

Working in Westminster

Intelligence not Required

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An insignificant sheep lost amongst the billions

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Summary

[Westminster's Fever Part A](#)

[Working in Westminster Part B](#)

[I'm a West End Girl](#)

[I'm an East End Boy](#)

[Westminster No More](#)

[You are not Important Enough](#)

[Another Boring Day in Westminster](#)

[I Graduated, but Just](#)

[My Little Cousin](#)

[I'm Inspired Tonight](#)

[I am out of this world](#)

[I've become an undesirable](#)

Am I alive?
Just admit it
Go ahead with your dreaming
Being stopped by love
I'm the Brain behind Westminster
Desperate People
Cockpit Steps
We were so naive
You're so Perfect
Back Off Bitch!
I Hate Men
I'm a Westminster Icon
Dreaming on my Lunch Hour
I'm Such a Peaceful Fellow
I am not a Citizen
Another Panic Attack
I'm Useless
No Way Out
If alcohol did not exist
Trying to Connect
When I was a little boy
Describing the Heart of London
I bumped into the Prime Minister
Remaining true to oneself
Get inspired, if you can
Making History
I'm your Westminster's Whore
He slept with a prostitute!
Should I vote Labour or Conservative?
Guilty!
Other White
Lady Di is Dead
Who will remember you in 20 years?
I'm Self-Centred
I'm worth more than any of you

Alien Nation

Love is an overrated meaningless concept

I'm still a Virgin

The Cynicism Paradox

My neighbours are bunkers

Surrounded by incompetence

Blogging things

Election Day

What sort of government would respect the law?

Warning! My fish has died

I've reached rock bottom

I am now a Satanist

You're such a liar

It will be over faster than making coffee

Tea Time

Let's exploit them all

The Master Bitch of Westminster

The most miserable human being on earth

Dear me, I'm working with Thatcher herself

The ODPM has failed again

You're corrupt

I've gone mad!

Another Disciplinary

Oh yes, you're history

King Henry the Eighth

Darkest Moments, Brightest Successes

Ideas of Greatness

Where's that damn cancer?

Bombs under London

Do you think Londoners will leave London now?

More security in London, are you joking?

Brixton, the Pulse of the Nation

I'm not proud

The Corporation

Am I just fast food?

An insignificant sheep lost amongst the billions

I am in turmoil

My God! I'm a force of nature!

Imprisoned for treason

I want to be God!

Geniuses are killed before they're born

I'm moving to L.A.!

I'm out of here!

Fuck Mummy! I will succeed!

Changing our Perspective

My year of hell in Westminster

In Between Days

It's party time!

Did you ever exist?

I will fall flat on my face

I have resigned from Westminster

Hollywood, here I come!

Westminster's Fever Part A

Oh Westminster

So much to answer for

I have been seduced

Now I could not picture my life without you

You're anything and everything

Symbol of life and hell

For the world to enjoy and suffer

See the end or the beginning of things

I will celebrate you

Forever and ever

Oh Westminster

So much to answer for
Wrong book, wrong time, wrong soul
How have I fell in love with you?
It is beyond understanding
It goes against every fibre in my body
And yet, I am here
To open my eyes and fall on my knees
And pray for your protection
Against the evil of this world
I must have been brainwashed
And yet, I am here every day
Hoping that you will be my salvation

Oh Westminster
So much to answer for
What are you really?
What do you hide behind so much history?
Who else is to come to make you powerful?
And will you ever die?
From you came unhappiness
From you came death
There's no denying it
It is recorded everywhere for posterity
Yet, you mean so much to me
I need to be cured from this insane love affair

Working in Westminster Part B

9 O'clock rings at the Big Ben again
Are we Monday or Friday?
Today, been debating the new Building Regulations Part L addendum
About... boilers
All day
All week

All month
Seventy conferences
One hundred and twenty workshops
And I'm not exaggerating
Making the life of everybody a misery
I'm just gonna take a gun and shoot myself

12 O'clock rings at the Big Ben again
Can't tell what day this is
Today, been debating Dispute Resolution, Arbitration, Adjudication
The hell of Construction and Engineering Law
Filled with land mines
Which cannot fail to explode in your face
In every single project
Delays, over budget, gold pot for every solicitor and barrister
Making the life of everybody a living hell
I'm just gonna take a gun and shoot them all

5 O'clock rings at the Big Ben again
I think it's Saturday
I'm still at work
Today, energy, regeneration, development, environment
Regulations regulating till death
Sustainability! The new buzz word that means nothing
Don't care about Global Warming, Global Dimming
Don't give a shit about Asbestos
Making life not worth living
Free me! Free yourself!
Let me get out of Westminster for good!
Before I become the new law!
Before I start dictating the new regulations!
Before I rule this world!

Westminster
Before you take away our last dying breath

I'm just gonna take a gun and shoot you

I'm a West End Girl

My Dad came from Africa
Diplomatic things
I've been living in Oxford Circus all my life
In a flat paid by the British government
Everything within walking distance
Can't stand working in Westminster
Not even a sandwich shop within a mile
Got to go to Victoria for that
No good for me
I'm a Mensa member, you understand
In the 2% superior race
93% Geek Girl
My brain's about to crack
As I'm so intelligent
I'm the black sheep of the family
Don't believe in religion
Don't believe in the Right
Don't believe in marriage
Don't believe in anything really
I'm a West End girl you know
Proud of all that meaningless crap
Because it gives my life a meaning
Because otherwise I'm worthless
My hair is so shiny
My boobs are crying to get out all over your face
Am I worth meeting or what?
I run this place, I've been here for years
And you better understand me
Or I'll destroy you

I'm an East End Boy

I'm just an Executive
I can't speak
I can't think
Yet I'm trying to impress the boss
Got to try to save my job
He's the big bastard
About to sack everybody
I'm first on his list
I cannot stop thinking about my next pint
The next party
These never ending meetings bore me to death
Oh, I have to fight so hard to stay awake
God knows how I've been able to maintain myself in Westminster for so long
It must be clear to everyone that I don't belong here
Must be because my Manager fancies me
No other explanation
Or else, in Westminster, no need for a brain
The scum of London ends up here
The ones incapable of accomplishing anything all day
No problems, intelligence is not required in Parliament Square
The bastard won't succeed
I'll still be working here when he's gone
Mummy, I'll make you proud
One day I'll be the Manager
Even though I will still not know what it is
that I am supposed to do here
No problems
We're in Westminster
Intelligent people need not apply

Westminster No More

Oh dear, I'm stressed to death
Tomorrow is back to Parliament Square
I would do anything not to go
I would wash your feet and clean your teeth
I would tuck you to bed and kiss your children like a good boy
I would do your dishes and your washing
I would do anything!
But please, please, please
Don't let me go to Parliament Square ever again

Oh dear, my existential crisis has reached a critical stage
Tomorrow is back to the Big Ben
I will do anything not to go
I am quite prepared to stop writing and whinging
I will pretend that I have never existed
I will disappear somewhere
You will never hear from me again
I will do anything!
But please, please, please
Don't let me go to the Big Ben ever again

Oh dear, I'm having a heart attack
Tomorrow is back to Westminster
I must do anything not to go
I must get out of this job
I must move any mountains along the way
I must become crazy
That's my only way out, I'm afraid
No more begging
To not have to go back to Westminster
I must do insane things!
So you better watch out
Cos I am reaching the end of my tether

You are not Important Enough

Who are you?
That important, hey?
Sorry Sir, I had not realised
How important you are
The respect you deserve
Such accomplishments
Such a social status
So much money
Is that your car outside?
Were you not on the news yesterday?
Were you not in Iraq last week?
Yeah, yeah, I know you saved the world once again
I have heard of your deal
Common knowledge how great you are
Let me make you a coffee
Let me order you an egg sandwich
Let me wipe your bum
I meant, let me wipe your seat
Please sit here
My boss will be with you in a moment
Tell me, how's the wife, the kids?
How is it going with the Palestine?
Any chance for peace in the next thousand years?
Sorry, yes Sir, I will mind my own business from now on
I will care only for things that are from my level of intelligence
Here is your coffee
Ah, your egg sandwich just arrived
The toilets are on the right, but they're broken
No, four floors down for the next one
No time, sorry, my boss is ready for you
Don't worry, so much shit comes out of your mouth most of the time

Perhaps you would care to shit from the right hole this time
It was a pleasure meeting you
Have a nice day Sir

Another Boring Day in Westminster

God!

The Prime Minister babbled some bollocks again about the war, yawn
The Chancellor or something tried to be as eloquent, useless
The Mayor is being accused of being anti-Semite, whatever
The Prince wants to marry his sweetheart, but it's against the law
I thought the day would never end!

God!

The phone never stopped ringing
My boss never left his desk
The whores around me were in full swing
Flowers were delivered to Master Bitch
I thought the day would never end!

God!

The Creative department showed just how they don't deserve their title
The Marketing department confirmed that they are not doing any marketing
The Sales department confirmed that they don't exist
The COO caught me doing absolutely nothing
I thought the day would never end!

God!

A bug crossed my desk in about 10 full minutes
The Big Ben rang for half an hour for no reason
A cloud went across the sky, was wondering if it would finally snow
For a second there, I was certain my computer clock went backward
I thought the day would never end!

Just what I needed
Another boring day in Westminster

I Graduated, but Just

Any idiot could do that
The difference is I never attended any of my graduation ceremonies

Thank god!

But I guess the main reason is
I never graduated in anything worth attending

Let's face it

Literature is worth nothing
A degree in that is the equivalent to a degree in refuse collection

I have about as much worth as a garbage man

Such a worthy title

I wish I could do just that
Collect garbage in Westminster all day long

At the very least I would be outside

Cursing you and your bin

Oh how I wish I was just nothing

I feel just like that anyway

One step further

Make me a garbage man

I have the degree

I have the diploma

I studied in University for 8 years

I must deserve anything I damn want

And what I want

Is to be nothing

With the right title

Your garbage man Madame

Your refuse collector Monsieur

To serve you

Please, thanks, bye bye

Next house

Next bin

Next life

I'm Inspired Tonight

I'm inspired tonight
And that means everything
Cos I haven't been inspired much lately

Blame it on the daily job in Westminster
Blame it on the uninspired people I have to deal with everyday
Insignificant people who are just waiting for their day to die
Making sure they get everyone in their wave
To die with them without leaving any mark on this planet whatsoever

How many times must I fall into these crowds
Of already dead people
Living an empty life
Concerned with only futilities
Incapable of seeing globally
Unless a fucking Tsunami happens
And kills a few people
Oh God, I don't care if it is 3,000 or 200,000 or a billion
I just wish I was in Indonesia when it happened

Life is worth nothing
Best proof were only ants thinking were geniuses
When really we're nothing more than nothing
Let the wave take us all
And let's enjoy the silence

I am out of this world

I have reached that fine line that no one should cross
I believe I have lost all inspiration
All these books I have never read and probably will never read
Perhaps it is just my imagination
How should I know?
They just basically steal everything
And repeat the same stuff over and over again
And turn it into in such a way that no one could sue anyone
Not that I would sue anyone anyway
My Ego has grown to the size of a small planet
Perhaps I am too out there
But that's the only way to reach out to anyone
I just have to shut my big mouth
Continue to write forever and ever
I will get there one day
Just have to be careful
Keep my feet on the ground
And continue to inspire people
But who cares anyway
I've always said I was beyond all that
Thinking more about suicide than recognition
And that's so fucking true
Give me a gun any day
That is so much more important to me than anything else
Because I'm so bored with this life
It's getting me nowhere worthwhile
Successes are short lived
My Ego grows in size only for a few seconds
Until I get back to my useless reality
I'm still the unhappiest person on this planet
Whatever my accomplishments
More than once I wanted to just shoot the persons in front of me
I can't stand anyone anymore
I can't stand anything anymore

The news are killing me
Society is killing me
You are killing me
Damn it!
You are just a useless bunch of people
I don't give a fucking fuck about any of you
If you could just die, it may make me happy
I guess I just want to isolate myself from everything and everyone
And I can't even do that
Useless planet, useless world
I need to get out of here!
I need to breathe!
I don't need you or your recognition
Go fuck yourself, all of you!

I've become an undesirable

Employment agencies are afraid of me
They think I want to commit suicide
Employers believe I'm some sort of anarchist
They may even think I am some sort of terrorist
How funny
Because what I'm saying is often what most people think
And yet, by not saying anything, they are somehow off the hook

I won't shut up!
I won't stop saying what I believe!
If it costs me a lot, then I'll just have to assume it
It's in my nature and we cannot change our nature
Oh sad people of this world
At least I understand you
I talk for you
Since you cannot express anything yourself

Oh god, what am I gonna do?
Is there anything I can do at this point?
I am so tired of lying to everyone
Pretend that I am someone that I am not
Fighting for things I don't believe in

And what is it that I believe in?
In time I have forgotten
Never mind, I have written a lot on the subject
Surely something will remain of what I have written?
And if not, so be it
I don't care
I don't believe in anything
And that's how it should be

Am I alive?

