things  
To love infinitely  
Understand infinitely  
Create infinitely

I lack the energy to live in infinity

## **Beyond War**

I'm beyond war  
I've never understood genocide  
A million deaths mean nothing to me  
God is only another human invention

Human suffering  
Famine  
Holy Wars  
Crusades  
Never really assimilated

I've never taken anything in because I live in the present  
What is this present?  
You don't want to know  
It's too depressing



War fills my TV screen  
Genocide is the news of the day  
I have war and death for breakfast  
But all the same I go about my daily boring business

I'm living beyond war and I don't give a toss

## **Ready to Explode**

I've got a headache  
No problem  
Just all my energy  
Ready to explode

I've got this urge in me  
To make another world from this world  
Look, it's there, it's here . . .  
A real world!

I'm not mad  
I'm not dead  
I've got all this for you  
And it's ready to explode

You won't have time to see  
Won't have time to hear  
Even though it's all around you  
I'm ready to explode

I'm going to inspire the masses  
I'm inspiring the masses  
With whispers  
As powerful as guns  
Come on, come on!  
I'm alive!  
I cry out to life!

We're going to blow up this world!

We're motivated enough to get somewhere  
To build a new world  
Recreate an earthly paradise  
You've heard me!

Get going!  
There are still things to inspire you in this world  
Things to save lost souls  
We can't forget that hell is waiting to explode

Can't forget who we are  
Our humble origins can be become great  
Be proud of what we represent  
And fulfil a great destiny

Enough of self-absorption  
Self-pity  
We are as huge as the universe  
We are the universe!  
Ready to explode!

## **Freedom**

There's a life after life  
An existence after what they've made us see  
It's strong and powerful!  
It's all the energy necessary to be born

It's the sum of all the good songs  
Of all the anarchist personalities  
It's what inspires people to achieve the impossible  
It's what makes a people a great people

This infinite urge will be born in all nations of the universe  
An enormous structure free from the shackles of the past

An extraordinary new inspiration  
We'll march all over the surface of the universe!

Understand the infinite capacity of everything  
Understand the infinite definition of the world  
Assimilating the whole world  
Assimilating universal knowledge

Nothing will stop our progress through civilisations  
No law, no ambitious wretch

No civil duty  
We'll live and live and live in total freedom!

The freedom to breathe  
The freedom to act  
The freedom to be  
Freedom!

## **Poetry to Galvanise a Whole Generation**

There was a time when poetry saved lives  
A time when a young man would travel the roads of France  
To look for adventure on the open sea  
Calling up a whole world of the imagination  
And rejecting all convention  
That was poetry to galvanise a whole generation

Now is the time when poetry saves lives  
A time when the young travel the roads of the world  
To look for adventure on the open sea  
Calling up a whole world of the imagination  
And rejecting all convention  
That's poetry to galvanise a whole generation

There will be a time when poetry saves lives

A time when the young will travel the roads of the world  
To look for adventure on the open sea  
Calling up a whole other world  
And rejecting all convention  
That will be poetry to galvanise a whole generation

## **Faith in Mankind**

Ha, ha, ha!  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Hee, hee, hee!  
Ho, ho, ho!  
Huh, huh, huh!  
Wah hoo!

## **I'm Ugly**

You thought I was good-looking  
That I was pure  
That my standards were the same as yours  
That I was a reflection of your true worth  
A surprise and a lie

You've seen how ugly I am  
What a tearaway I am  
What an alcoholic  
What a junkie  
A surprise and a lie

Oh, I was a hypocrite  
I lied  
I let people believe I was something I wasn't  
I'm an actor  
A surprise and a lie

I'm ugly  
I'm a tearaway  
I'm an alcoholic  
I'm a junkie  
Reality and truth

And who are you to ask me for a reckoning?  
Who are you to accuse me?  
Who are you to denounce me for fraud?  
Who are you to wipe out my existence?  
You're as ugly as I am

## **I've Seen an Extra-Terrestrial**

Oh wow!  
It was green, it was blue, it was red  
It spoke an incomprehensible language  
I looked twice – and then three times  
It hit me full in the face  
I saw white, red and black  
No time to fetch my camera  
It whipped me  
I enjoyed it so much I came and then asked for more  
I saw the UFOs that the extra-terrestrial threw in my direction  
I saw pink, purple, a whole rainbow  
It drilled a hole in my brain  
Someone implanted something there  
Black, grey, the colour of freshwater trout  
Since then it controls me from a distance  
Charging me up from afar to my very neurones  
Now I work harder  
I never even go home  
Is my flat brown, beige and yellowish?  
I told the police, the media and the local X-Files Club about it  
They found me next day at my desk, half-dead at my computer  
Someone prised open my eyes  
They were green, orange and a muddy sort of colour

Someone asked me what had happened  
I saw an extra-terrestrial! And UFOs!  
But when I saw the film from the closed-circuit camera  
I realised that the UFOs were folders  
And the extra-terrestrial none other than my boss  
Oops!

## **The Power of Words**

A woman wrinkled with age  
When you look at her she shrinks  
Away from the pain of this world  
I bring her a rose

Sometimes you're totally disillusioned with life  
Sometimes nothing but dead flesh  
Away from the pain of this world  
I bring you roses

Sometimes it's the rest of the world that seems disillusioned  
Wanting to remove life  
Away from the pain of the world  
I bring it roses

I've read about it, heard about it, seen it  
A universe closed in on itself  
Away from the pain of the world  
There are no more roses

## **Oh Gloria, If You Hadn't Loved Cider So Much . . .**

Oh Gloria, you were beautiful with your blonde hair  
Your passions, your desires and love of fantasy  
Oh Gloria, if you hadn't loved cider so much  
You'd have seen your three children grow up

You'd still be driving through the streets of Isleworth  
You'd be cooking a turkey for Christmas Day

Oh Gloria, you were fascinating, a true libertine  
You invented reasons for going back to your ex-husband because you still loved him  
You fought to save your children from poverty  
You kept hens and ducks in your garden  
You were typical of your generation  
And had a huge impact on anyone who knew you

Oh Gloria, were you as beautiful as they say?  
I've never seen you, even in a photograph  
But everyone talks about you all the time  
So who were you to have made such an impression on me?  
I'll never know  
Oh Gloria, if you hadn't loved cider so much . . .

## **The World is Disheartening**

Oh God, what sort of world am I living in?  
Everyone without exception has gone mad  
There are seven billion of them and they all piss me off  
When I envisage how they spend their time, it drives me mad  
Each of them trying to prove they're worth more than the next idiot  
Their only aim to climb higher in the social scale  
Have a little bit of power  
Change some detail of their existence  
A lot of them try to survive at the expense of others  
Studying for thirty years, then taking a job that has nothing to do with their studies  
A job taken up with things that are no use at all to society  
Nothing there to help the species survive or relieve human wretchedness  
Even the poor blacks of Africa are exploited  
To prop up the commercialism of capitalist charities, who mainly need money to pay their employees  
for doing nothing  
But all that's not disheartening compared to the rest  
I don't believe we've arrived at a reason for our existence  
In fact I think we prove every day that we're no better than ants

Who build a nest which will be destroyed the next morning by wind and storm  
They seem to think their growth finished when they were children and those children then studied for  
nothing for thirty years  
Some believe in God to give meaning to their lives  
But what difference does that make?  
None, they're each as hypocritical and self-serving as the others  
I'm still searching for a reason to live  
I can't find one and I'm in despair  
Nothing motivates me  
And what motivates the world is too depressing for words  
At least when I wanted to die because I hadn't yet met the love of my life  
I was still hoping for a better world, a world where I would meet the love of my life  
Now that I've met the love of my life and gone through the disappointments of love  
I've nothing more to hope for  
Social success?  
I've climbed up, fallen down, climbed up again, fallen down again  
Did that interest me? No way  
I didn't think I was anarchist  
Then one night, after one beer too many  
I saw that I was the worst anarchist of all  
Better for you not to meet me, you run the strong risk of being thrown out the window  
Nothing makes any impression on me  
Nothing inspires me  
I've lost faith in the human race  
It'll never achieve anything worthwhile  
And why should it?

## **Come On, Damn It, I've Got a Life to Live**

I'm a blob, a big ball of flesh bursting its skin  
Like the rest of the world, I'm slowing down  
I take ages to finish the smallest task  
I sleep more than I live  
It takes all the motivation I can muster to get myself out of bed  
Going anywhere is quite an adventure, it takes so long to psych myself into  
Leaving the building, taking the tube, oh God, it's so complicated  
For a head as befuddled as mine



That needs three cups of coffee to function even minimally  
I'm a blob when I should be invigorated  
Dash out of this bedroom  
Get out and never come back, enjoy life  
Find all possible motivation  
Be inspired for good to live a full and exciting life  
I need to find some ruling passion soonest  
Need to be strong instead of passive  
Full of energy, functioning, productive  
Come on, damn it, I've got a life to live

## **Existential Crisis**

To die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die  
Yes, but before that:  
To live, live, live, live, live, live, live, live, live, live, live, live  
Stop all this bullshit, your degrees, recognition, social success, happiness  
All that's nothing but wind  
And to prove it there are people around the age of fifty  
Who are ill and suffer bitterly in spite of the important things they've achieved  
Have you never heard the cry of freedom?  
The cry of the feeling of freedom, cut short by all those things you consider essential?  
Maybe you find in them a reason for living. I don't  
So keep your existential crisis to yourself  
I have to live my own and it'll be much simpler without you  
It's much more difficult to have nothing than to have everything and lack for nothing  
So respect my choices and let me get on without putting me down  
Help me to continue on what you see as my desperate way  
God will be eternally grateful to you  
Because you'll have to pay for destroying my feeling of freedom  
Which is the only thing that can keep me alive  
In three days I'll take a plane  
And fly off to rebuild the world as I want it to be  
Be happy, I still listen to my own reason