Am I insensible?
Oh yeah

Am I heartless?
Oh yeah

Am I pessimistic?
Oh yeah

Am I totally lost?
Oh yeah

Am I disgusted by everything I see?
Oh yeah

Have I lost faith in humanity?
Oh yeah

Am I sadistic?

Oh yeah

Am I dead?

Oh yeah

Am I a murderer?

Just admit it

You have debts

You don't love the person you're living with

You hate your parents and friends

You're a psychopath

You're a drug addict

You're a mental case

You're a misfit

You don't fit in

You're as depressed as I am

You can't stand anyone

You're fed up with life

You're that close to tell everybody to fuck off

Just admit it

You'll feel better

And if not

You are a fucking sad case

Conditioned to perfection

Brainwashed beyond hope

Ready for the asylum

There's no hope for you

You certainly can't help yourself

God help you

Go ahead with your dreaming

For what it is worth
To hope for so much
Can only be deceived the day it becomes reality

How I wish I never had any dream
Never succeeded in making them come true
What is there left for me now?

No more dream worth pursuing
No hope that one day everything will fall into place
That I'll be free to do as I wish

If I were to go back in time and decide to pursue my dreams
I would not do anything
Better continue to hope in a better world than be disappointed

You are guilty for making the world what it is
To be powerless in changing it
To not even try

Go ahead with your dreaming, for what it is worth
Hope in a better world is all there is left
Cos' there'll never be a better world

Being stopped by love

Love is no reason to stop you living
Love is no reason to stop you from having friends
Love is no reason to stop you from smoking and drinking
Love is no reason to stop you from living the way you should

Love is a prison
Love is the biggest obstacle to conquered
Love is everything between you and success
Love is not worth it

Let's face it, how many times a month do you actually have sex with your loved one?

Without having to beg for it?
Madness, useless, crazy
Love, overrated, not worth it

How much more whinging must one suffer?
Complaints going on and on and on?
Bitching and blaming and accusations...
It's a living hell!

Love, is not really love
It stops life
No way
Just get rid of it

Oh, how I wish I could!

I'm the Brain behind Westminster

Look at him!
Parliament Square
He's the big Minister
He is what we are and what we represent
But don't listen to him for too long
You would soon realize he has no brain
That's why I'm here
I'm the brain behind the Mongol
Useless to talk to him, talk to me

Or else whatever you say will not be acted upon
Wasted, wasted, wasted... that's our definition
That's us!
Unless you speak to me
I'm the only brain out here
I'm the assistant, you see...
Call my Mycroft Holmes
Without me the world cannot go round
Without me, there is no world
I am it
I am everything
I am the Assistant to the big Minister
Waste your time!
I'm sure it has been taken into consideration in the budget
Let's contact the Honourable Mr. Justice whatever...
The Prime Minister or whatever...
All gone... in more important meetings that will never end
You need the assistant
I will make it happen
I will make it all come true
I'm the power behind the pretence
What have you done for me lately?
Nothing?
Then you can forget it
I don't give a shit about you
Don't even try, I was the one you needed to seduce
To convince
To pay
And I'm not convinced
Your project will fail
No budget allocated to that, I can tell you
See ya at the next party!
I'll be the one out of control
The one that everyone believes will be sacked
But hey, I'm the brain behind the power

I decide everything around here
Sad it took you so long to understand it
You will be sacked now, any time soon
Because I don't like you
Because you don't like me
It is as simple as that
Better luck next time
Hi ha, hi ho, ya hoo!
Wonderful, I am in control of the country
I am the Assistant, you see
I decide everything around here
And you are not part of that plan
Sorry...
Next!

Desperate People

What time is it?
Five minutes past midnight
Can I buy cigarettes and alcohol at this time?
I'm working tomorrow
It would kill me to go out now
Yet, I need to go on
Build history
Tell you of these times where nothing of significance is happening
Never mind the wars
The petty laws that we believe to be the signs of Big Brother lurking in
We are still far away from Defcon 1
Even though I can see that I am dying
Of old age... how sad
At this point, nothing means anything
I'm a desperate man!
I want everything on a gold platter
I believe I deserve it

But I don't
And no one else deserves it
That's the problem
They're all desperate
For some sort of recognition
They want to be part of history
To change something on a massive scale
They will all die hopeless
None of them did anything worth mentioning
Desperate people
Will never get anywhere
You see, things happen out of your control
Things will always happen out of your control
And what will humanity remember
Can only come from people like me
And I choose carefully what I wish to be remembered
At the moment, nothing
I'm a desperate man
Nothing to pursue, to admit, to declare
Automated world for automatons
Brainwashed people completely brain dead
What could I add to change your legacy?
Nothing
Complete success
We're all desperate people

Cockpit Steps

My dear Cockpit Steps!
You mean so much to me!
Westminster and all
My dream now achieved
I am here to stay
For the moment

I live here
I am it
I am everywhere

My Cockpit Steps!
All mine!
For all I care
Nothing before me existed
Nothing after me will ever exist
I am history
At the present time
For eternity

My Cockpit Steps
No one will ever steal them from me
I will get them known
I will make sure everyone knows where they are
What they mean to Westminster
They mean lunch time
They mean the sandwich before St James's park
They mean government stuff
Policy, regulation, law

My Cockpit Steps...
You just know that anyone of any importance in history
Has climbed those steps
And I am climbing them every day
Am I important to history?
I sure hope I am
Or else we're all doomed
After my death
Remember

The Cockpit Steps
And hopefully it will make sense

Sense of it all
I'm talking bullocks
I hope you understand that
Or else, we're all doomed for real

No one of any importance has ever climbed
My Cockpit Steps

We were so naive

Can't say I was not there first
Can't say I was not as stupid as you were
Can't say I too thought it would open me all the doors of the world

The thing is that I quickly realised that it was all worthless
And I was there because I enjoyed it
Not like you who could not understand that no doors would ever open

I wonder where you are today
Not that I would want to meet you
I would be quite happy if you were already dead
I can't imagine why you would be happy to hear from me now

We only existed for a fraction of a second
On a timeline already destroyed
Yet, we believed it was the perfect moment in time
That we are now part of history
Of something bigger than we will ever be able to reach on our own

We would talk about it like if there was no tomorrow
Like if anything coming after was just not worth mentioning
Not hard to imagine
Nothing great is anywhere near from bursting into our lives now
The world seems to have come to an end

No imagination or revolutionary idea anywhere

We were it!

London!

On a Friday night, means everything...

Or are we just kidding ourselves?

Was it so powerful?

I just can't tell

Perhaps we were just so naive

To believe that we were changing the world

I certainly felt like I was influencing a few people

I was just as naive as you

I just could not face you now

You're probably a solicitor or a doctor

Make's me want to puke everywhere

God I hope you're dead!

I was so naive...

You're so Perfect

You put me to shame

You're the PA of the whole government

And you're so perfect

I work beside you

With all my neurosis, psychological problems, there's no end to it

And yet you are made of steel

Everything just rubs over your feathers like a duck in St James's Park

Your sister was Miss World from South America

It might as well have been you

So much intelligence

So much understanding of life

So many ways to defuse every single bomb dropping on our head

You're so perfect
That's just it
You're the government
You are the glue that keeps it all together
How sad that ultimately you're not the one making the decisions around here
You would certainly solve every single problem this dying civilisation is facing
If only you were not just a PA
If only you were recognized as the person saving the day, every day
Let's face it
You are diplomacy
You are the smile on the face of these disgusting fat politicians with no future
You are the one maintaining them where they are
You are the genius behind the power
You're so damn perfect
It makes me sick
Oh, how I just wish I was like you
Not bothered by any fucking bitch around who feels like dictating
Bunch of dictators in the making
And yet you are able to stop them in their tracks
You need to be commended
You deserve an OBE
The Queen herself should hire you
Just sad that your brain is not working
When the time comes to understand anything
Of what is going on around you
I believe you are intelligent enough
It's just that you have been brainwashed
Fortune, money, fashion
Friday night big lunch in the higher spheres of London
Showing off
You have forgotten your real role in all of this
You are blind to your power
Every time you speak with the brains around here
You just don't understand that, in all your innocence
You are the real intelligence

But I guess that if you understood that
You could never really be the brain here
Or influence the brains around here
You might as well just be the innocent and insignificant PA
And play your role in humanity's destiny

Back Off Bitch!

Back off bitch!

Yeah, you!

Surely you recognise yourself?

You've made my life a misery for years

In every job I ever had

Always, you, to bitch around

And give me shit

Back off bitch!

What the fuck is going through your mind?

That's so different from what's running in mine?

Why, oh why, are we so different?

And why is it that you always somehow feel the need to hate me?

What have I done to God to deserve you?

A bitch in every corner, in every country, I tell you

Back off bitch!

Ah, you're new

You're my boss

I know you

You're just like the others

A bitch waiting to destroy me

You need a good fuck, that's what you need

Back off bitch!

Westminster is full of them

Never again will I suffer you
I'll kill you before
It's a promise
To all the bitches of the world

Back off bitch!
Could it be that I am the problem?
Have I got a sticker on my forehead?
Warning all of you that it won't work?
Have I got too many opinions?
Am I trying too much to please you without success?
Or is it just that you cannot share the limelight with me?
I must be a threat to you, no other explanation possible
Well, I better get you sacked and take your place then...

Back off bitch!
Or I'll get rid of you

My Little Cousin

She's done it again
My little cousin was nothing
She was picked up by the Master
Just like I was
She became number one in every country overnight
I became absolutely nothing
I wish I could hate her
But she's more anarchist than I'll ever be
She's done it again
Her last song is just perfect
I wish I had written that
I wish I was singing it
It's killing me
Jealousy on a massive scale

How could I fail so spectacularly?
When she succeeds so exceptionally?
I'm dreaming that one day I'll be there where she is
My little cousin
For now I can take comfort
In the fact that my little cousin is not happy
Success looks so bad on you, cousin
That you talk of suicide for the whole world to hear
Have you lost yourself in misery?
Just like me
What has gone wrong?
That in some easy steps
You'll show us how leadership looks when taught by the best
You perhaps think that I don't know?
Only you can build your life achievement award
And I can tell you that you are getting there
Unlike me
Who's still stuck in Parliament Square
Forever and ever
One of us needs to be heard
Good luck cousin...

I Hate Men

Have I said it before?
I don't think so
But I do hate them
I hate all men
Not too sure why
Perhaps because I am such a feminist
Perhaps because I feel so intelligent compare with any man
(I'm not a man, thank god for that)
(Neither a woman, thank god for that)
(Not sure what I am, I must be an alien)

Not too difficult to understand why
Every single man proves everyday just how stupid he is
One would wonder why the fuck they are in charge of everything
With so small a brain
That they will just never understand anything
About the ways of this world
It is this superiority complex that confuses everyone
Their feeling that they know best
Their high position, high social status, that blinds us
Deep down they know
Deep down we know
They're useless, just useless
They have no intelligence
They don't understand the first thing
Dear me, how can we still trust them as CEOs?
They will bring this world to an end
Quicker than we can even imagine
This has gone on for too long
Only women should have any right to climb the hierarchy
Only women have the brain to get anywhere
Only women can understand this world
Never trust a man again
They know fuck about the world
And yet
Every woman I meet in a position of power is a bitch
I hate women in power
Perhaps they are no better than men
I guess we can only trust women who are not climbing the hierarchy
That poor woman out there who's nothing
She should be the next CEO
The next Prime Minister
The next President of the United States
The next Head of the U.N.
Let's not give her the choice
Let's get her elected

And finally let's breathe for a while
(Unless she talks religion, then we must shoot her right there)
For God's sake!
Let's do it
Let's do it now, please!
Only then the world will be a safe place to live

I'm a Westminster Icon

Rats everywhere!
I'm an icon
Dead, shut up bitch!

What you want is not what I want
I am not getting older, whore
It's just that everything out there is just soooooo much craaaap
That my brain stopped working altogether

Sheep everywhere!
That we all love the same shit
Not me... fuck you

I'm the Marginal
I'm the Anarchist
I'm wasted on everyone

Yet, I'm getting somewhere
I'm a Westminster Icon
I'm inspiring the whole planet

Generations and generations of lost ones
Electrified by originality
Big hopes for such a futile civilisation

Don't listen to anyone telling you what to do
They don't know what to do
Or else they would do it

Conformist bastards
How can you be proud?
Unless you're the only lost one out there

Open your damn heart to different possibilities
Open your eyes to the alternative
Get out and get inspired!