## At the Heart of London

After my second day of working twelve hours non-stop  
I took the train to Piccadilly Circus  
Got on again at Regent's Park, went to Oxford Circus  
Hanover Grand, Popstarz, Indie music  
Got there at half past midnight  
And drank at the source of what's been keeping me going all these years  
I watched English youth busy at unwinding  
Right in the middle of this hell where you drink, smoke, pick people up  
After several beers and cigarettes people didn't talk to each other any more  
They let themselves go like lunatics to the rhythm of the music  
They sang and they danced like crazy forgetting that there would be hell to pay the next day  
I picked up someone from Liverpool  
We climbed up to kiss each other in front of everyone  
Took a taxi to his room in Westbourne Park Road, Notting Hill  
Made love all night and cried out like virgins being deflowered  
Next day I left very early, I had twelve hours of work to get through  
Maybe I'm one of the living dead but I'm living at the heart of the myth

## Put A Bomb Under Them

My allergy to uniforms is at its height  
It's crammed with old blokes wearing ties with briefcases and smelly armpits  
They're proud to represent the conformism necessary, according to them, to the way the world works  
The problem is that the world they live in is only virtual  
They work in virtuality  
Buy virtuality  
Feed themselves with virtuality  
They're offered a higher standard of living to enjoy fictitious amusements  
The virtual doesn't deliver us anything concrete  
But it delivers them a huge house and an impressive car along with their suits and ties  
There's nothing enviable or admirable about someone who wears a tie  
It's clearly written on his face that he couldn't care less about doing something concrete to relieve  
human misery  
On the contrary, he makes a profit from exploitation

Other people work for him to provide him with things he won't need  
So putting a bomb under him would only benefit the human race  
Except that these people's lives are insured for astronomical sums, each of them worth in the region  
of a million pounds  
That's where the virtual has got us  
Overprotecting those who don't need protection and the loss of common sense

## **Too Many Stupid People All Round Me**

I can't breathe any more  
I have to put up with the imbecility of someone or other  
Inventing heaven knows what to attract my attention  
Then I avoid talking to them because they're completely illogical  
Sometimes the absence of logic can be admirable  
But the illogicality of idiots is totally uninteresting  
God, how I suffer seeing them trailing around me, seeing them talk to the walls  
There's even one who tells me in every detail the life story of his idol, Jesus Christ  
An African Jehovah's Witness, a sweeper of floors who also speaks French

You see it all  
When I'm on the brink of a nervous breakdown  
When they get on my nerves, and I want to explode, it's:  
Get out of my way!  
Piss off somewhere else!  
Mind your own business!  
Leave me to get on with my life in peace!  
Never speak another word to me!  
Go and get run over by a bus and don't let anyone talk to me about it!  
How to rid myself of human imbecility?

## **The New Love of My Life**

You'll last me a fortnight perhaps  
You're from Newcastle  
From a poor working-class family

And completely uneducated  
You hang around the gutters of Camden town near the welfare building where you get handouts  
For six years you lived in empty buildings  
You're an artist inspired by drugs  
Your place in Russell Square at five o'clock in the morning  
You can't breathe there, you suffocate  
I can't breathe with you, I suffocate  
But when we make love, God,  
You take me out of my hell and carry me off to your own  
I can't have anything more to do with purity, the property of parents  
Purity that despises the very idea of making love  
Purity that lives all its life in the horror of life  
Until realising that purity makes people unhappy  
Oh love of my life, let's not wait for the day of judgement to do something  
Let's fly all around, we've got nothing to lose  
Can't anyone else but me see and feel your beauty?  
So that I swoon away in your damp, dank universe?  
So let's die consumed at the end of our love  
In exactly a fortnight from now

## Life

I looked for you on the Californian coast where someone had shown me an extraordinary view  
I looked for you in TV studios where all our dreams are built up  
I looked for you at a table in Caesar's Palace between two slot machines  
And I looked for you in woods, on mountains where I was strangely bored  
I thought I'd find you in the most famous tourist spot in Barcelona, flying over an old theme park now  
in ruins, that inspired me for a split second  
I thought my eyes would be opened in front of the windows in the red light district of Amsterdam, but  
I was more afraid than anything else  
Then I walked through the hotel where they hold the Cannes festival, sat on the rim of a toilet which  
Harrison Ford had probably used before me but I felt nothing  
I opened the proceedings in front of 6000 people, that gave me a buzz for about thirty seconds  
I let everything drop, I showed myself out this time, for a change  
I wanted to speak to the whole planet but no one wanted to speak to me  
Suddenly they changed their minds and now the whole planet wants to speak to me  
But I've nothing more to say to them and what they say is extraordinarily banal

Sometimes you meet magical people and spend wonderful moments with them  
I haven't met any for the last five years and I despair  
No one stands out from the crowd, no one has a vision to fulfil  
Their zest for life has thrown them into alcohol and drugs  
Making them happy for a split second  
And making their existence bearable a little longer  
But it's destroying them and finishing them off today  
I've lost all hope

## **Life Isn't Life**

Who's looking for life?  
Is there life in this world?  
I've been searching for it all my life  
Late at night in the streets of the world  
And I can now say  
Death is the whole world  
Death is in everything  
Death is everywhere

So I can't speak this language  
So I'm here in this world without the right to life  
And I still find a way of expressing myself  
On all the oceans of this planet  
There's no land which can support life  
Only hell  
Words have no meaning  
No way of expressing what I feel  
The result of so many years of ordeal  
Has only brought despair  
In a world where I've got everything  
It's still not enough  
I'm dying

## **I Hoped For So Much**

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't an anarchist  
I'd be lying if I said I was anarchist  
But I hate all politics and political action  
Anarchy is most powerful when it's subtle  
Anarchy is most powerful when it doesn't declare itself  
Anarchy is most powerful when it has nothing to reproach itself with  
I'm powerful because I'm no danger to anyone  
But I'm more thoughtful than people who're targeted, listened to or in prison  
I achieve more than all the anarchists put together without being one myself  
Don't get in touch with me, I don't want to know you  
I hoped for so much, I'm ready to die but in a good cause  
There aren't any good causes in this world  
There's no chaos in this world because logic adapts itself  
There's nothing in this world  
There's no one in this world  
There has never been anything to hope for from this world

## **The World Won't Change**

Poor you, you thought the world was going to change  
You went on that famous anti-globalisation march  
You slated capitalism from first to last  
A teargas grenade exploded in your face  
I caught up with you that night at the police station  
And I laughed at your unworldliness  
You looked at me, puzzled  
I laugh at your unworldliness

Poor you, you thought the world was going to change  
You wrote three tomes on the subject of anarchism  
They were good, full of ideas and respectable  
A teargas grenade didn't explode in your face  
I didn't see you that night at the police station  
And I laughed at your unworldliness  
You looked at me, puzzled  
I laugh at your unworldliness

Poor me, I thought the world was going to change  
I did nothing to change it except perhaps for trying to shoot myself in the head  
The bullet went twenty feet above me  
And I laugh at my unworldliness  
I looked at myself, puzzled  
I laugh at my unworldliness

## **Death to Purity!**

Ah, there it is all around me  
You wonder if it ever takes a shit  
It's crammed with money  
Takes its responsibilities seriously  
Works hard  
Has lovely children and is respectable  
Looks at me and wonders what I am  
It can't understand why I only live at night  
Why I don't stay in one place and that I exist in every country at the same time  
Why I persist in destroying my future  
But purity doesn't produce anything concrete  
Purity creates nothing but enjoys the creations of others  
They're a container waiting to receive  
I'll fill you up!  
As an anarchist, it frightens me  
And kills me

## **What's Your First Name Again?**

Wasn't it you who looked disdainfully at me that day because I was only a street ruffian?  
Wasn't it you who pushed me out of the way with your foot when I was lying crushed and dead on  
the pavement?  
Wasn't it you who danced in all your pride and self-confidence with such petty vainglory that today it  
makes me laugh?  
I remember, it was you who imposed your world-view on me

Your closed and ready-made interpretation of the universe  
With its strictly limited horizons and several long, punishing steps to climb in order to get anywhere  
at all

How wonderful it seemed to me then that you should make me your mirror  
I hadn't realised the terrible potential that was slumbering in me  
The infinite energy that was going to inspire the masses  
The army that would follow me to trample on you at my rallying cry  
But I'm not content with that, it's not enough  
Because I'm not like you, I've no need of that  
Which you wanted so much, which you thought you had and never will have  
I've been through the hell you described to me as paradise  
And I'm the only one to realise that something other than that life exists  
What was your first name again?

## **The Crowned Anarchist**

I assumed the title, I admit it  
I took the cloak and crown and put them on, I admit it  
But I am the dream made flesh again  
I'm fired up like ten men  
I've given you everything and asked for nothing in return  
I'm a revolutionary who has accomplished his revolution  
I built a huge machine which didn't make a million  
You think it's granted to everyone to be a crowned anarchist?  
You think it's socially acceptable to be a crowned anarchist?  
Let Christ take a running jump!

A crowned anarchist is someone who dares to assume the title and then acts accordingly

Oh lost poet, welcome to my den  
You too can be a crowned anarchist if you dare  
But you won't dare . . .  
Because that needs an ambition you don't possess  
You must have suffered  
You must be certain and determined to describe yourself as you are  
You must be full of inexhaustible energy which only writing can halfway deplete  
I can't hear any criticism, have any adversary  
I'm the crowned anarchist



And fuck you!

## **I Don't Remember**

I wrote some fifteen volumes on the subject  
You didn't listen to a word  
You produced a work on inspiring politicians  
I didn't listen to a word  
You wanted to revolutionise everything, thought your nation great and glorious  
Nobody listened

I wanted to study something interesting in your universities  
You didn't listen to a word  
You wanted my support and hard work  
I didn't listen to a word  
You wanted to tear my country apart to be born among the nations of the universe  
Nobody listened

I wanted to play my part, I wanted to be what I am  
You didn't listen to a word  
You scolded me for my way of life, for not being part of my nation  
I didn't listen to a word  
Now you've got need of new blood because you're dying  
Nobody will listen to you again

## **I Remember**

Oh yes I remember you  
In class you despised me  
You put me down in front of everyone

You shone hurling this abuse and other witticisms  
I had one hundred per cent written on my forehead, you had zero

Oh yes I remember you

At the swimming pool you had a man's body and I had a child's  
You made fun of me in front of everyone  
You even won over the teachers  
You had one hundred per cent written on your forehead, I had zero

Oh yes I remember you  
I tried to win you over to my side  
I took you home and made a friend of you  
You took everything I gave you  
But all the same you laughed at me and it was pointless

Oh yes I remember you  
I ran into you years later in a bar  
You had some stinking job  
You were married  
You had a child  
You were happy  
That killed me

Oh yes I remember you  
I remember all of your kind  
Every year there was someone like you I had to fight  
How did I survive? I don't understand it  
It's this memory that's made me a belated delinquent  
It's this memory that explains my hellish life  
But it's because of this memory that I now live in London  
Oh yes I remember

## **I Know the Name of God**

I know the name of God  
It's a good bottle of brandy  
That I drink at night in small mouthfuls  
Before I come to understand his infinite wisdom

I know the name of God  
It's a good bottle of whisky

That I drink at night in large mouthfuls  
Before I come to understand his infinite strength

I know the name of God  
It's a good bottle of Scotch  
That I drink at night in large glasses  
Before I come to understand his infinite ability

I know the name of God  
It's an endless series of cans of beer  
That I drink at night till I can drink no more  
Before I come to understand the incomprehensible

## **Contempt For Man's Pettiness**

I'm going to take myself seriously  
For once in my life  
I'm going to take myself seriously  
And get a hold on my life

I'm going to make a difference in this world  
And that begins with a total contempt for everything that exists  
And a new way of seeing everything that has nothing to do with what's taught in universities  
Above all, nothing to do with what you learn in the commercial world of work

I'm going to take myself seriously because I can make difference in this world!  
I can reach thousands of people who share my disgust with life  
Who want a better world even if it exists only as an idea  
Just picturing a better world is already doing something concrete

If it's only through extremes that we manage to understand something  
I'll be extreme

If it's only through anarchy that we can manage to build a better world  
I'll be an anarchist!

To hell with all the definitions of anarchy  
To hell with anarchist movements that achieve nothing on this planet

It's in thought, action and individually that it happens  
Envisaging a better world . . .

A different world where nothing exists any more  
A world where authority burbles incomprehensibly  
You wanted an anarchist world?  
Right, I'll build it and that's going to hurt

It starts with contempt for the universe and man's pettiness  
Being human is being great in the universe!  
Being human is not suffering hell on earth  
Being human is as powerful as a galaxy on its way to infinity

Wake up! Get up!  
Say at last that you're going to live all the mornings of your universe!

## **Again, Again and Again**

Yet again I should weigh up my meagre achievements  
Show them to those nice women hoping that some light will illuminate their universe  
So that one chooses me over a pile of the meagre achievements of someone else  
I should go to the centre of London to convince them that I'm the perfect candidate  
And although I don't want to, fell them on the spot  
I really don't want their offers, they kill me

I'm handsome, I'm pure, I'm perfect, I'm brave  
Ah, my idiocy has no limits no motivation  
I'm excellent, get things done, I'm sensitive and honest  
Ah, and a strange desire to sabotage your company  
Teamwork? Team spirit? Be at one with you? That's me!  
Ah, I'll throw up everywhere all over your work and your schedules, yes indeed!

Yet again I must prove that I'm the better man  
Ride into battle against the markets and return millions to shareholders  
So that they choose me over thousands because I'm able, I'm eccentric  
Working in the centre of London and all the big cities of Europe  
Good morning, Sir, Good morning, Madam

Here's how our solution will bring back your millions

I'll be your saviour, I'll be Jesus Christ, I'll get you out of your rut!

Ah, the devil will make his entrance in person

I've got all the solutions and all the necessary skills, the results will be phenomenal

Ah, complete bankruptcy, I'll do nothing apart from finding a way out of it, again, again and again

I'll kiss your feet, I'll sleep with you

Ah, I'll spit on you behind your back, you can count on it

Again, again and again

## **Social Reality**

Social reality is a bank

A bank which must be filled with a team of workers in perfect harmony

The only problem is, we're all individuals

We all hate each other

Competition is what fills our hearts

Which means enormous jealousy

And endless destruction of the other

Social reality is a jungle

A jungle which demands a conqueror

The only problem is, I don't want to be a conqueror, don't even want to fight

Have I got anything to learn from this hell?

Isn't twenty years of shit in these companies enough?

Letting myself be walked over, spat upon

What is there to learn there that I haven't already learnt?

Social reality could be paradise

Where profit isn't the law

Where competition and hierarchy don't exist

Where jealousy is absent

Where stress doesn't eat us alive

Where joy, pleasure and peace are the order of the day

Haven't you had enough of hating and destroying each other?

# Do the Opposite

Sit down with your parents and take note of everything they want for you

Sit down with your teachers and take in everything they want for you

Sit down with your employer and listen to everything he wishes for you

Listen to local, provincial, national and international governments and try to understand what they expect of you

You'll be an engineer, a lawyer, an architect or a doctor

You'll be the best of the bunch, you'll write books to revolutionise your field of studies

You'll be among the best, the ones the headhunters steal

You'll be the perfect citizen, married with children, religious and paying your taxes

Listen to them all and you'll be exactly what everyone thinks best for you

According to their definitions, you'll be the happiest soul on the planet

Above all, keep to the straight and narrow, don't be revolutionary, don't challenge anything

They'll bring you the world on a plate, you'll be respected throughout the world

Ah, isn't wonderful to follow the well-trodden path?

When you're a success and earn a good living?

When your story has no story

And your name doesn't alarm any computer

Yes, I tell you, listen to all the voices of authority on this planet

And do entirely the opposite

Only then will you know you're an individual who has choices

Who's free and has a chance of happiness

It doesn't much matter if you wake up in a strange country where you have no right to be

It doesn't much matter if the love of your life isn't lying beside you every morning

It doesn't much matter if you haven't got a penny to get you through tomorrow

It doesn't much matter that you can't eat your fill

Do entirely the opposite in the name of your conscience and your freedom!

# Be Marginal and Make a Difference

It's always possible to leave those you love

It's always possible to follow other paths

It's always possible to challenge everything from morning to night

It's always possible to begin to live again

Be happy and free!

Create your own universe, even if you have to rewrite all the dictionaries

You'll be surprised at the results you can achieve

A personal success going well beyond what anyone else has hoped

It's possible to make your life over again!

It's possible to build a new world!

It's possible to succeed according to your own principles!

It's possible to be happy!

Being marginal has never been forbidden

Losing the respect of others has never been a problem

Saying that others are wrong is acceptable

Making a difference is something to be wished for

The only thing that counts is the final reckoning at the end of our lives  
The only results that count are those we've wanted to achieve ourselves

We must free ourselves from everyone else

Be marginal and make a difference

## Cannes

I met you in a bar in Cannes

We'd hardly even spoken before you started insulting me

Your mate worked behind the bar

You took me to a very private place

Introduced me to your friend who was once a big wheel in the theatre

We went up to my room at the Majestic

Read poetry all night long

Prevert, Hugo, Baudelaire, Rimbaud  
I didn't know that poetry could be so beautiful when read in a voice like yours  
Romanticism really exists  
Passion really exists  
I shed a few tears  
You left but then came back again  
We made love all night  
Like lovers  
You said it was great and it was  
A magic night  
The next day I went back to London  
With an unforgettable memory

## **The Most Beautiful Creature on Earth**

The most beautiful creature on earth lives in my flat  
I call her Murmy  
A beauty beyond compare  
Sensitivity supreme  
A pure soul who has never caused anyone any harm  
All she thinks about is playing  
Sitting on my knee  
Cuddling up to me every night  
Spending all day in my arms  
Appreciating me, loving me unconditionally  
A little heart that beats so strongly  
She's afraid of the slightest sound  
But feels safe when I'm close to her to defend her  
An extraordinary patience  
Eyes always ready to weep  
She's quiet, never argues  
I could ask for nothing better  
But with beauty comes pain  
Luckily, you're only a cat