Baby, baby, baby, I Love You
One more time
You wankers
And I'm out of here

Dreaming on my Lunch Hour

In between each bite of my Panini
Sitting on a bench in St James's Park
I'm dreaming that I am the Prime Minister
I talk about unemployment, alcoholism, god, religion, war
I annihilate what remains of the Third and Second Worlds
I am all powerful and threatening and condescending
I am making a huge difference
Then I realise I'm just that little and insignificant executive

In between each crisp
Sitting on a bench by the Thames in front of the Parliament
I'm dreaming that I am a known songwriter
Singing in the biggest alternative band around
I sing about humanity's problems, doing satires
I have a voice, and my God it is reaching out

I roll in millions while pretending that I'm the poorest and most miserable
Then I realise that I am nothing and will never be anything worthwhile

In between each sip of my orange juice
Standing right in the middle of Parliament Square
I am no longer dreaming
I don't want to be anyone anymore
I hear those morons denouncing god knows what
I see business people obviously making a fortune
An army of politicians walking in every direction
Probably wasting their time and collecting their pay check
I see tourists taking photos, so many photos, I must appear in all of them
I have seen the most photographed phone booth in the world
I'm not impressed
I'm quite pleased not to be anything worthwhile

I'm so fed up with everything and everyone
Hear all that crap every single day
Politicians who don't know what they're talking about
Meaningless journalists inventing front page stories
Everyone's lying through their teeth
Everywhere, propaganda
My head's about to explode!
One more lunch hour in Westminster
And I'll bomb the place

In between each bite of my blueberry muffin
Walking on Westminster Bridge
I'm dreaming that I am a terrorist
I talk about unemployment, alcoholism, god, religion, war
I annihilate what remains of the First World
I am all powerful and threatening and condescending
I am making a huge difference
Then I realise I'm just that little and insignificant executive

I'm such a Peaceful Fellow

Have I mentioned that I was a peaceful fellow?
I pay my taxes every month
I read Sherlock Holmes stories night and days
In fact, I need that to escape the world I live in
I am so polite, it's almost disgusting
I'm such a nice person
I'm always laughing, a big smile on my face
Everyone loves me
I have a magnetic personality
I am successful at my job
I am being recognised for what I am
A valuable and hard working employee
A sympathetic colleague
A happy go lucky and simple minded person
The nicest and softest guy around

How do you explain this then?
How do you explain that when I am drunk
I turn into Mr. Hyde?
I can't
It makes no sense
No one would ever understand
I would throw myself in the Thames tomorrow morning
And no one would be able to explain why
Perhaps that's the problem
In such a world of hypocrisy
How can you tell if someone is unhappy?
How can you realise that something is fundamentally wrong?
That the whole world is flawed?
You can't
You find the body a few yards away
It's a mystery

You don't question anything
You don't put back anything into question
For one that commits suicide
A thousand think of it but lack the courage
But what is wrong with society?
What is wrong with you?
I don't know
I just know that it makes me want to depart this world

There must be something wrong
There must be something that could be changed
I don't think so
It must be me
Only me
Alone in a million
Who can't stand anything
The only one who can see the brainwashing
The only one who understands the manipulation
The only one who can see right through you

What's wrong with me?
Why is it that I just can't accept everything for cash
Be blind like the rest of the population?
And be happy reading my newspaper every day
Without questioning everything
Without understanding the motivations behind and the artifice

Oh why have I got a brain?
Never thought of disconnecting the few capable of seeing through your game?
I just wanted to be happy in my blissful ignorance
I don't care about power and who's got it
I don't mind a few wars and genocides somewhere else on the planet
I don't even give a fuck if you're stealing millions from the tax payers
I just don't want to hear from you
I just don't want to know that you even exist

I don't want to see your corruption right there in front of me
I don't want to hear your miserable stories and your scandals
I just want to live, to breathe, to be happy!
This has not materialised, it has not happened
I am not free to think by myself
I am not free to have peace
I am right there in the middle of it all
And everyday I see stupidity surrounding me
You must think we're gullible
I'm not
I need to free myself from you
I need to free myself from Westminster
I need to free myself from the modern and uncivilised world
I need to get out of here!

I used to be such a peaceful fellow, you know
I was ignorant
I was empty
And now I am full of your shit
It's unbearable
So when I'm drunk
I can no longer pretend
I'm no longer that peaceful fellow
I'm a revolutionary guy ready to do his revolution
You have made this place impossible to live
You have only yourself to blame

It could be just me
However
If more disgruntled people say the same thing
You'll know that I'm not the only one who's fed up
You'll know you have a big problem on your hands
You'll know it's time for a change
And if not, then others will
And perhaps finally you'll all disappear from my life

Let it be known
I am no longer a peaceful fellow

I am not a Citizen

Sorry, oh dear, I forgot
I am not a citizen
I have no rights whatsoever
I am only a guest in England
At any moment I could be kicked out
Especially if I am a trouble maker
Sorry, just got my Permanent Residency
Will be more difficult to get rid of me now
Better work hard right now to prevent me
From asking for my British Citizenship next year
There will be no stopping me then
I'll be more British than the Queen
After ten years in London
You would have thought that I was more British than the Brits anyway
But right now I am still immigration scum
With the most basic rights only
And only because of the European Union
If it was up to you, I would have been out years ago
I gain a bit more rights every year
Took a long long time
Came too late in my case but I'm still here anyway
Must have been the most difficult thing ever
Get a permanent residency
Only took ten years, a few solicitors and huge bills that I can't pay
I have finally beaten the bureaucratic system!
I'm allowed to live somewhere else than where I was born
Even though it is limited to this island
So ridiculous when you think of it

I can hear many of you wishing that I was actually gone
No doubt a few critics will say so quite openly
I don't care
I have as much right as any of you to be here
I should be able to live anywhere I want
Or else humans on this planet have no rights whatsoever
The whole chart of freedom and liberties is just bollocks
The Constitution is good for the bin
I understand that if you were more open
The whole of Africa would move instantly on your little island
I'm sure this prospect does not help you sleep at night
Perhaps if you had not made their world such a misery
Perhaps if you had helped them instead of robbing them of everything
They would not want to move here in the first place
Nobody's perfect
You certainly are not
Make's me wonder why I want to be here
So many British I meet just don't understand why I want to live here
Because they don't want to live here either
I guess it's just that in Canada it's even worse
People don't seem to have a mind
Must be the proximity of the United States
Nobody's perfect
They certainly are not
Despite the peaceful image of rightfulness they project
Makes me sick, I could not leave quickly enough
I just wanted to live somewhere else
To escape
And I am ready to do just that again
Next step
I need to get out of the solar system
I'm ready to be shipped on the first rocket
Contemplating the stars forever
Until I die
Without thinking at all

That's my dream
One day I will achieve it
Because let's face it
If I succeeded in getting my permanent residency in England
Then I can succeed at anything

Another Panic Attack

That's it, this time I'll be sacked
I wasted so many months doing nothing
Now they have noticed
They called a meeting
We will discuss my no future within the organisation
How I have been doing everything else but my job
How I tried every last trick in the book to avoid working
Why I am always so sick and never at work
The mistake that I am and the mistake of hiring me

Another panic attack
It's coming, I can feel it
I'm doomed
How I thought I could get away with it
I must have been living on another planet
I'll pay the price for my poor track record
My foolishness, my wretchedness

I can't breath
More nightmares, every single night
I still have a professional conscience
How I wish I could work three times harder now
To compensate for my failure
I want to start all over again
I want to take life more seriously
I want to be more ambitious

Right there is the problem
I am the least ambitious man on the planet
I can't take life seriously
I don't want to start all over again
I have failure written all over me
I deserve to be sacked
To be deleted
To have never existed

How I wish I did not care
That stress was not eating me alive
Can't help it
I'm a waste of time
Another panic attack

I'm Useless

I wanted to be at the top of the world
I wanted to be a billionaire
I had dreams of controlling the planet
I thought I would wipe out everyone on my way to success

I am at the bottom of the world
I have more debts than England
I am not even controlling my five cats
People wipe me out on their way to success

I was going to be the best Prime Minister there ever was
I wanted to be a business man with a conscience
I was going to help people get out of their misery
I was different and I was going to make a difference

Politics makes me sick
Capitalism is killing me

I am the most miserable sod there is
I'm different all right, but nowhere near making any difference

I wanted to be a rock star
I saw myself as the best author ever
I would have made movies worthy of the Oscars
I was on my way to revolutionise everything

I can't even play a note
I can't write anything worthy of any attention
I held an Oscar once, and that's about it for that
My revolution has yet to come

I'm hopeless at everything
I'm worthless at even living a normal life
I have failed in all my jobs
I'm useless

No Way Out

Why, oh why!
Why am I so miserable?
Why am I so depressed all the time?
Why can't I have fun like everyone else?
Why is happiness just an impossible goal?
What an injustice that I was born like that
Worrying about just everything
Incapable of appreciating one single thing
Sinking lower every day
No way out

Why, oh why?
Why can't I see beauty?
Why can't I appreciate the simple things of life?

Why is it that I was expecting so much?
Why is it that it is never good enough?
Such high expectations
Standards so high that they could never be reached
It has all gone wrong
A living hell I've made of my existence
No way out

Why, oh why?
Why was I born like this?
Filled with an emptiness larger than an ocean
Dreaming of the infinities while watching the night sky
Hoping I was anywhere else in the universe but here
It's not fair!
To be born different
Unable to live a normal life
Unable to accept reality for what it is
No way out

Why, oh why?

If alcohol did not exist

If alcohol did not exist
I would never have come out of my tree
I would never tell the truth to anyone
I would still have my job

If alcohol did not exist
I would never go crazy
No more splitting headaches
I would not wake up the next day wondering what I have done this time

If alcohol did not exist

I would be living a normal life
I would never be totally out of control and lose my mind
I would have not been beaten up

If alcohol did not exist
I would never wake up the next day asking why alcohol exist
I would not cry over what I said while drunk
I might be happier

If alcohol did not exist
I would have never written anything

Trying to Connect

I'm trying, I'm trying
To connect with this century
To listen to the radio without breaking it
To watch television without be exasperated
To surf the Internet without getting bored out of my mind

I'm trying, I'm trying
To connect to this decade
To today's music
To what they are trying to do with these films
To these plays where nothing worthwhile is happening

I'm trying, I'm trying
To get into this life
To do my job and go home at night
To not eat and drink too much
To not do anything pleasurable, or I might get cancer

I'm trying, I'm trying
To just live this life until I die

To just breathe for a while, while I can
To just enjoy the silence and be peaceful
To not move, just in case something happens

I'm trying, I'm trying
Hard and hard, it's not enough
I can't connect, I just can't
I don't know what's going on, I'm just bored
Nothing will ever make me connect

When I was a little boy

I remember when I was a little boy
I was filled with wonder
I looked at the night sky
I asked questions
I could not understand this universe

When I grew up
I stopped wondering
I looked at the night sky
I am asking no more questions
I still can't understand this universe

When I was a little boy
I watched silently the world around me
I watched TV
I asked questions
I could not understand this world

When I grew up
I stopped watching the world around me
I watched even more TV
I can't even think of a question to ask

I still can't understand the world around me

When I was a little boy
I did not know what to do with my time
I was as empty as the universe
I was waiting for something to happen
Nothing ever happened

When I grew up
I did not have the time to do anything
I was filled with this crap surrounding me
I am waiting for some peace of mind
Too many things happen at once

When I was a little boy
I was innocent
I was ignorant
I was nothing
I was indifferent

When I grew up
I was no longer innocent
No longer ignorant
No longer nothing
But gosh I wish I was indifferent

Describing the Heart of London

Have I showed you Westminster?
There is no description
Have I described the people?
There are all automates
Have I told the History of the place?
History is in movement, it can still change

An aerial view, perhaps from the Eye?
Every single British film or TV series show it
It's on the news every day, I cannot escape it myself
Have I told you about Buckingham Palace, the Treasury?
The War Museum, Saatchi, the Aquarium?
The little door on the side of the bridge used in James Bond and Doctor Who?
The women giving you flowers and then begging for money?
The pancake booth, orange juice, hot dogs?
The boats and the double deck buses filled to the brink with tourists?
I did not want to mention them: the global conspiracy lunatics?
Where Prince Charles and his kids live?
You tire quickly when you see it every day
Power, politics, poles, policies, police, poor, poets, public, publicity, pubs
That describes it, and yet, you still cannot picture it
You better buy a tourist guide then
Because no book can translate the Heart of London

I bumped into the Prime Minister

Quickly going into a café to buy a sandwich, a bag of crisps and a yogurt
I bumped into the Prime Minister
Dropping everything on his nice suit
What a mess I have made, I said
He freaked out completely
He said I was insane
He called the police everywhere around him
In minutes I was inside the famous Parliament
I was being questioned while they told me about the new laws against terror
I was terrified all right
They decided to throw me in prison without judgement
They deported me to Washington to be questioned by the President
They sent me to a weird island
I have been tortured
After months of this treatment

I finally admitted everything
I had sex with Osama Bin Laden, ok?
Can I go now?
And then, they let me go!
I could not believe it
So I went back to my daily job in Parliament Square
Now I stand away from the police and the cafés
Unfortunately, while walking to the Underground station
I bumped into the Prime Minister again
Do I know you? he said
Yes, can't you even remember me?
I sprang to me feet and ran
Never trust a government ready to take away your rights
In the name of your protection and security
Give me bomb threats any day
I will gladly explode before giving away any information about myself
Even though I have nothing to hide
Who am I kidding?
I know they already know everything
At least, give me the illusion that I still have some sort of privacy
So I don't feel so loudly that I am living in the world of George Orwell
And please, keep that Prime Minister of yours
Out of my way

Remaining true to oneself

No more lies, ever
Can be plastic for a while
If it serves my purpose
But ultimately, there is only one truth
There is only one destiny
I am following it
It does not involved anyone else
And the crap I tell them when I'm drunk

Does not matter
They are all so insignificant
Even my boss, though I will pretend to break my back over his whims
I don't give a shit
My boss, I could not care less
This is not what I want
This is not my life
Shining, being successful, making 10 million pounds
These things are not important to me
This is not me
I have created a whole new universe
I am living in there
Whenever I can, that is
However, this is all there is
Nothing else
Westminster, Hollywood
I'm flirting with them, no doubt
When I can get inspired from it
I should not forget that they mean nothing
They should not take me over
I should not stress over them
I am my only master
Only my freedom counts in the end
Only my happiness means something
And I won't find that in Westminster
Neither in Hollywood
Neither anywhere
It is a state of mind
To not depend on anything, or any place, or anyone
To get there
And I will get there
If I can recognise this, right here and right now
If I can stop and think
I may lose my way here and there
Forget who I am and what I can do

As long as I can remember my nature
As long as I can disconnect from all of this
And remember what it is that I am and doing

Nothing

Then there is hope

I won't play their game

I won't be part of it

Nothing and no one is important enough

I don't belong to them

I don't belong here

There is another world out there

The dream world

The virtual world

My own creation

At the end of the day

This is all there is

And nothing else

If nothing else

I will remain true to myself

Get inspired, if you can

Not too many things

Not too many people

Not too many can inspire

Energise you

Break the mould

Break out of this reality

Break out!

Why waste time

Why waste a life

Why waste everything
For what is not worth it?

Who cares?
Who gives a damn?
No one
Unless they forgot what was important
And God, there are so many of them
With no life anymore
You wish you could take them in your hands
Shake them
Until they wake up
But they won't, they could not
They are too far gone

Not important
You is important
I am important
I need to free myself
That is all that matters

I need to get inspired!
I need to revolutionise everything!
Even if it was all and only for myself
In my own little puny mind

I need to feel strong
I need to feel I am over everything else
I need to feel free!
To do whatever I want, whenever I want

That I could still be successful
That I could still be appreciated
That I could still be desired
That I could still be right there in the middle of it all

Is a mystery to me

I should have been cleared years ago
I should have been declared inapt a long time ago
No skills, no talent, no experience worth any salary whatsoever
I am not worthy of working in society
I am not worthy of a job
I am no longer worthy of your attention

Are you blind?
Are you completely out of your mind?
Are you that desperate?
Or am I still worth something despite my convictions that I am not?

I am ugly
I am old
I am worthless
I don't give a shit about anything
I am the last person you would like to hire
And yet, I'm still there playing your mind games
And suffering from it

Is there not a time when someone should not get any job?
Is there not a time when someone should retire?
Is there not a time when someone should die?

God I'm ready
I had enough, more than enough
But we just don't die anymore
It kills me
Because I want to die
I'm ready
I had enough, more than enough

There is nothing else I need to do here

There is nothing else I need to say here
There is nothing else I can do that will make any difference whatsoever
There is nothing I can say that is worthwhile
I'm already dead in my mind
Why can't you see that?
Is it not obvious?
I can't get inspired anymore
You have killed any sort of original idea I could have
Nothing is worth it anymore
Not that it ever was
I won't reinvent the wheel, I know that now
I have accepted it
I don't care

Get inspired while you can
While you feel you can still be inspired
I certainly can't
I don't remember a time when I was
I certainly cannot inspire anyone
I might as well retire for good
I will declare bankruptcy and disappear forever
That's what I'll do
I don't even have that courage
You have made a miserable human being out of me

Making History

You can only make a difference
At one specific point in time
Surely enough
You won't see it at that time
You might even be annoyed at trying to make it happened
Because you won't believe that you are actually making history
Surely enough

Years later, once everyone has forgotten about you
Or never even known you
They will get back to that moment in time
They will live for that moment
They will wonder who it is that made history on that day
Where they are now
You will then be long gone

Do you have a passion?
A passion for what you do?
You must have, or else, how could you have made history then?
Making history is independent of anything else
You just do your thing in your corner
With love and passion and all your heart
And that's it
There is nothing else beyond that
Making history or not is independent of your control
Of anyone's control

Just do your thing and don't worry
It will happen or it won't
It does not matter if you get to know about it or not
That's what it is, making history
You cannot make it happen
It just happens

I'm your Westminster's Whore

I don't even have shoes to wear, god damn it!
I'm naked all the time, right there in Parliament Square
I'm being picked up
I'm being used, I'm being raped, I'm being spit back
Not even one word of appreciation
Was it good for you too?

Do you want to do it again one day?
Farewell then, and fuck you too!

I'm your Westminster's Whore

Here to serve
What do you want
What do you need
Here you are
Take it, swallow it, eat it
I don't care
I'm tired
I'm shaking
I'm dead
I want out

I'm your Westminster's Whore

I'm your puppet!
I move to the right
I move to the left
I will not move if you ask me to
I will shut up eventually, maybe
Oh dear, I don't respond anymore
I must be broken
It must be you!
You have broken me
What's happening?
I have lost my mind by the Big Ben
At 3 am, you would think the tourists would be gone
Ah! They just won't get lost
No matter, I'm their whore and I love it

I'm your Westminster's Whore

How much money have you got?

Mmh, ok, that's fine

Where do you want to do it?

Here is fine

I'm beyond caring

Let's do it right here

In Parliament Square

This is what it has become

Nothing else

I'll be your whore!

Go for it!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Yes! Yes! Again! More! Yes! Ah!

It was my pleasure

I want more

Never enough

I want to screw you all

Until none of you remain

I'm your Westminster's Whore

And I love it

He slept with a prostitute!

Big deal

It's not like he was not a human to begin with

Being a politician, you can never be certain

They lie so much to get where they are

Their PR campaign tells nothing of who they really are

They are family men

They care for the people

They will do everything they can to help you

Who else on this planet is still that dumb to believe that crap?

The same ones that can't believe that he is an alcoholic

That he never cared for anything else but his own ambition
The same people that will ask for his resignation
When they learn he has slept with a prostitute
It's even worse than that
Everyone knew who he was
Everyone knows he does not care about anyone
And suddenly, it is so nice to pretend to be scandalised
To get rid of him forever
He's no longer fashionable
He did not help sell newspapers
But now he does
It was so boring on this Monday morning
A deep and juicy gossip is what our miserable life needs
Let's destroy the man
The one that lied to us from the beginning
Even though we knew and did not care
Even though we asked for it
Since only pure and innocent people should go into politics
He deserves it
Sleeping with a prostitute, what was he thinking?

A life in politics, is like being castrated
No more sex life
Dedication to the people is what we expect
Because we're so stupid
We cannot see beyond what is human nature

Well, if you wanted to elect a Saint
If you wanted to elect the Virgin Mary
If you wanted God as your MP
Then you should have gone into politics
You hypocrites

Should I vote Labour or Conservative?

Is there a difference?
Really?
Tell me then, I have a few years to waste
Is there another party I can vote for?
Is there any other party that people can vote for?
No?
Why?
I don't understand...
I have another few years to learn, tell me
We should get rid of these parties
Everyone should be independent
That's what I think
Let's get the best person elected
Let's not vote for a party
We will elect a bunch of fools and opportunists
What? How many billions will these parties spend on their election campaign?
How many hundreds will these independent parties spend on their campaign?
You see the problem, right there
They should all be allocated a budget from the state and make do with it
No more, no less
Then perhaps it would be fairer?
No?
Sorry I even asked
I won't vote, once again, I don't see the point, really
It makes no difference
They are all incompetent because they all won for the wrong reasons
We have all been manipulated by the media
Brainwashed by the billions they spent
I am no longer listening
I have never listened anyway
None of them will make the world any better
None of them can
Perhaps it is time to move away from politics
Nothing good will come out of this

It is on an individual basis that something good might come out
That maybe we will make the world a little better
But I don't hold my breathe
As I don't trust anyone
Neither should you

Guilty!

Am I guilty?
Of wondering what you would look like with a knife in your back?
Of imagining your bloody face on your computer desk?
Of secretly dreaming of decapitating you on my way to work?
Of thinking about blowing up this place?

Am I guilty?
I would like to be racist for once and piss on you
I hope I could still be respected after that
I wish I could be all alone on this planet
I want to eradicate the human race

Am I guilty?
I am giving you all the ammunition you will ever need
Here is the proof that I am a mental case
You have all you need to put me in prison
Or do you?

Am I guilty?
Do what you want
Believe what you say
You might think I can no longer go into politics now
But you would be wrong

Are they guilty?
Easy to dig some dirt, republicans are excellent at that

Does it matter what I am saying here?
Let's see how far I can go despite my words
People forget, people don't care

Who's guilty?
If you'd finally understand that they are worse than I am
Because they don't only think about it, they act upon it
If I was allowed to try and if I'd care
I would be a very successful Prime Minister or President

Other White

In this politically incorrect world
I've got a new label
When applying for a job
I'm not Indian
I'm not African
I'm not Palestinian
I'm not Iraqi
I'm not a spastic
I'm not White, British white that is
Gosh, I guess I'm not red or blue either
I must be White, Other
That's it!
I am Other White

It has a nice ring to it, don't you think?
What can I achieve with this?
Can I get a job?
I am allowed to be alive?
Do I have special needs?
Do I fulfil your statistics of non-WASPs requirements?

Could have been worse

I could have been classified
As a first class imbecile
Then I would have definitely got the job

Other White is not good enough
I'm still white
Their quota of aliens is not reached with me
I'm just another plain and boring White guy
Nothing to write home about
Nothing to complain about
Surely I cannot suffer any sort of discrimination?
That's what you would think

And now there is that White British guy
He's running for the elections in my county
He hopes to win in Hounslow
A place filled with aliens, if ever I saw one
He says he will tackle immigration
In other words, he'll try to kick me out of the country
Nice move, my neighbours can't stand aliens taking over
He might win, though I know there's nothing he can do about immigration
Well, I might as well vote for that Indian guy instead
At least I know he won't try to get rid of me by tackling immigration

Immigration, such a nice concept
I wonder who invented it
Probably a racist
Well, no racist has ever been so successful

He won't get my vote
Not that he cares anyway
Not that I care anyway
Other White might as well translate as: Undesirable
And White British who wishes to tackle immigration: the enemy

Let's start the war!

Lady Di is Dead

I got into trouble again at work
I said innocently that Princess Diana was dead
Simple enough, stating a mere fact
What I did not know
Was that the Princess of the People
Is still alive in our heart
Not in mine, I said blandly
Instant crisis, you would have thought I killed the Princess myself

Then I went on, saying that Prince Charles was right to marry Camilla
The poor guy was already in love before they arranged his wedding with Lady Di
Oh dear, I should have shut my mouth
All hell broke loose
What about the poor Diana who was in love and was rejected by the prince?
What about that? I said
You have to be pretty blind and stupid
Not to know the first law of arrange marriages
The first law is that you are allowed to have your mistress or lover on the side
But Lady Di did not know!
What? No one told her?
She never read a bit of history about the British Royal Family?
Has she not seen Dangerous Liaisons?
Was she stupid or what?

At that point I thought I was going to lose my job
Already the gossip was going around the building
I am an insensitive bastard
Who believes the poor Charles suffered enough
And that he should happily marry his girlfriend that everyone hates
How could I see her as a nice and normal person?