## Where are the Great Thinkers?

In all past ages religions have been challenged  
In all past ages political systems have been challenged  
In all past ages science has gone through extraordinary revolutions  
In all past ages there have been geniuses, great thinkers  
But now you'd say the world had stopped thinking  
We don't produce geniuses any more  
We don't go through revolutions any more  
There are no more great philosophers  
The end of an era came with television  
The futurist era threatens to pass us by  
Too many things remain misunderstood and unexplained  
Too many theories are still unverified  
Too many dreams have evaporated with the centuries  
Conceiving the inconceivable  
Understanding the incomprehensible  
Inventing the new thing that will change everything  
Imagining new things that will challenge everything  
It's not true that all we discover today is completely puzzling  
There will always be great thinkers  
Capable of reinventing everything at a stroke  
With the imagination to envisage everything  
Because one key opens all doors  
We should find them and listen to them  
We're living in the age of telecommunications  
Out of all this gibberish  
Let's at least learn to hear the great thinkers  
And you, great thinkers, learn how to make yourselves heard

## Oh No, Not Another Scandal!

How am I going to be able to leave the house?  
I was arrested again in the Gents in the park with a man  
How am I going to be able to walk down the street?  
They found pornographic shots of young girls in my old files

How am I going to be able to go and eat in a restaurant?  
They're after me for the rape of a young boy  
How am I going to be able to travel?  
They found an ounce of heroin on me  
How am I going to be able to go on living?  
I killed my girl friend in a hotel bedroom and I don't even remember it  
How am I going to go on being an artist?  
I've put on 300 pounds  
Then I called my lawyer and he asked me  
How many millions have you got, my young friend?  
As much as that?  
No problem, as in all previous cases like yours  
You'll go on breathing, living, creating without a care in the world  
Scandal will only be good publicity  
You'll be as rich as ever  
Ah, so that's how it works  
That's what I told myself too

## **I Could Pretend To Be The Devil**

I could pretend I'm a young lad  
Still virginal in every sense of the word  
Who has never made love and is desperate  
Who cries every night in his room

I could pretend I'm an anarchist  
At the head of an organisation about to murder a whole lot of people  
Because I've never lived and I'm desperate  
Plotting alone every night in my basement

I could pretend to be a maniac  
Who has raped more than one madwoman  
Made love with the entire planet  
And could meet you any night in a dark alley

I could pretend to be a madman  
Who has killed several important people

Who kills every night, even in his sleep  
And every night targets his next victim

I could pretend to be God the Father, creator of heaven and earth  
Who plays games with other people's fate  
Letting them be born, controlling them, killing them as he sees fit  
And every seven days creating another hell on earth

But as long as I'm only pretending  
Can you arrest me? Imprison me? Banish me? Execute me?  
You have no proof because there is no proof  
I'm just like the boy next door  
But with an unbounded imagination  
And for you, that's disturbing

## **I Live in Opposition to the World**

You've put up with me for seven years  
I go to bed at seven o'clock in the morning when you're going to work  
I get up at six o'clock in the evening when you get back  
For months I've been writing every night  
I drink and smoke like crazy to find inspiration  
You've never said a word  
You've always loved me  
You've understood me  
Which is more than I can say for the rest of the planet  
They've never understood anything  
They've never wanted to understand  
It's not acceptable  
Just isn't done  
For them only one way of life exists  
Working from eight in the morning till eight at night, buying a house  
Getting married and having children  
I'm such a long way from that reality  
I'll always be such a long way from that reality  
Because it makes me feel so sick  
But it's not as if I have the choice

And to excuse myself I'll tell you  
It's God who asks it of me  
It's fate that asks it of me  
It's the magic of the imagination that's at stake  
I have to create the most beautiful universe possible  
Create a different world again from the rotten reality of others  
And if I have to die at the end of my work  
I'll die at the end of my work

## **A Good Horror Story**

Would you like to hear a really good story?  
A thriller, perhaps  
A wonderful love story  
Where the heroine will die under a train on the last page

Perhaps you'd even like to see the blood spurting  
And see our heroine's lovely face once the huge wheel has crushed it into pieces?  
Oh, you love blood, you love accidents  
Gunshots, death in close-up  
That fills up the time, stops you from thinking too much  
Dinosaurs who tear into scientists  
Cars that run over passers-by  
Planes that crash into buildings  
Nuclear bombs that wipe out cities  
And asteroids that destroy entire populations  
Except that all that is reality  
Reality has long been stranger than fiction  
You love good horror stories  
Reality when it differs from your boring everyday life  
You'd like someone to fire a gun at you  
You'd like a nuclear bomb to fall on top of you  
Biological warfare would be a fascinating distraction  
What kills is routine  
Huge conspiracies tell you that life isn't as empty as it seems  
There's a mystery to unravel  
A truth to discover putting something else in doubt

A fight worth fighting  
If it takes the end of the world to make us appreciate this existence  
Well then, roll on the end of the world

## **What a Buzz!**

When suddenly my brain is working strangely  
I look around but I see differently  
I have flashes of inspiration by day  
Even late at night  
Wonderful buzz  
Suddenly I'm walking along the Harrow Road  
I see plenty of Africans and Indians  
I live in the worst part of Westbourne Park  
But there it is, I'm an immigrant too and I'm poor  
I'm crushed under a big green bag at the kerbside when I come out of the station  
I write, write, write my best lines, my most inspired ones  
And nobody questions me, nobody finds it strange  
They're all as crazy as I am  
I live in a hostel for poor people  
But I'm not on benefits, I've got no right to them  
But I'm happy, so happy  
There's a canal, crumbling buildings, churches of high and low denomination  
Oh wonderful buzz  
And I walk on to Kensal Green cemetery  
I've spent days and days in this cemetery  
I've spoken to the parish priest  
He's a part of this story  
He's made the story  
He's inspired pages and pages of it  
Harrow Road  
Nowhere else have I felt more at home

## **We Are Energy**

You think I've done what you wanted to do  
You didn't have the courage, I had it for you  
But you're mistaken  
You have courage in you  
You are what I am  
I'm an exact copy of you  
You're my inspiration  
When I write, it's you who's writing  
How can I make you understand?  
We're inseparable  
We think in the same way  
We act the same  
You're everything to me  
You are my energy  
Together we're strong  
Together we're going to walk over everything  
We've both of us suffered  
We've both of us been through the worst that can happen on this planet  
We'll think up a new world between us  
We'll rethink it  
We'll change it  
Aren't ideas strong?  
Can't ideas challenge everything?  
It's ideas that change the world  
Forget the rest  
Forget the hell of their reality  
We're going to walk on the surface of another planet  
We're going to find a way to get far away from here  
We're going to rethink the universe!

## **You're Zombies**

When my parents are talking to me  
When the teacher is talking in front of me

When my boss is rambling on  
I can hardly keep my eyes open  
I struggle to wake myself up  
To take in the reality there all around me  
None of this was happening yesterday  
When I dreamt I could save the world from wretchedness  
I could only live in my dreams  
And my dreams are ridiculous to the outside world  
But my dreams are strong  
They challenge authority  
My responsibilities and moral duties  
By day I'm a zombie  
By night a revolutionary  
But that's going to change  
I'll be a revolutionary by day  
I'll dream in broad daylight  
I'll crush all the rest of the world as I go  
You'll be the zombies of my reality  
You are the zombies of my reality  
Because I have the power to change everything  
And you thought I was a zombie  
Finding it difficult to keep my eyes open  
So as to listen to your balderdash  
My God, you still haven't see anything  
My God, you still haven't heard anything  
My God, the zombies are going to wake up!

## **My Last Cigarette, My Last Beer**

I've raided my piggy bank to be able to finish my work  
Mortgaged up to my last pound  
Now I have to declare my self bankrupt  
I've opened my last beer  
I'm smoking my last cigarette  
Then I have to find a job  
Go back to the world of work after so much criticism  
Begin on the treadmill all over again

Get some work experience which should be useful  
I'll be working for someone, perhaps for several people  
Filing papers, recording information on a machine  
Receiving messages, sending messages  
Travelling on the tube three hours a day  
Dying of suffocation on the tube three hours a day  
Getting paid a pittance  
Smarting at what my father demands in return for my birth  
Pride, honour, respect, vanity  
And once more I'll succeed  
I'll manage once more to integrate myself completely  
Become part of the whole  
Die with them all  
My last cigarette – how I wish it would last forever  
My last beer – how I wish I could drink it again and again  
Once more it's a complete break  
I've just stubbed out my last cigarette  
The end of a world

## **To Hell With Conformism**

I never wanted to be different  
I always wanted to be part of the group  
It was never amusing to be pointed out  
To have to fight  
And all the rest of it  
I've always been seen as a danger  
A danger to the conformism necessary to society  
So am I a danger?  
Am I such a threat that I must be eliminated?  
I've never understood why we don't have the right to go against the rules  
Don't have the right to say that what we learned wasn't true  
Don't have the right to think differently from the rest  
But I'm not going to apologise  
I am different  
I think differently from the rest  
They call me weird



They class me as dangerous  
All right then, I'll be weird  
I'll be dangerous  
I'm going right to the bottom of your neurosis  
I'm going to challenge everything  
I'm going to challenge you  
I'll play out my true role as a marginal  
I'll rally all the marginals on the planet  
And become too strong for anyone to fight me again  
I am different  
And I'll act accordingly  
To hell with conformism

## **I Want to Shit All Over You**

I want to piss  
I want to shit  
I want to puke all over the place  
That's what you've achieved  
That's the feeling I get when I look at your achievements  
It's not enough, it'll never be enough for me  
So what are you doing about it?  
Don't you want the world to be better?  
A world where we can all be happy?  
What's stopping you?  
What are your thoughts?  
It's not a matter of law  
It's not a matter of politics  
It's a love story  
Love your neighbour, live and let live  
Can't you find it in your heart to want to save the species?  
Open everything up, even your own guts?  
What are you afraid of?  
That a monster under your bed will come and bite your toes?  
Forget your devilish religion  
Forget your devilish laws  
Forget overprotecting the brains of your wonderful children

Just for a moment forget about defending your little bit of territory  
Forget your flag!  
We're more than that  
We're in the process of disappearing  
We're going to disappear from the face of the earth  
We must leave  
Leave this world  
Far, far, far away  
Begin again elsewhere  
Begin everything all over again elsewhere  
Only, will we have the chance?