When clearly she is a bitch that destroyed a royal marriage?

Well, I never cared for the Pope or Mother Theresa when they died

I'm certainly not going to see Diana as a Saint

Because she visited a few hospitals and a cleared land mine

With an army of journalists on top of it

If she had not been so beautiful

And if Camilla had not been so ugly

It would have been a totally different story

In fact, replace Diana with Camilla

And I bet you would have been happy that Camilla was gone

Lady Di is dead, get over it

Long live Charles and Camilla

And hopefully future King and Queen of the United Kingdom

And if I have to lose my job over this

Then I'll gladly resigned from Westminster

Who will remember you in 20 years?

Who do you think you are?

Who will remember you in 20 years?

If you're still alive

No matter how successful you are

No matter how important you think you are

In 20 years you will not even be history

It will be like if you never existed

Thank god!

Not sure if I could live in a world where you would never die

Not sure what I would think of a world

Where in 20 years time

You were still famous

Such a world would not deserve to exist
Just like you don't deserve to be successful
I guess so many millions pumped into the PR machine
And with a bit of luck
Is all you need to get there

Read your negative critics carefully
Cos they're right
You're an impostor who bought his way to success
You have no talent
You have no personality
You're only first page because newspapers don't know what else to talk about
Surely they don't do their job
Or else why would they waste their time on you?

Oh well
Let's just hope that tomorrow
You will be old news
As I'm sure you will be
So drop the pretence

I'm Self-Centred

Me me me
Look at me!
Acknowledge that I exist!
It's all about me
I want, I want, Awwant!

Yes, I am self-centred
I only talk about myself
I want this and that
I am this and that
Who cares?

This book is all about me
All my books are all about me
Why should I talk about you?
Do you deserve it?
Why should I not talk about myself in every single line?
Is there a law written somewhere preventing me from doing so?
Is this annoying you?
I guess I should then speak even more about myself

And yet
I don't feel like I am talking about myself
I don't think I am talking about what I need and want
And I am talking a lot about you
It is just that it is so negative that you think I am not

Have you ever thought that perhaps I was playing with you?
That really you still know nothing about me?
You think you can bring a psycho-analyst in
And he will tell you all my neurosis
I have read many psycho-babble analysis of my work
They were all wrong
And I was being objective, believe me

Is that all you were able to come up with to destroy me?
I am egocentric?
Only me exist in my universe?
Perhaps it is the truth after all
I don't acknowledge anyone's existence anyway
I am alone in my world that I have created
No one is here over my shoulder telling me what to write
I am always alone here
You only exist from my point of view
From my own frame of reference
That's Relativity for you

Here, only me exist

So I guess I am damn right to be self-centred

I am right to be egocentric

You only exist in my imagination

You are puppets that serve a purpose

The purpose of my learning process

I need to push the limits and finally understand

What it is that you are all about

What it is that you are actually doing

In my mind you are nothing and not doing much

Nothing to impress me, that's for sure

Nothing remarkable about you

Though I admit this world is quite remarkable

Only because I still don't understand anything about it

I see the universe for what it is

For how large relatively speaking it is

In there you are insignificant

And I am so insignificant that I don't see the point in living

Sorry for being egocentric

I'm just trying to figure out what it is that I'm doing here

And when I really look at it

I'm depressed because I'm not doing anything worthwhile

Just like you

Sorry for not turning my beam on you and only speak about you

I guess you just don't deserve it

Or else I would not be so unimpressed

By everything you do and say

I'm worth more than any of you

Yes, I am pretentious
I believe I am more intelligent than you
I think I am better than you
I'm sure I am

I know it is not true
But it sure helps me stay alive
Or else I would just commit suicide
Not even think twice about it

A few beers is all I need to reach that state
Note that nothing here has been written without it

In real life, I am humble
I am stupid
I am useless
You would not recognise me
I'm a poor shadow of my personality here

Evasion is the word
Sorry you have to judge me on that which is not me
I am the most miserable thing that ever lived
The difference is that I can recognise that fact
While I'm pretty sure you believe you are still worth something

We are all meaningless
A life is worth nothing in the eyes of any government
As long as they believe it is good for the masses
I wonder why we try to save that astronaut
When we killed a few millions on the side over the years

You will admit that being miserable and nothing
The only thing that can motivate a man
Is for him to believe that he is worth something
That he is better than the next man

To shit on humanity and think he is the most intelligent person alive
Great therapy

So I am pretentious
I am more intelligent than you
I am worth more than any of you
And you can go and screw yourself

Alien Nation

We'll all be dead within a few years
It was written in the sky
Every single lunatic predicted it
We will destroy ourselves

How can it be any other way?
We've been working at it for years
Everything we do and say
Alienate the whole world

We have forgotten all about diplomacy
For one good reason
Diplomacy never worked
And diplomacy will never work

So what about the sound of my canons?
Or I could just drop a few missiles
And get a few tanks on their way
A nice nuclear bomb with that?

You thought alienation was a problem
We alienate them, they go to war
They alienate us, we go to war
It's a vicious circle

We alienate them
They freak out
They don't respond to diplomacy
We eradicate them

So they armed themselves, they become terrorists
They kill us, we are even more alienated
So we go there and finish the job
We might as well finish it for real

Life can be so simple sometimes
We just cannot make the right and final decision
That is required to stop the alienation
Just destroy the whole damn humanity!

So we can finally live in peace

Love is an overrated meaningless concept

In all my babble I have forgotten something important
Can't quite put my finger on it
I have it on the tip of my tongue...
Of course! Love!

For some weird reason love has never been an inspiring concept to me
I guess I never really found true love
Or if I did, it lasted for such a short amount of time
That it left no impression on me at all

Yet love means everything to this world
97% of all songs and books and films are about love
If love is missing from your art
You might as well kiss your career goodbye

Is there an army of people out there dreaming about love?

A concept so alien to me?

What is it that they feel and live that I am missing?

I feel I have been left out of such an odyssey

I wish I could just demand to feel it

And it would be offered to me on a platter

I wish I could find out what it is that they are talking about

Must be quite something

I know what sex is

I'm already fed up with that concept

But falling in love?

Ready to kill and die for it?

I'm sorry, it goes right over my head

What I observe right now are

Divorces, law suits, whinging kids, money problems

Not exactly love and so-called perfection

Is it possible that love is just a vague idea?

Well past its sell by date?

An invention without meaning

Just for the heck of having something to talk about in art?

Dear me, oh dear

I have missed a boat larger than the one I thought I'd missed

I still know nothing about love

Or anything remotely linked to it

Can't imagine what it is

Must be pretty serious though, frightening actually

If the consequences are any close to the truth

Fasten your seat belt, you might not survive it

Or perhaps love is just an overrated meaningless concept

I'm still a Virgin

How can I be that old and still be a virgin?
I can hear your mind going in overdrive
There must be some deep psychological problem
At the root of this neurosis
Perhaps I was abused when I was young
Perhaps I am dying of jealousy inside because of my perfect sister
Must be something even worse, but what?

Being a virgin today is unconceivable
Though never having found true love
Is quite acceptable, normal actually
Since everyone has just turned into Master Bitches

I'm still a virgin
I'm about to die
Have I missed something important?
Something I needed to experience before I die?
Should I be forced into it so I can find out?
To satisfy your morbid ideas about normality?

I sure need a girlfriend
I certainly need to marry the bitch
Children have to pop out of her vagina
That is the most basic law of nature
From what you have been told by the Pope
Supposedly transmitting the laws of God

I'm still a virgin
I think God would be proud

I believe I should never have sex
Isn't this his message?

The Virgin Mary never had to have sex to have a baby
Jesus, as far as I know, never had sex
They both died virgins
So I should also die a virgin
You should all die virgins
If we become pregnant
Then it has to be the action of God alone

If you ever had sex
You are no longer pure
You need to be executed
You will go straight to hell

Thank God I'm still a virgin!

The Cynicism Paradox

You must be wondering why I am so cynical
I thought that perhaps it was because I have three full time jobs
Could be also the fact that I am in the process of declaring bankruptcy
Could it be that I don't even have a pound to buy a sandwich?
Or that my sex life is completely inexistent?
There is also the fact that I am surrounded by a bunch of ass holes
I'm stuck most of the time in trains or undergrounds going nowhere
Reading so many stupidities in the newspapers everyday does not help
Nothing about me or my life is acceptable to anyone over 50
They have such weird opinions about religions and creation
That sometimes I think we were not born on the same planet
What else I find unbearable in this world
Frustrating me and angering me until I can't think no more
Hypocrisy is everywhere, politicians lie blatantly to get elected

Fashion, media, television, radio, is just about commercials and money

There is not even one song on the radio that I can actually stand

There is not one television programme worth watching

Ah, the publicity, everywhere, must be the worst of all

Contraventions, I am collecting them

There is a policeman or a parking attendant at every 5 metres

You have to pay a fortune just to breathe

What else?

Is it really why I am so cynical?

I don't even think so

I believe I was born that way

There is no cure for me

Pills and drugs have no effect

Alcohol makes me worse by opening my eyes even wider

I wish I could just walk over all of this

Be happy go lucky

Smiling all the time

Find happiness if this is at all possible

However

The real question

The real mystery

Is not why I am so cynical

It is

Why are you not more cynical yourself?

My neighbours are bunkers

I live in a mini council estate of 12 flats

At B I have a fat old woman who reads 15 newspapers a day

Drinks 5 bottles of wine a day

Whinge all the time about the council policies and bills

At F I have a family of morons

They spend the day cutting my trees and abusing me verbally

They called the police on me

They said I destroyed their car
We're still fighting this and it might end up in court
At H there is the fluffy girl
She is completely gone
She says my cats are aliens and she can see their antennas
They radio broadcast messages that only her can hear
She broke everything in her flat, including all the windows
She somehow managed to throw her TV out the window
And blames my cats and me for her long depression
She is also a sex addict
Before her, living there, was that fat woman who could not stand up
Every time she needed to go to the hospital
The firemen had to come and take out the fence
Use a crane to lift her and then forget to replace the fence
At J there were a few refugees from Kosovo
They were four in there always naked
They too managed to destroy everything
Even the whole back wall
To this day we still don't know what happened
At C we now have a couple of lesbians
They seem ok, the only normal neighbours I ever had
But before them
An even weirder couple
Drug addicts
The girl dying of aids
Linked somehow to the worse Mafioso in Italy
They were stealing more and more stuff
Until the whole backyard was filled with crap
After she died
And after the guy did everything to alienate us by lying to everyone
He took his guns and created a panic involving over 100 policemen and other squads
He had grenades and was about to blow up the place
A long night indeed, the police finally fumigated all the flats to get to him
They used a teaser gun on him just before he killed a few of them
My neighbours are bunkers

Makes me wonder if perhaps I am too
Without even being aware
Makes me wonder if perhaps everyone else is too
Without being aware
That's it, that explains it
We're all bunkers!

Surrounded by Incompetence

Just finished writing half a dozen reports
It went bad, really bad
Turns out I did not have all the right information
I screwed up badly
I have proven how incompetent I am
Tomorrow is my big review meeting about my first six months
After that I am either permanent or out the door
I'm considering wild ideas
To stop thinking about all this
Must look good that I worked all night rewriting my reports
Contradicting everything I said before
Proving that I have no clue what we should do
Can't blame them
Even if it is the incompetence of others that led to my failure
It's no excuse, I know
Everyone knows that in Westminster
No one is reliable or knows anything
How could have I trusted them?
It would have been better to invent numbers instead
Hide the fact that I screwed up big time
Maybe I'm not cut out for this
Perhaps I am more stupid than I first assessed
Maybe the time has come
To admit that I am not intelligent

That I have no great potential
That I should find a job at my level
Car driver for example
I'm considering it
An offer is on my doorstep
Maybe that's what I need
A job where thinking is not a requirement
Where I don't depend on anyone's incompetence
Was easy when I arrived in London
I could not speak the language
I was working on a till in a shop at the airport
Surrounded by what people would call the lower class
And even then, they were more practical and intelligent
Than me or all these others with their diplomas
Worth trusting a system that fails society

The further away you are from Westminster
The more you find intelligent life forms

Blogging things

I've been blogging for years
So I'm told this year
Suddenly my blogs are no more interesting
Than the million others out there writing about their uninteresting life
Fair enough

That's my last blog
No more after that, I know that now
I was a bit tired anyway
Being the first blogger and all, you know
I've been waiting to retire for a long time
Of course I am more than happy to just have an uneventful life
Routine is all I'm asking for, believe me

I need to move into fiction
Science fiction, I'm being told
If I still want to be respected in the next decade
I'm all out of stories now
Robots and brain transplant and all
Parallel universes and time machines
Sure, the next generation always wants more

There's no point unless I re-invent science fiction
Unless I re-invent science
I'm quite prepared for that
I have re-invented science actually
Just need a fat pay check to write fiction around it
And time, oh time, I guess I should invent that time machine after all
In the process
Which is feasible with a fat pay check, I suppose
I know where to start
I can do it
A few billions ought to do it
I'm very resourceful
When comes to time to find solutions
To blogging even more

Blogging things has been my life
20,000 pages at least in the last 15 years
And I am not exaggerating here
Pretty good for my miserable existence where nothing happens
Do it then if it is so easy
Do it, write 1000 pages in the next 6 months
If it is so common, that all commoners can do it

Fuck you!
How dare you compare me to a simple blogger?
You can't even write three lines yourself

If you were actually blogging I could at least respect you
But you're not, you're nothing

I have more integrity than you give me credit for
I might be a simple blogger
But I'm "The" Blogger
And I'm proud of it
So shut up and read
You might learn something
You mad diseased cow

Election Day

I'm I registered to vote?
No
Why should I?
There is no point
I'm not a citizen anyway, so who cares?

I could vote
I could even vote for you
Despite your lack of enthusiasm
Despite your lack of determination
Despite being unable to reach me in any way with your ideas

I've heard the East End Boy
Mumbling something about voting for someone
Who apparently will bring down the taxes
Adding quickly that he knows nothing about anything
How sad

I guess telling the people that they won't pay any more taxes
Still works
Good for you if that gets you elected

We all know it is a lot of bullshit
You liar and opportunistic bitch

You may still win the elections
You won't deliver, we all know that
Who cares anyway?
Not me, I know better

Simple people still exist, lucky for you
Blind people still exist, lucky for you
They want to be raped, they're asking for more
What are you waiting for?
Just take advantage of them
Of their simple minded life
No need for brain in this world
To win an election

With such an uninspired campaign
Lack of convictions of any sort
No idea about what to do to sort these lives out
Let's just continue the way it has always been done
Let's call for committees and reports
And in the end do nothing
Or even worse
Pass a few hundred laws to complicate everyone's life
Let's do it!
Who will stop you?
Not me, that's for sure

Thank god I'm not voting
Thank god I'm not taking sides
Thank god I remain innocent
To your crime against humanity

What sort of government would respect the law?

I should not be writing this...

Why should I not be writing this?

Because it is scandalous?

Because you can't bear it?

Because it is just too much for your poor mind?

No.

I should not be writing this

Because I have decided today to stop writing

A bottle of wine and a few beers

Seem to tell me otherwise

All right

I won't stop writing

As long as it is to denounce things

To denounce you

Your hypocrisy, your lies

People need to be reminded, you know

That's in the nature of things

You can't be so corrupt and get away with it

It might take a few years to make everyone understand

But we're getting there, don't worry

You will pay, don't worry

Even if I have to die in the process

I don't care

You have made this life unliveable anyway

I'm not prepared to be happy under those conditions

I just can't

I should not be writing this

I might be killed

Suffer some sort of accident

It's no secret that I'm under surveillance
And I'm not being paranoid
What sort of government would not be watching its anarchists?
Even better if they are suicidal...
Should be easy to get rid of them, right?
I wish
If I was a martyr it would at least mean something
I'm far from that
I'm even far from being an anarchist
I'm still being listened to
I'm still under surveillance
Even though it is against the law
What sort of government would respect the law?
Or make them as they go along to suit their fancy?
Terrorists is the perfect excuse
To torment nice people like me

You asked for it
That's what you get
Turn normal people into revolutionaries
Don't question yourself
You are on the right track
Just ignore the consequences

I should not be writing this...

Warning! My fish has died

My great porcupine fish has died!
Now I'm in a fowl mood
I'm going to denounce everything and everyone
Government, hospitals, taxes, rubbish collection
Everything!
That's just common sense, you understand

I'm so fucking alienated
I just can't think anymore
My dead fish is all I need
To start a crusade
To make sure you lose everything
To get you all killed

I can no longer connect the dots
I can't see what makes me angry
I turn everyone I know to despair
Because my damn fish has died
That's common sense these days
When every single simple thing is just too much!
Unrelated problems become the problem of humanity

I can't even sort myself out
My personal problems are taking over
I can't pay my bills
I'm spending too much
Though I'm not spending on anything
Interests, interests on these credit cards and loans!
My income is way under the inflation
I can't see clearly anymore
My rage is destroying everything

You better watch out
Because if my star fish dies
I can assure you
You will all die with it

I've reached rock bottom

I've reached rock bottom

Just like everyone else on this planet
What a great civilised society we have built here
Something to cherish and be proud of

Depression, anxiety attacks, zombies
Dysfunctional people
Mind tricks, psychological abuse
The world we live in

Welcome! Welcome to the new neuroses

Never thought we could be living a harder life than my ancestors
They were labourers, tree cutters, their garden was their survival
I thought I could not do that and be happy
Now I wonder how happy they would be living the life I lead

Let's face it
The pioneers of the new world had it easy
Compared to us
Who suffer from just about every new mind disease our generation has brought

That we can suddenly be called crazy
That we need some psychological help
And every new pill on the market
Tells a lot about who we are as a society

Mind disease is the new norm
We can't deal with it anymore
Exasperation is the word
Poof! Another disconnected one...
A new diagnosed one every minute

Can't blame management
Can't blame capitalism
Can't blame policies

It must be you then
Taken individually
You are responsible for these neuroses
Yes you! Don't look away

You are making the life of everyone a nightmare
And you don't even realise it
Time for a check up
Some soul searching
And you better come back with a better attitude
You are driving the rest of us mad
And surely you are driving yourself crazy in the process?
If not then you enjoy it, you masochist bastard
And we need to get you out of here
And we will eventually

We will identify you as the problem
It's a question of time
Once we try to find the problem and the solution
You'll be the first one to go
Your successful track record speaks for itself

I am now a Satanist

Extraordinary
How at first glance
I can look like anything
Even a Satanist
Is it just too much to ask
From any fucking passer by
To pay one second of attention
Enough to understand
That I am not a Satanist?
And what the fuck is a Satanist anyway?

I wonder
I guess there is just no hope
For any desperate person
In this world
They've all been brainwashed
None of them would even raise their head
To look at you in the eye
And understand what you might actually
Be all about
An anarchist
A satanist
A lost one
There's no coming back
I'm responsible for my mistakes
Can't make them understand anything
And perhaps it is better this way
Fuck you
Fuck you all!
I don't give a fucking shit about you
Believe what you want
I don't have one more second to lose with you
I am beyond that point
Leave me alone!
I don't care
I
Just want
To be left alone
(Hey, I sound just like a Michael Jackson song!)

You're such a liar

Not sure if I should admire you
You're the richest person I have ever met
The richest person in the world in fact

And yet, you pretend to be a nobody
To make it even more convincing
A lesbian nobody
But I know better
And I'm not the only one
You were followed
They know who you really are
You'll be on the news
Poor you
I'm starting to understand
Still, you could not do anything without looking at me
Did you feel judged?
I am so nobody
Why would you care?
It was nice
For a moment
To feel that power over you
Yet, you could not enjoy yourself
Or did you?
What was more striking was not you
It was your girlfriend
I could have married her you know
She seems to have more to tell than you will ever have
And yet, she will never go anywhere
She will never be recognised
She will never be anything
Just like me
Sometimes though
I can be pretentious
I can feel I am more important than you will ever be
And you certainly did not help
You admired me for my insignificant accomplishments
I felt strong
I felt I was bigger than you will ever be
Forgetting your fortune, of course

She was something
She was more than you
Fascinating
Weird
Incomprehensible
She deserved all my attention
And yet, I know nothing about her
I want to know everything about her!
You are nothing next to her
The world will never know
She was just a decoy
But what a decoy...

It will be over faster than making coffee

That's all I fucking want!
To be left alone
To write
When I'm fucking inspired!
That's all
That's all!
I'm not asking for much, am I?
After 10 years
I would have thought you would understand
Come here and give me a kiss
You still don't understand
You say I need to be nice
If you were not so fucking cute
I could ditch you here, right now
But I can't
Why?
You're certainly nothing special
You're certainly the most annoying person
I have ever met

Why is it so difficult to ditch you?

It should be instant

Like making coffee

You're history!

That's how it should be!

Careful

Or else it will be over

Faster than it takes

To make coffee

Tea Time

The weirdest thing

Is you

I still cannot make head or tail

Of what and who you really are

You're just so weird!

There isn't another one of you on this planet

That's for sure

Yet, this is not why I love you

In fact, I despise you for all that you're admired for

Impossible to explain why

Is it because I know you better?

Is it because I know you can be a bastard?

Must be

Yet, you're so innocent

You're so stupid

Always had a soft spot for dyslexic people

They are not responsible for what they do

They don't know better

Easy excuse I'm concocting on your behalf

To justify why I love you

Such innocence

Can only be admired

At the cost of a living hell
It looks like I'm ready for a new bail
Another ten years of hell
I must be crazy
Where will we be in ten years?
God only knows

Let's exploit them all

That was me
Ten years ago
I was so cute
I was so presentable
I was everything
I was it
I'm no longer that cute little thing
You could exploit
You're exploiting other cute little things now
And I feel so sorry for them
I'm sure they'll feel bad about it in ten years time
A decade is all you need
To finally understand how everything works
How you've been manipulated
How you've been brainwashed
Beyond all their hope
At least I was aware then
Most are not even aware now
They might not even understand ten years later
This is how the world goes
There's no hope for anyone
They're all blind as far as they can see
What an opportunity!
Let's seize the moment
And exploit them all

The Master Bitch of Westminster

My Master Bitch
She's so cruel
Yet she looks so understanding from the outside
She's so human
So many principles,
you just don't know where they come from
So many opinions,
you wonder if she's not a mistake of nature
And yet, she's my Line Manager
Overlooking the whole of Westminster
Isn't she lovely?
We all dream of killing her in our sleep
Well I do anyway
She won't stop at anything
She patiently waits for me to leave
And since I'm not leaving
She's doing everything in her power to get rid of me
It's just not working!
Poor Master Bitch
I'll still be here after you're gone
I'll still be here after your dead
What the fuck am I talking about?
I'll be the first one out that door
You will still be rotting here
After I'm long gone
Maybe you'll make it as a director one day, bitch
How many lives would you have destroyed by then?
How many people would you have walked all over?
People who just did not share your idea of this world?
Reason enough to get rid of them, isn't it?
I just can't stand so much hypocrisy

You're so artificial...
You could be a statue in Parliament Square
You're my top Master Bitch
Overlooking Westminster
It has been an honour to be your lap dog
I had never met such a master
Top of your league
I curse you
I hope you live to regret it
Master Bitch of Westminster

The most miserable human being on earth

We're the new ones on the block
We're the commercial minded ones
We're the ones supposed to show them
How to make millions
The poor souls have only been able to lose millions for years
I was supposed to work night and day
And I did
I was supposed to forget my family
And I did
I was supposed to make millions
I was to create the biggest storm ever over Westminster
And I sure did
I was to be an example to all those people you sacked
I failed
In the end
I am just like them
It kills you
I'm sorry
No I am not
You fucking bastard
You're the one who needs to learn about life

You're the one who needs a social life outside of the ODPM
You're the one who needs to fucking leave the office
And witness your children grow
Have a fuck once in a while
It might make all the difference
I won't be part of your plans
You won't turn me into the most miserable human being
That ever walked the earth
You won't turn me into you
You're too professional for my taste
You poor miserable bastard

Dear me, I'm working with Thatcher herself

No more pity for any of you
You are trying hard to get me sacked
You are recording every single word I am saying
Every single word I have written
You are using all this against me
To paint the worst nightmare Westminster ever saw
I'm not that bad, really
Once you get to know me
Of course you never tried to get to know me
You have those old colonial ideas
I'm Canadian
I'm talking the language of the colonies
I'm not worth much in your eyes
I don't deserve to run myself
I don't deserve to make any decision without your guidance
Like if I give a fucking fuck about what you think
I've seen enough corruption around here to write 20 bricks
All best-sellers to be, I'm sure
Thatcher is not dead
She is surviving in all those zombies I'm working with

They have identify me as a problem
They're trying hard, so hard, to erase me
No more of you here are needed
You're long past date
Why don't you just accept defeat and die?
I'll make sure it does happen
I will denounce you all
I'll show to the world what you really are about
I will come back in few years time
I will walk all over Parliament Square
You will then be long gone
I'll be the king of the place
My name will resonate through the walls of Westminster
Mark my words
This battle is not over
It is just beginning
I'll be the one who will bring your downfall

The ODPM has failed again

The ODPM has failed again
Do Wah Diddy Diddy

Full of such incompetent people
It is not surprising
The place is run like a tip
Let's make sure all the pigs have been fed
And that they are all fat
Up to the point of bursting
And let's forget about everything else
They will be ready to eat soon
We will start shipping around November
Just in time for Christmas

The ODPM has failed again
Do Wah Diddy Diddy

I'm not surprised
They think like in the last century
They're only there for prestige and money
None of them ever hoped to make a difference
To change the world
To accomplish anything worthwhile
I would not trust them with my lunch money
Why should you trust them with anything else?