## **No Forgiveness**

If you've made a profit from someone else's poverty  
If you've got a big house and two cars  
If you've never understood that there is a way of making things better  
There will be no forgiveness  
It's not enough to be Princess Diana, set up a charity, visit hospitals  
It's not enough to be Mother Theresa and look after the sick  
You haven't understood anything  
There will be no forgiveness  
You're pure and perfect  
You've found your heaven  
You're Jesus Christ come back from the dead!  
It's not enough  
There will be no forgiveness  
You haven't understood anything  
Doesn't matter what you do  
Doesn't matter what you can do  
It has no importance  
There will be no forgiveness  
You won't get to your heaven  
You won't go to paradise  
That's not the way it works!  
There will be no forgiveness

## The New Age

We're getting to the end of an era  
To a world where all the laws will be different  
Where frontiers won't exist any more  
The freedom necessary for the survival of the species  
Wars don't matter, nor religions, nor existing political systems  
A huge revolution is coming  
Nothing can stop it because it will happen automatically  
Almost naturally  
And everyone will welcome the results  
Rejoicing in the consequences  
Discovering a new universe  
We'll go where it seems good to us to go  
Time will no longer limit us  
At the dawn of civilisation  
A new age will begin

## Inner Peace

Purity of mind  
Innate clarity  
The brain breathes  
Oops! It's fallen  
Get up! It's fallen  
Aaargh!

What a lovely day  
Such a nice breeze  
Let's walk in the park  
Ah, the trees are in blossom!  
I need that now  
I'd like to doze off here  
Sleep for hundreds and hundreds of years  
Wake up again when the world has disappeared

I'm not thinking about anything any more  
I'm creating a void  
Filling myself with this view  
It's starting to rain  
I'm on earth  
I see the blue sky  
And the birds

What lovely day?  
I didn't even dare get out of bed this morning  
I took a good look at the prospect of living  
And went back to sleep

## **Prostituted to Other People's Ideas**

That's me every day  
In the street, at work, in my flat  
Prostituting myself for no reason  
But a crust of bread

Great plans for the future of humanity!  
Revolutionary ideas to bring a whole country to its knees!  
Ideas and ideas raining down from the sky!  
Everything in my way crushed and wiped out

That's me spat out  
On the surface of this table  
A reflection in the mirror  
Oh, I'm handsome inside

Violence!  
Killings!  
The dead piling up!  
Being sold for the ideas of others!

I'm prostituting myself for you

You're prostituting yourselves for my ideas  
The results are horrifying  
Thirty million dead sent to Coventry

I'm rich now  
Prostitution pays well  
You're alienated now  
It's time to make everything blow up

## **A Nice Big Burger**

I'm dreaming of a nice, big disgusting burger bought at a fair  
Like the one in Manchester a few years ago  
The nicest and greasiest burger of all  
I couldn't afford it but my good friend from Liverpool bought it for me  
He'll never know the impact that burger had on me  
Ah, my mouth was really watering  
Because I hadn't eaten anything for days  
I had some of those fatty fritters one day in Ghent  
Oh they were really delicious  
I'm dreaming of the fresh fritters I bought in Las Vegas last year  
What wouldn't I give today for a nice blueberry pie from Lake St John  
French Fries with melted cheese, whatever, doesn't really matter  
One of my grandfather's meat patés and his brioches  
And a sandwich made with Comté and French baguette from Paris  
A bag of peanuts I ate by my camp fire last summer  
I'm so hungry I could even eat frozen food from Tesco's  
Philosophy doesn't pay  
It's really time I got a job

## **It's An Honour For Me**

Thank you, thank you!  
I'm so happy to be here tonight  
Ah, I'm sorry, a handkerchief

Sniff, sniff, such emotion!  
I'm so, so happy!  
Thank you, thanks to my mother who's listening to us tonight  
Thanks to my beloved brother who is my inspiration!  
Thanks to my agent, my publicists, my hairdresser, the marketing department  
Thanks to the managing director of the company for having faith in me!  
And to everyone on the other side of the Atlantic who has made all this possible  
I hope I haven't forgotten anyone  
Wait, wait, I haven't finished, I've still got people to thank  
I must have forgotten someone  
Oh God!  
You, my public, without whom I wouldn't exist  
My fans who adore me  
It's you who inspire me to go on  
Being recognised at last after so many years of work  
Sniff, sniff, thank you!  
And now I think it's time to tell you the truth  
We've worked out that the end of the world will arrive at midday tomorrow  
So it really was time for you to give me this prize  
What? I'm sorry?  
You'd like to take back my prize?  
You don't want to wait till midday tomorrow to see if I'm right?  
No?  
Well, you deserve to die, you bunch of idiots!  
Yes, I'm sending you packing, numbskulls, ignoramuses  
Men of little faith  
You're all going to hell!  
Keep your prize, I don't want it at any price  
You've never had any credibility  
I don't need your miserable prize  
You're all ridiculous as you are  
You make me puke  
You're all going to die!

## Are You Cool?

In life there are the cools and the non-cools  
The cools think they're cool  
They think so because they're gullible  
Someone's told them that if they dress as they do they'll be cool  
The non-cools don't give a toss, they're not gullible  
It's not enough to dress completely in black with steel toecaps on their shoes  
It's not enough to dress like Mongolians in frilly spotted skirts to impress the populace  
They also have to prove that they're cool  
Go on then, prove it to me  
I'm waiting, I've got plenty of time  
Just how are you cool, Sir?  
Just how are you one of the people, Madam?  
Oh yes?  
How interesting . . . .  
You're nothing but a rich bitch  
You're nothing but a plonker  
Go play wheeler-dealers  
Your bubble will soon burst  
Your universe will soon expire  
No one will have anything to do with you  
And the little image of yourself you'd like to project  
You're not that bright or wonderful after all  
Go fuck yourself!

## I Played Video Games for Ten Years

What an infant prodigy you have there, my dear  
Really? He writes poetry?  
Ah, how charming!  
Does he write in the style of Leconte de Lisle's *Barbaric Tales*  
Barbaric tales, that, yes  
It's so good! Like a heart  
You too, old bag, lovely as a sow  
Straight A's in class? He must have to work so hard every day!

If only . . .  
He's in his room . . . but what's he doing there?  
Is he writing poetry?  
No, but I play lots of video games, spent at least ten years of my life on them  
But he's a genius, my dear, like you  
How proud you must be!  
Lots of regrets of course, a difficult child  
Does he listen to classical music and opera? Well, that's wonderful!  
And Front 242 and psychedelic rock all night at full blast, the poor parents  
What else? He's so polite and respectful  
Superficially, yes  
You've done a good job, I'm impressed  
Let's keep up appearances at any price  
Does he have a girl friend?  
Er, um, I mean . . . well, I think tea-time is over now

## **I Failed My Last Physics Exam**

Jesus! Did you understand the question about the rocket?  
You put an H and an O<sub>2</sub> and it adds up to water?  
Christ, failed again . . .  
Forget it, it's Friday, I've got my bottle of cheap wine  
I'll throw it up after an hour, so what, we're going out tonight  
Fourteen years old, no problem  
Two dollars to the doorman and we're inside  
We're going to dance all night  
Scare off the nice people till only our gang remains  
Listen to the music till we're ready to drop dead  
Forget the hell of schoolwork  
Forget the rest of the planet  
Come on, we'll go somewhere else  
Will they take our two dollars?  
Yes!  
Wow, the town bar  
Good music!  
Colours, lights, sand and palm trees  
You'd think you were on another planet



And when I think of the time it took us to decide to come here  
The Cure!  
The maths test on Monday? What maths test? I'll revise all Sunday night  
We wonder how we can get by without having to work too hard  
When we hate so much to study, have no interest in it  
We're only there because we have to be  
It's clear we're not there to learn anything whatsoever  
But to stand out from the others in some poxy competitive system  
And they tell us there's no way to get out of it  
We have to go through it  
Oh God, give me another bottle of wine

## **Get A Pint of Milk**

On your way home, get some milk, butter and eggs  
Ah yes, a sliced loaf with fibre  
The one with seeds all over it  
Can you remember all that?  
Would you like me to write it down?  
And a can of Carnation milk . . .  
If you can't find it, ask the shopkeeper  
Aah!  
Am I reduced to being your slave?  
You want milk?  
Go and get your own carton of milk!  
Did Hitler's wife ask him to get some milk on his way home from the office?

Don't forget to empty out the water from the dehumidifier  
There's some washing in the machine, would you put it in the dryer?  
Could you unload the dishwasher for me?  
The plants are dying, you could water them  
Have you fed the cats and the snakes?  
Have you paid the phone bill?  
Jesus Christ!  
What the hell do I know about your phone bill?  
Pay your own bloody phone bill !  
Did Napoleon's wife ask him to pay the phone bill?

Oh, pick up my prescription from the doctor, would you?  
The car needs to be taken to the garage  
Could you drop off this letter at my mother's?  
We should have some flowers for the kitchen  
You really should find yourself a job, you don't seem to have enough to do  
We could do with another bottle of vodka  
Go to the chemist to pick up my pills  
Christ almighty, bloody Christ!  
I'll shove them up your bum, your sodding pills!  
Did Stalin's wife ask him to go and buy a bottle of vodka?  
Oops, probably yes . . .

## **Mom, Come and Find Your Son**

Eighteen years old, covered in acne  
Sticky as an egg just fresh from a hen's bum  
He looked at me shyly and baffled  
You could read all his problem past in his face  
His South London accent made it hard to understand him  
What was he doing in that car with that old, retired biology teacher?  
Letting himself be treated at the bars in the centre of London?  
At first he avoided my gaze  
Then after a few friendly words  
He offered himself to me entirely and forever  
As if all I had to do was to sort out his psychological problems  
Where he's coming from, there's no hope, he's too damaged by abuse  
When I'd had my way with him, there was only one thing left to say:  
I'm not your mother, go and look somewhere else!

## **Cock-Teaser**

I see you come in, I seat you at a table  
You smile broadly at me and I smile back  
I wait for you to beckon me over, I flirt, suggest you try the à la carte menu

I choose the most expensive French wine, the one laid down for decades in our cellars  
Throughout the meal I keep making double entendres  
Linking everything to do with cooking to sex  
From food to bed  
Over the pudding I offer myself completely, scratch my balls in front of you  
I gather all the plates to your side , brushing against your ears  
And when I give you the bill absent-mindedly, I draw attention to my busy sex life  
And when I take my tip I say, Thank you, Sir, hope to see you again  
Then I disappear into the kitchens until you leave  
I come out again when someone else comes in and begins to smile broadly  
Then I make him welcome, seating him at a table . . .

## **Go Fuck Yourself, Arsehole**

There you are going round and round in your wretched little world  
An ironing board, washing not allowed before eleven o'clock at night  
No food smells allowed and no crap in the loos in your presence  
Always glad that you go out every evening  
Trying so hard to find someone to kiss your fat arse  
If I put my nose there, I know it would smell of nothing at all  
Because it's not shit you excrete, but flowers  
Your obsession is truth  
So here's the truth for you:  
I don't love you, in fact I despise you  
I've cheated on you with the whole planet in your too well-made bed  
I don't regret in the slightest the harm I've done you  
You can swallow your pretensions, they don't suit you  
Your flat sense of humour, keep it for your mother  
(Only a mother who loved her son could laugh at such mass of inanities)  
What have you found in my drawers now to be able to find fault with me?  
You want to suffer, so suffer, because it gladdens my heart to see you suffer  
And learn that if truth didn't hurt, no one would hide it

## You Abused Me

We went out to the local pubs  
You made me drink five or six pints of lager and God knows what else . . .  
I was rat-arsed  
I threw up four times (and that was only at your place)  
In my state I couldn't undress or stop you from undressing me  
So you took advantage  
You undressed me  
You forced me to kiss you  
You made me do things I didn't want to do  
You were even a bit violent  
You got up next morning saying: My God!  
Leaving me for the rest of the day with an impression of the total emptiness  
Of your foul and corrupt life  
You treated me like a wretched worm  
Can you take that to paradise?

## Sex? Sign These Contracts . . .

Good morning, are you from around here?  
"Are you trying to pick me up?"  
Er, well, that is . . .  
"Here are the usual forms to fill out  
I'd like references from your parents, your friends, your bank  
Your landlord, if any, your boss, if any . . . "  
Er, well, it's just . . . I rather thought that . . .  
"I must have your date of birth (your sign of the Zodiac)  
The time you were born (for your horoscope)  
Your name, your age and details of your sexual experience  
Your education, qualifications, work experience, current employment  
Your plans for your future career and your chances of succeeding . . . "  
Do you really have to know all that to . . . .  
"I'm going to need a thorough medical test, your medical history  
And what your psychologist really thinks but doesn't tell you . . . "  
Don't you think that you're . . . .

“Well, listen, I’ve got your phone number  
If I’m interested I’ll try you out on a part-time basis  
And if all goes well, then I’ll take you on full-time  
After signing contracts outlining the implications of the long-term relationship you’re planning to have  
with me . . . “  
What long-term relationship? All I want is a one-night-stand!

## **Twenty-Six Cameras Watch Me When I Shit**

When I sell porn magazines to old codgers who travel First Class  
When I sell porn reviews to the under-eighteens  
When I sell cigarettes to the under-sixteens  
There are twenty-six cameras watching me  
On the pretext of looking for bombs, I can’t even pick my nose without someone somewhere  
watching me  
They’ve turned me into a robot that has reached perfection  
I never do anything that could be interpreted as wrongdoing  
I never say anything about anything  
I work myself to death in the sweat of my brow  
So that no one can ever reproach me with anything  
I live all day crushed by the stress of constant surveillance, spying on me and weighing up my every  
gesture  
I’ve become so paranoid that I feel it’s all still going on at home in my room  
My whole life is now rooted in the assumption that someone is watching me  
Our children are not going to have it easy  
Every parent or government will set up their own little cameras, hidden in every corner  
They’ll be able to buy them in packets of twenty at Tandy or Radio Shack  
They’ll have their perfect society where no one dares to say or do anything any more  
But at what price?  
Shitting in peace, that was for our great-grandparents  
But did they have lavatories then?

# The Nevada Desert

After conquering Paris, we crossed the Atlantic  
Los Angeles seemed really small to us compared to Paris  
We were stopped on the roads of Nevada by the police and then the army  
A convertible Mustang, music at full volume  
Reality? Responsibilities? Left behind in London  
A knife, a snake, sand dunes stretching to the horizon  
A leaden sun, grand canyons, an endless road full of holes  
We went on like this till we reached Las Vegas  
We discussed the Second World War around a roulette table  
With a French woman, a German, a Russian, a Japanese, a Britisher, a Canadian, an American – only  
the Jews were missing  
I won a lot of money too, luck being with me  
Next day we were back in the Nevada desert  
We were stopped by the police and then the army  
A convertible Jag, music to blow your mind  
The end of the known world within our reach  
We went on like this till we reached San Francisco  
A crazy woman ripped off my camera - so much the better, we weren't tourists any more  
Bitch, I hope you ate your bellyful that night

When we left Los Angeles again, with the desert far behind us  
Something had happened to change us  
There are no limits in this world  
There is no one in this world more important than anyone else  
All of us in this world are as great and as rich as our imagination allows us to be  
In this world there is nothing more that can stop us

# Anarchist Theory

Chaos theory  
When a butterfly flaps its wings on one side of the planet  
The other side of the planet is affected  
Anarchist theory  
When a butterfly flaps its wings here

The other side of the universe is affected

And that means what?

The electrical circuits of our brains can influence the universe  
Our thoughts influence the universe to an extent unsuspected before

One day science will catch up with these theories

Distance and time are relative, the time-space continuum is relative

Relative and changing according to the point of view

According to your point of view . . .

You are in control of your life and the lives of others

You can change the configuration of all the atoms in the universe

You are in control of your destiny

You are in control of human destiny

That's the anarchist theory

## **A New Life For Sale**

Come here, come on, don't be afraid

Have you seen this watch?

It works really well, it's a Dunhill

Look at this electronic timetable, it works out when your bus is going to arrive

Look, look in my bag

I've got everything

Come here, come on, don't be afraid . . .

A new wallet?

Credit cards?

You want a new life?

A new Canadian passport? That'll open every door!

A valid immigration card?

A genuine certificate of baptism?

A medical-insurance card, wonderful!

A social security card, even better!

Come here, come on, don't be afraid . . .

A new name

A new nationality

A new identity

A new character  
Not expensive, not expensive at all  
We have to adapt ourselves to new eventualities

Come here, come on, don't be afraid . . .

## **Descent Into Hell**

How many times have I found myself here?

Hundreds of times

Did I see light on the horizon?

Never

But I'm never alone here

I see familiar faces

I meet famous people

Will we all be here?

My descent into hell is infernal

It burns me completely

It eats me away inside until there's nothing left

That's my destiny

A zombie in the caverns of this world

Seeing dimly at the summits of this life

We've all been going round in circles since the beginning of time

How could we have been happy?

With this guilt that eats us

This regret that burns us up

This remorse that kills us

It's a descent into hell

Well, I'm not going to moulder away here

I'm not going to die here

I'm going to get my things together and go up to the surface again

For having suffered so much here on earth, I too am going to go to heaven



## **Anorexia Nervosa**

Anorexia, the most beautiful illness in the world  
You die of it when you've sensed something in the atmosphere  
Letting yourself die of hunger for a good cause  
Living in another world  
Alone and misunderstood  
Misunderstood even by yourself  
When you've taken note of the bankruptcy around you  
The vulnerability of the world around you  
You've taken hold of the wretchedness of the world and put it on your own shoulders  
Conscious as you are of something else unknown to everyone else  
It's an attack on other people and their principles  
It's a pacifist war against life  
It's refusing life in a world that isn't worth it  
A mysterious illness  
A mysterious transformation  
A mysterious existence  
A liberation . . .

## **Creating A New World**

Observe the universe and draw your inspiration from it  
Everything everyone said would happen up until now – regard it as false  
They were mistaken, they were capable of being mistaken  
They know no more about it than you know about any subject, they too are human  
Knowledge and authority succeed in imposing themselves if there are no alternatives  
It's up to you to envisage this new, this better world

Draw your inspiration straight from the universe around you  
Reshape it in your own way  
Problems to solve?  
Inconsistencies?  
Your own way of interpreting things?

It's up to you to envisage this new world

Create, create, create this new world  
In painting, sculpture, music, literature  
In scientific research, photography, films, in virtuality if need be  
Create, create, create!  
All that passes through your brain  
Your instincts, impressions, objectivity, what you are  
A new universe is there waiting to be discovered  
Starting with the life of your imagination and your dreams  
Create a new world!