The ODPM has failed again
Do Wah Diddy Diddy

Bad system
Very bad system
Everything needs to be changed
Starting with everyone working at the ODPM
They feel so self important
You would think they were the Prime Minister himself
They think they are the Queen
And unfortunately, they don't get replaced every four years
You're always ran by the same useless cunts
None of them deserve to be alive, that's for sure
I would pass a new law
Obliging the government to exterminate them every once in a while
We would all feel better for it
Things might actually work better for a change
Things might actually happen for a change

The ODPM has failed again
Do Wah Diddy Diddy

We should turn that into a song

It's a leitmotiv in Westminster
It comes back again and again
No wonder
The ODPM is filled with the most stupid people
You could ever find
Result of our wonderful voting system
That fails the people

The ODPM will fail again and again
Do Wah Diddy Diddy

You're corrupt

It will take more than that to get rid of me
I can tell you that now
I have a mission
To destroy you all
And I will
At least I will make you look so ridiculous
That the result will be the same
Never suspected that I could be the one
Observing
Reporting
Denouncing you
You would never have hired me in the first place
Just to say
You never know who you really are dealing with
Make me angry
And they'll be no mercy
I don't give a shit anymore about any of you
I don't care about losing that job I never wanted
I'm only here to study you
Like a fish in a fish bowl
I'm not impressed by you

I'm not impressed by any of it
In fact you confirmed everything I already thought
You're useless
And you hide that fact under such pretence
That just does not suit you
You're sad
You're ugly
You're corrupt

Gosh, where should I start?
There's so much to say
I could destroy you all in one hour
The time it takes me to write an article
For The Guardian
And they would probably not publish it
You're well protected, there's no two ways about it
It won't last
It cannot last
You're rotten at the core
Everyone knows
Or am I the only one who knows?
I've got to tell everyone
I've got to tell the world
Before you get rid of me
Or else, it will look like revenge
But who cares anyway?
I'll be the one denouncing you all
You're corrupt

I've gone mad!

Mister and gentlemen
I can't speak the language, no matter
You don't deserve to have authors that speak your language,

they all write crap anyway
None of them would denounce Westminster for a start
Here is a book that will open your mind to the reality of London
It is the biggest black hole I've ever seen
A nightmare
So much so that 75,000 professionals leave it every year
They just can't stand the damn place,
and they're the only ones who can afford to leave
Or else it would be millions flying away to freedom
If I could, I would leave too, right now
But I can't, I'm stuck here
It has been so for the last 10 years
I'm so full of bullshit it comes out by every pore I have
I can't see any solution
I can't see anyone coming to my rescue
I'm stuck here forever
I need to leave the place!
I need to get out of here!
I need to radically change my life!
I need to leave these brainless people far behind
Tomorrow morning!
Six weeks notice is far too much
Which imbecile will hire me now?
With six weeks notice?
You play your game very well
We are your prisoners
Might be made of gold
In the most significant place on earth
It is still a prison

Another Disciplinary

Every fucking human being is now freaking out
It looks like I have fucked up big time

In reality they all fucked up
It is clear
They did not want it
They did not want any of what you are trying to accomplish
I have been your scapegoat for far too long
They have sabotaged all your projects
That unfortunately became mine
I had to explode at them
They all complained
Now I look like the black sheep
None of them ever had any intention
Of doing their job
So everything is now a failure
And if you wish to see it as my failure
I just need to find a way out
But I can't
I have to stick around in Westminster for much longer
We cannot on demand erase our life
Be destroyed completely
And start anew the next day somewhere else
I have to go through hell
And you too, I'm sure
Better blame me I guess
It makes you look whither than white
We all know who's to blame
Another disciplinary
Against me
I was just trying to get them to do their job
They were already happy not doing anything
Why should it change? They wonder
I wonder too
Better hire someone as incompetent as them
I'm sure you won't have any disciplinary to do for a while
But no results either
Let it all crumble to dust!

Let it all be a big waste of money!
Not calculating time
Wonderful!
And let's blame me for their incompetence!
Even better
Maybe I'll just leave and everything will look good
I'll take all the blame
It won't happen
It will fail
I'll be there to explain why
I'll get you all fired
You fucking bunch of useless people
What can one expect?
We're in Parliament Square after all
This is how it has been working
For more than 1000 years

Oh yes, you're history

Oh yes
I was expecting it
Oh yes
I knew it would happen
Oh yes
It was written in the sky
Oh yes
I was so certain of it, that's why I took the job
Oh yes
It was so obvious, I knew it before I arrived
Oh yes
I needed to see first hand
Oh yes
I needed to write a few books about it
Oh yes

It is all done and finished now
Oh yes
It will look bad on you, not on me
Oh yes
You have proved my point beyond hope
Oh yes
You're not fit to run this country
Oh yes
It is now recorded for posterity
Oh yes
Now I guess you should suffer
Oh yes
Try to justify yourself now, it's too late
Oh yes
You're gone
Oh yes
You're history

King Henry the Eighth

How I wish all of this
Went way over my head
But it does not
I'm right in the middle of it
I feel for it
After all
My reputation, my credibility
Is on the line
I have to justify that failure
Dear me
One has to be egocentric once in a while
What do I get out of this?
Nothing
I know it too well

The pressure has been mounting up
I need to escape
If only in ideas
I've built myself quite a kingdom
In my mind
Every night I've got to get back to it
Wonderful kingdom
Where I'm the master or the servant
Depends on the scenario
I've got the most wonderful ancestry
I'm the king
I rule this place
I sort out this terrible environment
Compensating for the damning reality
Where I am nothing
I believe I am a poor little Project Executive
Who could live in Westminster with such a title?
When you read about the great accomplishments
Of King Henry the Eighth?
That was someone of great capacity
Never mind that he killed everything and everyone
Along the way
He was someone who got things done
Who changed everything on a massive scale
And I'm starting to believe
Than that's the only way
Eradicate all these small people
Remain the master
And get things done
That's who I am after work
I am Henry the Eighth
I live in Hampton Court Palace
I kill every single bacterium along the way
I get things done
You want results?

Here they are
You parasite

Darkest Moments, Brightest Successes

Is it possible?
That from your darkest moments
Will come your brightest successes?
Oh I wish I could believe it
I don't
I'm realistic
It just does not work like that
Darkness remains in the shadow
Success never comes
It is a law of nature

Or so it seems
Success is something that only happens to others
Perhaps from people who never experienced darkness
The ones who ever accomplished anything
Are the ones that were there at the time
No need for brightness
They just went down in history by mistake
For being there at the right time
It is a law of nature

Greatness is an illusion
The biggest bastard saw an opportunity at the time
And took it
He brought darkness
It was qualified as brightness
Since no one ever accomplishes anything worthwhile
That accomplishing anything is worth mentioning
And becomes greatness

It is a law of nature

Yet

In my darkest moments

I feel I am creating brightness

It is only an illusion

I must be that biggest bastard

Taken this opportunity

To destroy everything

In order to reach some sort of immortality

You do not need to worry

It won't happen

It is a law of nature

In my darkest moments

I have only succeeded

In reaching darkness

It is a law of nature

Ideas of Greatness

How could have I thought

For one second only

That I was reaching for greatness?

It is so laughable

That I am ashamed of it

My poor little cousin is looking at me

Laughing with me, I'm sure

If not laughing at me

That I could pretend to this title

Simple

I've been brainwashed

Like so many before me

Like so many after me

We were led to believe that Greatness
Was within our reach
It never was
It is a sad story
It took me only 30 years to understand it
So, let me break it to the new generations
You will never achieve greatness
You will never be anything worthwhile
You can forget your dreams of grandeur
You will only fall flat on your face
What the fuck did you think?
Have you been watching too much Hollywood lately?
Welcome back to reality
There are no more ideas of greatness
You can only hope for less than nothing
Useless to think you will ever be greater than the Earth
You will never
Better start becoming that engineer
Your parents always dreamt for you to be
It is perhaps your only way out

Where's that damn cancer?

It comes a time when someone's will find
That he or she is suffering from some sort of cancer
It happens to the best and worst of us
The statistics don't lie
If we can believe them
We will all get it
We might be cured for a while
It might come back
It most certainly will
And take us all in its wave
We have no choice

There's no cure for it
And perhaps it is just as well
Who wants to live forever?
Is life not painful enough?
Oh, I've been looking for years
For where that damn cancer was hiding
I've never found it
Neither my doctors
I'm too young I guess
Isn't this just unfair?
Where's my damn cancer?
I've got a right to it!
If statistics are not lying
And we have no reason to believe that they do
Where the fuck is it?
I have lived long enough!
I have denounced you all long enough!
Thousands would be pleased to see me go!
Where is my cancer?
I deserve it!
I want it!
I have a right to it!
I have done everything I had to do
Just like everybody else
I have breathe that air
I have been smoking none stop for ten years
I have been living in the most polluted city in the world!
What is it that someone needs to do
To get that cancer?
I'm out of solutions
I just can't get that thing
I feel left out
Life can be so unfair sometimes!

Bombs under London

What a bunch of incapable terrorists
Four bombs at least
And not one of them capable of reaching me
To tell you how disappointed I am
Would be an understatement
I did not feel a thing
I did not even know it was happening
I got the rest of the day off
And the next day
Which I had off anyway with or without the bombs
Great timing!
Well, it was not totally useless
I have, after all, been the star of the event
I have been talking on the news in Canada
Coast to coast
They needed someone speaking French
Who knew his way around London
They distorted everything I said
So much so, you would have thought I saw the bombs explode
And that I witness the blood everywhere
That I was that close to die!
And they certainly did not miss interviewing my mother
Crying all over Canada because she thought I was dead
I only wish
Oh well, at least now, they know I exist
Like if I care
Life is so boring
This is the only thing that could really
Change my life
And at the moment I need that so badly
That only suicide would do it
I still have my appraisal on Tuesday
Nothing will change that

No impact whatsoever
And they call that being at war?
What a bunch of incapable terrorists!

Do you think Londoners will leave London now?

I sure hope so
I would be damn pleased to be able to move around every day
Without the 12 million others
Hovering over me
However I'm afraid
That a few bombs won't convince
Any Londoner to give up its 3 million pounds home
To go and breathe the fresh air everywhere else
They are more likely to leave because of
The stress
The overtime
The psychological games of their direct Managers or Directors
The terrible transport system
That makes the life of everyone a real misery
And the fact that no Londoner
Will ever smile back at you
They are more likely to tell you to fuck off if anything
That is why none of us can stand London
Not because of bombs or terrorists
That, we can deal with

More security in London, are you joking?

I work in Westminster
Where there are always at least 10 policemen
In my field of vision
I can't get the car anymore without getting a ticket

Passing on a yellow light does not forgive
Do it three times in a day
And you're banned for life
Don't spit your chewing gum
Don't throw that cigarette away
Instant prison sentence
Going at 32 miles an hour in a 30 zone
Is punishable by death
You want more security?
None of the 100 policemen in Parliament Square
Would have the first clue about how to stop terrorism
Or even spot the first signs of it
They are totally clueless
We can only expect them
To give us tickets for whatever stupid reason
And make our life a terrible living hell
More security does not prevent terrorism
It guarantees us being arrested
And be punished for no good reason
Have more security and policemen in your own garden if you wish
But keep them off London's streets!