## **Another Mutilated Body**

When I opened my newspaper this morning and read about another mutilated body  
Oh God, I began to dream  
Perhaps it was my boss?  
Maybe one of my colleagues had had enough and decided to take action?  
Or perhaps it was the colleague who works opposite me and has pissed me off since the beginning of  
the year?  
Maybe the company found a swift way to get rid of him?  
Ah yes, it must be that bitch from Personnel whose soft words turn our stomachs  
Someone probably came along to give her the sack because they couldn't put up with her any longer  
Unless it was that government minister who lies all the way to hell and back again and is responsible  
for these atrocious laws  
Someone probably wanted to make him understand that he could stuff his laws up his . . .  
Oh, it must be that extremist priest who makes life impossible for everyone!  
Someone thought he had too much power, not right in our modern world  
Mmm, and if it was that judge who robbed me of my freedom with one single word?  
If so, it'll be difficult to find the culprit . . .  
  
Oh, oh, it's my ex!  
The latest lover could also have suffered enough and decided to kill my ex as act of mercy!  
Oh, yes it could be any of those undesirables  
Then I go on reading and realise that the mutilated body . . .  
Is mine!  
The guilty are all those whose names I dreamt of reading in the newspaper this morning  
As for them, they stopped dreaming and went on to action a long time ago

# Death Valley

An endless desert

An endless road

The feeling that you'll never see civilisation again

Running out of water or petrol, that's all it needs

On this road which is badly in need of repair

And without a single tourist

This was the moment you chose to make your latest outburst

I panicked, went into the ditch

We hit each other with our fists

I went off into the mountains, or whatever you call those canyons, with my face all bloody

I didn't want you to find me

I didn't want anyone to find me ever again

I walked for a long time and I never felt I was in any danger

Rage made me forget I had no way of getting back to Los Angeles or London

You had all my meagre possessions

It wasn't the first time I'd left everything behind

Your bad temper had become my bad temper

Your problems had become my problems

Your moaning had become my moaning

Your hell had become my hell

And suddenly, lost there alone in the desert

I looked at the sky, the sun and the white moon you see in daytime

And I felt good

I felt happy

Your bad temper, your problems, your moaning, your hell

Were no longer mine

You had already gone on towards Nevada

I was about to die there alone in Death Valley

And I felt wonderful

I had no more problems

No more moaning on the horizon, just some strange trees  
In Death Valley, condemned to die  
I was in paradise!

## **Just When I Thought I'd Understood**

It's the same thing every time  
I leave in fear  
I get all my data together  
Make my analysis of the century  
Present my revolutionary results  
Then the next day when I leave the house  
I realise that I was wrong  
I see that I've misunderstood everything  
And for good reason  
There was never anything to understand  
Just an ambition  
A desire to get hold of everything and succeed  
Succeed at what?  
See what in other people's lives?  
What was I hoping for?  
All the elements in action  
All the interactions every day and everywhere  
Pressure mounting, the warmth of the people  
Everywhere the excitement of a crowd let loose  
What is there to understand?  
Just when I thought I'd understood

## **I've Said It All**

Am I trying to say it all?  
Is it humanly possible to say it all anyway?  
And what would it change if I had tried to say it all?  
And if I'd said it all, what then?  
Anyway there would still be something more to say

Idiocies, probably  
Utterly useless  
Bore, bore!  
Look, I'm throwing up again, what does that change, eh?  
And you, haven't you tried to say it all?  
Perhaps you've even tried to say whatever it may be  
How often have you thrown up in the loo, eh?  
Probably never  
You're happy with your husband  
If I remember rightly, he stabbed you there, didn't he?  
That's what everyone was talking about when you were depressed for so long  
Wonderful rumours, another of life's joys  
As if it interested me to know how much you were suffering  
What have you got to say now?  
Nothing? That's better than I thought  
Ah yes, that's the ideal woman I've been looking for  
In fact, you've understood everything  
You could sum up my life like that, the search for the ideal woman  
Let's add the search for the ideal woman to rape and then murder  
You could write about it in the first three or four pages of the newspaper  
And a whole psychological book  
And three pages of a book on criminal law  
I would have made an impact on life  
Joy  
I've never looked for the ideal woman  
That's to say how you've misunderstood  
But that doesn't stop you from judging me  
And thinking about my possible death  
And how I don't give a toss  
Anyway, my dear,  
I've said it all

## **A Swamp Full of Tadpoles**

I'm the prisoner of something too big for me  
I try to rise to the surface but I only get lost  
To die drowned by the waves closing over me

I suppose I was looking for it  
I wanted to die among the masses  
Pass by unnoticed in a world too big for me  
To be insignificant in this swamp full of tadpoles  
Was I aiming for something, really?  
Did I really want to get out of this swamp and become God Almighty?  
Have a life being heard and being listened to?  
Having my turn at dictating what should be and will be?  
Useless to deny it, I wanted to make something enormous  
A monstrous centipede capable of yelling in every place at once  
A monster with a thousand heads and a thousand voices  
The voice of truth, a subjective truth which I could manipulate at a whim  
How could I have lost courage  
How could I have lapsed into silence among the masses  
How could I accept all that?  
Impossible  
I mingle with the whole so that I can be heard as a whole  
To be stronger and more credible  
How could I have lost the true north?  
Easy, I never lost it  
I could be stronger than I've been  
I could be the tadpole that rises out of the swamp  
Who'll become a powerful frog who can reach the lake  
And then I'll be happy  
I'll be liberated  
I'm going to be able to breathe at last  
And if I'm mistaken?  
If I have to accept my status of tadpole in this swamp?  
Let's be realistic, I've failed at everything  
Everyone managed to get out of the swamp  
But I'm here for all eternity  
And I can't accept it  
I still have dreams of glory  
How to get out and become bigger than everyone else  
But I could be mistaken  
I could die here without ever having been heard  
Without having made a difference  
Please help me to accept this failure  
But I could be born again from my ashes

I'm not dead yet  
We must keep hoping for a better world  
We must stay motivated  
We must be hopeful  
We must get out of the swamp and make ourselves heard  
I have to succeed  
There's no choice  
It's bigger than I am  
We must challenge everything, we must challenge the universe  
We must question everything, question our conditions, our position in the universe  
It's stronger than I am  
It must change!

## **I Understand**

A wonderful feeling of understanding at last  
Of savouring knowledge there within reach  
But it's so simple  
Even a cripple in a wheelchair could understand for himself  
The power of knowledge  
In his heart of hearts  
Suddenly seeing things differently  
Making my brain work so much better than others  
And understanding for myself  
Understanding that I have never been able to learn from others  
But again, nothing was explained  
Nothing made sense  
I still know nothing, understand nothing  
But I do understand  
The irony, this irony, that no one else has ever understood  
And no one will ever understand  
I'm not going to live any more as I did before  
I'm not going to see any more as I did before  
I'm not going to hear any more as I did before  
I've understood at last!  
And that's my revenge!  
My revenge for everything you've made me suffer!

For trying to stuff me with all those lies!  
You'd never understood anything and you tried to make me understand  
Your lies, the lies of history!  
Now I understand  
I understand

## **My Frankenstein's Monster Is Already At Large in the Crowd**

I was nothing, I will be everything  
Irony of destiny, nothing happened for 30 years  
And suddenly everything happened at once  
Destiny never abandoned me  
It was waiting for the right moment  
It was busy preparing me  
I'd already talked so much  
I'd already been so assertive  
And it was silence I heard  
But no more  
I use all the media at my disposal  
Extra-terrestrials light years from here can hear me  
They knew how to see further than we do  
But not any further than I do  
I challenged physics  
I challenged science  
I got results  
I created my Frankenstein's monster  
He'll get up one morning and annihilate you all  
And I'll laugh like an idiot  
I'll raise my glass to my creation and your destruction  
You can lock me up, I've already said it all  
My Frankenstein's monster is already at large in the crowd  
Olé! Ha, ha!  
And you think I'm mad  
Mad and out of it  
But you're the ones who're mad and out of it



Blind for all eternity  
Your destiny has abandoned you at the edge of a lake  
It only works for those who have understood the mechanisms of life  
Who knew how to interpret what had already been seen  
Those visions of a relative future which could perhaps change  
I've changed it  
My Frankenstein's monster is already at large in the crowd

## **Who Do You Think You Are?**

If we believed you, you're mother and earth  
If we listened to you, our life belongs to you  
If we followed your advice, we'd exist only for you  
Don't you know that we've already planned our exit?  
Don't you know that we tear you to pieces behind your back?  
We don't care about you and your work  
We have a life you'd really like to steal from us  
We're not crazy  
Our life will never belong to you  
You're welcome to believe it but you'll be disappointed  
You'll be deep in shit sooner than you think  
Juggling your thousand and one tasks  
And people will only bring you more  
You've never learned the rules of good management  
You've never tried to give us a glimmer of hope  
You've never tried to give us a moment of pleasure  
How could you be surprised if we drop you when things get tough?  
Off you go alone into your own hell, we'll be happy elsewhere  
Bye, bye!

## **When You Dream of Glory, I Wank**

How handsome you are!  
How tall!  
How strong!

I get a kick out of seeing you get going, seeing you in action  
You're at the head of an empire you've built up with your own hands  
I ejaculate good and strong for you!  
My life belongs to you, I've signed a contract  
You're stronger, taller, more handsome than I am, it's in the contract  
Just one problem, I haven't signed it yet  
Oh, my head, I can't take any more  
I see you in Budapest, Munich or Paris  
My neurones can't take any more of these orgasms  
It itches, oops, what does that mean?  
You've got us all queuing up  
We see nothing of your uncertainty, your insecurity  
We're all wanking in our imagination  
We can't feel the stress of your name being there in the front line  
We can only smoke our cigarettes  
Try to impress you  
We have no rights  
We have to obey you absolutely and completely  
In the name of our pay  
In the name of the social hierarchy  
And your name  
You don't even need to abuse your power, your underlings are imbeciles  
They quote your name, they're afraid of you  
Ah! Aaaaaah! Aaaaaaaaaah!  
But not us  
We're not afraid to tell you what we think of you and your empire  
We're sorry for your underlings  
You don't have the right  
You don't have any right  
As for your money, stuff it up your bum  
I'll help you, cramming euros up your backside  
Until your title and your achievements are coming out of your ears  
We control your empire  
We are your empire  
We despise you  
We despise your name  
We despise what you've built up  
We don't believe in it  
We can see the artifice

You're lost  
However tall and strong you may be  
You're worthless  
We can only do what we can  
You took us for your possessions, what a mistake  
We've never been on your side  
We've never respected you  
And no one will ever respect you in these conditions  
I want but I don't think of you  
I think of God

## **A Little Hitler in the Making**

A puny pigeon  
Who stands on one leg because the other is ravaged by disease  
Let's save it!  
These pigeons, they're just rats  
Kill them all!  
Until there are none left!  
But I like pigeons!  
There was a time when the whole wonderful world of communications  
Depended on pigeons  
You must be joking!  
No, is there a smile on my face?  
Fucking Hitler, these pigeons are more important than you  
If you don't understand that, it's not my problem  
I'd save this pigeon, this rat, before I'd save you  
That's the power of freedom I've given myself  
See us like slaves  
Treat us like slaves  
And you'll see, we'll save the pigeons before we'll help you  
Because your power doesn't matter very much, we were against you from the beginning  
We didn't believe in you  
We weren't afraid, we plotted your destruction  
Hitler or no Hitler, we're independent, we have freedom  
You don't stand a chance and you've never understood that  
Power is in the hands of the people

The people rising up, waking up to reality  
We're free!  
Free to destroy you  
To feed the pigeons  
To save the pigeons  
Leaving you to die  
While we live at last . . .

## **Innocence Is Never Innocent For Too Long**

In your hands innocence soon becomes dirty  
Panic-stricken at the sight of you, at your orders  
Innocence isn't mad  
Or innocent for too long  
Shove us in the back  
Hold your meetings until there's no oxygen left  
Until everyone has lost all reason  
Because the least of your desires hasn't been fulfilled  
And innocence will rebel  
It will do a complete turnaround and you won't understand why  
You think you have this power  
But it's only virtual  
Destiny works too hard  
Taking us far from you  
You think you have this power  
But it's derisory  
Our desires lead us elsewhere  
To a better world where you don't exist  
You poison existence and you never understand  
That's all right because we understand  
And we're going to rid ourselves of you  
Innocence is never innocent for too long

# Oh My God!

Oh my God!  
I thought I was stupid  
I thought I was incapable of seeing beyond reality  
I asked myself, how could I be right?  
All those great men have annihilated me, destroyed my ideas  
They know each other, they've written history  
I'm worthless, I'm ignorant  
But they were blind, they are deaf  
I hold this terrifying knowledge in my hand  
I can annihilate . . . not just this planet but the whole universe!  
And it's so easy, it's frightening  
I shiver at the thought that someone else may have found the same results by mistake  
They won't know what they they're playing with  
Innocence doesn't forgive

Oh my God!  
At last I've got the power to see far into space  
I've got the power to live in an alternative reality  
I've got the power to communicate with the stars  
I've got the power  
The learning  
Absolute knowledge  
I am dangerous  
I am mad  
I am strong  
I am

Oh my God!  
Did you think we would never get that far?  
Understanding the endlessness of the universe  
Moving beyond everything  
Annihilating everything in our enthusiasm  
An absolute power over infinity  
Man is not as large as the universe  
Man is larger than the universe  
And that will be his destruction

# You Opened the Gates of Hell

I seemed innocent, sitting there, listening to you  
I was the student who knew nothing about life  
You taught me everything  
Spared me nothing  
You wanted to show off all your knowledge but didn't see any further  
Didn't understand that I already had all the answers  
That you'd just given me something that was missing  
The student will suddenly overtake the teacher  
You opened the gates of hell  
I'm going to explode over the mornings of the universe  
I'm going to born great because I've understood everything  
I've got nothing more to write  
I've got nothing more to say  
I've got nothing more to prove  
I've got all the answers  
I don't need to follow anyone any more  
Don't need to listen and understand  
I don't give a toss about any of it  
Suddenly nothing is of any importance  
Nothing exists  
I no longer manage to understand anything I've known  
I don't recognize anyone  
I'm already too far gone on my own way  
I've lost all the people who tie me to this planet  
And I'm ready at last to live on another level  
Absolute inner peace  
I'm going to live eternal life  
As I've always wished  
I'm living in infinity

## **If I Were Einstein**

Go and find out what there is to know  
And no one will believe you  
You could be Einstein outlining your theory of relativity  
And people would laugh in your face  
What good does it do to understand the secrets of the universe  
If people only laugh in your face?  
Go and find out

If I were Einstein and I'd understood everything  
And people just laughed in my face  
I'd still be great and strong as regards the universe  
Because I'd have understood  
What good does all that vanity do?  
Go and find out

All that vanity succeeds in preventing you from committing suicide  
Why?  
Go and find out

## **In The Depths of the Marais**

I'm a frog  
I spend my time in the Marais  
I jump everywhere between the Town Hall and the Seine  
I go into disreputable places  
I do disreputable things  
I feel that no one is judging me  
I wander into dark corners  
Life is great in the Marais  
Even if I'm green and sticky  
And spend the night croaking  
To the sound of barbaric music  
My voice is still distinct  
Someone finds me, warms me up

Sometimes I swallow flies  
Before going back to jump everywhere for the rest of the night  
I really like the Marais

## **Church Street**

Oh Church Street, let me praise you to the skies  
Blessed art thou among all streets  
Holy, holy, holy Church Street  
Live in the peace of God the Father, the love of the Holy Ghost  
The sacred laws of union between two beings  
This is the body of Christ, drink his murderous blood  
Oh Church Street, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come  
Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven  
You give us our daily bread while leading us to the temptation of evil  
But oh, Church Street, the fruit of thy womb is blest

## **What I've Found in the Holy Bible of the Hotel (in The New American Standard Bible version, placed by The Gideons)**

Taxi cab drivers are happy today  
They make lots of money off the hookers and rock stars and people on welfare  
Fuck politics and fuck you all  
You better be real fast to keep up with me ass hole  
I must love a woman in order to enjoy making love with her  
Can we have sex after Church up in your apartment?  
I will tell you all my business  
I had the biggest you know what  
And I just wanted to fuck you all, you lovely ladies  
I want you to know that I miss your smiles  
Have a nice day  
So what fuck head  
I can beat you all up you know  
I can punch you real hard and one shot can drop you flat on the ground,  
if you get too close or say something to me I don't like  
You're all a bunch of fools, and I laugh to you all



## The Hidden Knowledge of Things

Do you know what the initiates know?  
The hidden knowledge of things  
I'm an initiate  
The initiate learns for himself  
He observes the universe and find his answers  
And his answers are false

Are you an initiate?  
Have you observed the universe?  
To learn the hidden knowledge of things?  
Have you found answers?  
They're false

There are no initiates  
There is no hidden knowledge of things  
There is nothing to learn for yourself  
The answers are false  
Answers are always false

## The Voice of a Generation

You got up one morning  
Someone else had roused you to achieve something  
You called him the voice of a generation  
Perhaps he died after galvanising you  
You could have made a quick reckoning of this transfer of energy  
You identified that wonderful voice  
It was probably what you'd been waiting a long time for  
To brighten the dark mornings of our lives  
Then you didn't understand anything

You and no one else are that voice for a whole generation

You're in a position to create your own existence  
To make it as beautiful and extraordinary as you've always dreamt  
This will be a mad adventure, perhaps one with no future  
You'll think you're making so many useless sacrifices, perhaps  
Probably dying of hunger  
But determination always leads somewhere  
Stay motivated, that's the secret  
Be imaginative, leap over obstacles and pull down barriers  
One day perhaps you'll understand this motivation

The voice of a generation is your voice!  
Your motivation, your creation, your ideals!  
You've always wanted it!  
You know you have this potential within you!  
It's waiting, it's about to explode!  
Don't wait too long  
You'll run the risk of falling too soon into social realities  
Leave! Get out of your rut! Go and find people who think like you!  
Leave everything behind, drop everything, lose everything to begin a new life!  
We never regret having left because we can always come back  
But coming back will always be far from your thoughts  
Because no regression can be acceptable  
You'll make unbelievable mistakes, you'll suffer, but . . .  
You'll be the voice of a generation

## **I'm Making History**

I move buildings and build pyramids from nothing  
I'm poor but pile up wealth and devise systems  
I'm not highly educated but can charm and create life at the same time  
I have no parents and no children but recognize myself in everyone and give birth to stars  
I study the most insignificant details in depth and make myths from whatever happens  
Through me history comes into being  
Through me history exists  
I am the very essence of life  
Because my ambition is strong enough to achieve great things

# **I Am God the Father**

I am God the Father  
Creator of the universe  
There, I've said it  
I've got nothing to add