Brixton, the Pulse of the Nation

Nothing comes to mind now
Brixton Academy
Nine Inch Nails
Full of ideas
Before
Now I'm empty
Couldn't denounce a thing
What happened?
Was it not sufficient to suffer so much today?
It was an oven everywhere I went

That is usually enough to bring you to the brink
Of Brixton anyhow
Nothing
I was so full of it!
Motivated like you would not believe!
Have I not got enough to denounce?
A few bombs and now no more freedom or liberties?
No more privacy and rights?
No one cares, why should I?
What we are losing now
Will be forgotten tomorrow
No one gives a shit
Why do I?
It is a damn good question
Why should I fight for you?
You useless people who do not give a shit anyhow?
Because you don't
You witness it
And yet you don't care
You agree
A few bombs is all you need
To convert you to the biggest sheep
The world has ever seen
So be it then
I don't give a shit either
Let it all go away
All that you have been fighting for, for so long
We do not need rights
We do not need freedom
There is always someone with you
At all time
Is this not reassuring?
Until you deviate slightly, that is
Then you will understand
Then you will lose everything

There will be no hiding
Finished, you are finished
This is what you have been asking for
You did not realise it
Fuck you
Blind one day
Blind forever
I'm done fighting for you
Get that Big Brother state you always wanted
No bomb will ever explode
But you'll end up in prison for sure
We will all do
No one will be spared
A few bombs is all they needed
To change all the laws
The Big Brother state has come into our lives
We will all be guilty of something
And no one cares
So be it
I'm getting out of here
Because this is more frightening than the bombs
I'm telling you
And one day you will understand
But it will be too late

I'm not proud

I'm not proud
Of being a human being now
I don't think I ever was anyway
But now I have a damn good reason
While all my fellow citizens are losing their mind

I'm not proud!

I'm not proud of any of you
You have given up
To the terrorists
You have given everything you had
You are asking for less
Standards have gone out the window
You deserve what is coming
This is a government's dream
And you let it happen

I'm not proud
Of the human race
Of what we have achieved
Of where we are going
Nowhere
Who could be proud?
No one
We do not deserve to become great

I'm not proud
I'm not proud of you
You appear to have no intelligence
You cannot see beyond the next hill
You cannot see what is coming
You are doomed
And yet you don't care

I'm not proud
Of being who I am
Because I cannot make a difference
I cannot tell you
I cannot change anything
I witness it
And that's it
That is why I can only say

You deserve what you have

I'm not proud of what we have become
And neither should you

The Corporation

My god, how easy it is to influence me
How easy I can be brainwashed
That watching one documentary
I have already sold my soul

Kill the corporations
Since they are entity not respecting the law and democracy
Kill these companies
Since they are irreversibly polluting the environment

And then, oh dear
I'm right in the middle of Parliament Square
I can actually influence things
My next conference will be about sustainability

Pass me the bucket
The large one
I need to puke all that I have inside
Not sure if there are enough buckets around here

What I really need to do
Is find a corner of the planet
Not yet identified as exploitable
And retire there

I'm hoping to die
Before this piece of land becomes a target

Exploitation until there's nothing left
They do need to make a few bucks out of everything

I'll just pay, pay till death
I'm not allowed to have children
So no problems left to the next generations in my case
Good

I just need to survive, you know
I just need peace, you know
I just need one remaining green corner
Clean of corporations and governments

This is too much to ask today
Corruption is everywhere
The last grand-ma has fallen down
How can I hope to make this life achievement dream a reality?

Am I just fast food?

I write poetry like I'm talking
Good medium to denounce things
To say what I think
In the end
This is not immortal stuff
It is not grandiose
I could write that kind of stuff
I did
I know how, I'm capable
Didn't go anywhere
Not too worried about my life achievement award
After my death
What I might be remembered for
Took me a stupid video game

To throw my life
Into full existential crisis mode
Typical me
Should I not be writing to the gods?
Should I not be only mentioning immortal things?
Esoteric stuff?
I know, I know
Mystical philosophies
The darker side
Impossible to understand
1000 years from now
You would still be debating
What it is that I was trying to say
Yeah!
Fascinating
I don't have the time
I don't have the resources
I don't have the backup
I'm sorry
Only fast food is available
In the here and now
It is a sign of the times

An insignificant sheep lost amongst the billions

Seriously
I can't make any difference
I cannot change anything
Let's face it
You bastard
You make belief
No one can change anything
We cannot change one thing
Takes forever

Takes billions
Cannot rally the people
And when we do
By an extraordinary set of circumstances
It makes no difference
The government still do what it wants
The corporations still do what they want
I should be talking about luv instead
I would stand more chance to reach
A few lost sheep
About to commit suicide
Over their first ever experience
About luv
Much more important than
Political ideologies
Saving the world
Greener places to breathe
There are enough squares in London
Everywhere a German bomb fell in fact
There are more trees
Than I have minutes to live
What are we fighting for exactly?
A few whales and a few seals?
I don't give a shit
I am just an insignificant sheep
Lost in billions
My words are not going anywhere
I'm not following the right path
I should be writing for big newspapers
Read everything there is to read about one subject
And contribute to that subject till death
I would quickly become an authority on the subject
Even if I cannot choose anything I feel is important enough
What would I be talking about?
What would I be inventing?

Creating?
A monster?
Sure enough
Frightening people
About where their life is going
In the dumpster
I'm sure they already know
I'm sure they feel as powerless as I am
Let it happen
Let's cry afterwards
It is sad
When we're just
One lost sheep
Amongst billions

I am in turmoil

How one single e-mail
Received amongst the 5000 I receive every day
Can send me in complete turmoil
Change your whole way of life
The whole way you thought
How everything was working
Suddenly life is not what you thought
You have confirmation
That you were not paranoid
A complete nut case
Dear me, I could have been right!
I could be right
There is always someone around the corner
That has more experience than you
Who saw further down the line
Who knows more than you could ever had
Learn on your own

Je suis détraqué
I'm in turmoil!
Could I have been wrong?
All those years?
Believing stuff that were pure bollocks?
Basing my whole life on hypothesis?
Making decisions wrongly?
I have been a fool!
How could have I believed all that crap?
How could have I wasted so many years?
It will change
From now on
No more idiocies
I won't believe anything anymore
Life is what you make it
Your destiny, is what you make of it
You are more in control than you think
In fact, you control up to the last detail
Of everything that is happening
And that you get to learn about
And you can make it even larger
You can learn more and influence more
I'm no longer in turmoil
I will change my universe
And I will change the universe with it
It is within my powers
Just like it is within yours
The misery I have seen
I have let it happen
I wanted it
Or else it would not exist
It was my decision then
It will no longer be my decision
Utopia
Here we come!

My God! I'm a force of nature!

Funny how small one can feel
How useless
And paranoid...
And then I read my CV
My God! I'm a force of nature!
Really, I have done all that?
Are you sure this is not someone else
Lost on a different timeline?
Wonderful how we can turn
Our small achievements
Into top notch bollocks!
First class breed
I am something
I am someone
I am so powerful
I have all the contacts you will ever need
I have done the impossible
Barely unbelievable
And yet
I have not done enough
I have not done what really needed to be done
I have not achieved anything that really mattered
I sometimes feel the need to touch myself
Feel if I still have a dick
Wanking at least once a day
You would think I had one
With big balls
I sometimes wonder
It is never enough for my taste
Never enough for my highest standards
I have not yet escaped this solar system

I still have a lot of work to do
Then I will truly be a force of nature
And I'll get there
Just watch me!

Imprisoned for treason

Yes
I read the newspapers this morning
Yes
I have a read the new line of the government
Against terrorism
Sounds like Hitler
It is Hitler's stuff
Thank God we had Hitler
As a bad example of what not do to
To point it to the governments
To identify clearly what they have become
It burned me to the bone
I haven't said much
It is enough
I will be charged with treason
It is worse than being a communist 40 years ago
Unthinkable
For the first time
I thought
I need to censor myself
I need to delete my texts
I need to make them forget I even wrote them
There is no more freedom of thought
Freedom of speech
All gone with the last bomb
That did not even kill anyone
It was design to frighten the people

It only resulted in frightening the government

I was not afraid

Even when the bombs were going off

I am now very afraid

Of the policemen

Of the government

Of losing my freedom

Of losing everything

And tonight

Being drunk

I thought

I won't delete anything

Let them prosecute me

Let them imprison me for treason

Let them do whatever they want

Let's make a point

Even if I die in the end

This is more important than anything

Our freedom

They will be judged badly in time

I hope they realise that now

Before I pay the price

I feel secure

I feel I am right

I won't stop

On the account

Of a frightened government

If a few bombs is all they needed

To turn themselves into monsters

Then we have bigger problems

Than terrorism

It needs to be dealt with

And I will willingly

Give my life for the cause

See ya people!

I will go to prison for your freedom
Hope you remember it one day

I want to be God!

What am I doing here?
Oh God, I don't know
I must be lost
God help me!
This is sin city
This is too much
For my poor soul
I'm trying
I'm trying very hard
To remain pure and simple
I must be the most complicated
Human being on the planet
I must be the most impure
Human being on the planet
I am awaiting salvation
Here is my confession
I have lied
I have stolen
I have done much worse
Believe me
Is there no salvation for me?
I'm condemned
To walk around for eternity
Looking for my way out
Nowhere to be found
Repeating the same things
Over and over again
I'm the ghost of destiny
God, please help me

To get out of this nightmare
I never wanted it
I never thought this is where I would be
I was not thinking
I drank myself to death every night
Just to forget
Just to forget to sin
I guess in the end
It is just not possible
To not sin
I guess in the end
It is just not possible
To be as perfect as you are
I guess in the end
It is just not possible
To be God

Geniuses are killed before they're born

Investigate!
Behind every huge project
You might find the genius who made it come true
His or her name will have disappeared completely
It is like if the genius never existed
Why is this so?
Fear of the mediocre people
The ones incapable of achieving anything
Who will do anything they can
To get the credit they don't deserve
They will go far, don't get me wrong
They appear to be useless at their job
But be quite practical about how to prove
That they deserve all the credits
They must be geniuses in their own way

And full of false pretence
I meet them all the time in Richmond
All these useless people
Who did nothing
And yet, claim they did everything
And unfortunately got the credit for it
They are shallow
It is obvious
Only them cannot see how stupid they are
Only stupid people would see them for what they are not
Their life is empty at any rate
They need to fill it with lies
And we need to be able to see them for what they are
A piece of shit
You are a piece of shit
And you smell very bad
How dare you snub me?
How dare you see me as nothing?
When I am the motor of any project you worked on?
Well, I will no longer be your slave
I will no longer work on anything
Without making sure my name will be there at the end
It will have to be in my contract
You won't get the credit for what I do
This is finished
It took me a long time to learn
But now I know
And if it costs me the biggest projects ever
To see my work becoming a reality in these other mediums
So be it
I've been there
I've done that
No one knows
No more of that bullshit
From now on

If I'm there
If I've done that
Everyone will know
And everyone will know
That you did fuck all!

I'm moving to L.A.!

I should have known
That so much misery served a purpose
That such a nightmare had a meaning
That it was leading me to something larger than the universe
Not exactly freedom
However much nearer to the great destiny
I always thought I was leading

I should have known
That the bitches I worked with over the years
Were not just meaningless bitches
They were a necessary evil
To bring me to glorious times
It is just a bonus if I wrote these books
Out of their bitchiness
That might serve another purpose
On one of the paths of my destiny

I should have kept faith in destiny!
It was leading me somewhere all those years
I am about to board a plane that will be decisive
I will land in the eternal city where everything happens
Where my destiny will be decided
Where my existence will take a new meaning

I should have known!

Kept faith!
Gosh! Took ten years to get there!
What a waste!
How could have I foreseen that?
Impossible, incredible
Just have to keep faith in destiny
It is bringing you somewhere
May take years to finally understand where
To understand why

I should have known
That my life was not completely wasted
I should have
I have been blinded along the way
Could not understand the meaning of it all
Made no sense
Could have committed suicide a dozen times
What a mistake that would have been
I am about to start living
The life I was meant to live
Nothing will stop me now

I should have known
That one day I would be saying
Farewell Westminster
Farewell London
Farewell bitch!
I'm already out of here
My destiny awaits me
I will explode faster than you can say I had a dream
Oh yes I have a dream
And the ride is just about to start
I'm moving to L.A.!

I'm out of here!

This wonderful sentence
I could repeat it until I die
I'm out of here!
Yes I am!
Fuck you!
Fuck you all!
You
Who never believed in me
Who never thought I could do something with my life
Who never thought I could make a difference
On a massive scale
I will!
Yes I will
Change everything
On a massive scale
I already have quite an army
Just watch me
That army will grow in size
Useless people finally getting somewhere
Just wish it!
That's it!
Just wish a wonderful destiny
And it happens
As simple as that
I did it
It works
No need for prayers
No need for black magic
No need for psychic mediums
Just wish it!
And it happens

I'm out of here!

Yes I am
Finally!
Gone in search for a better destiny
I found it
Lot's of work ahead
I might die in the process
But what about this sudden surge of energy?
Motivation?
Dedication?
I have been reminded that I was on the right track
That I should never give up
I will get there
Even if it is just to remind me
To work until I fall down
Every night
Until there is no life within me to speak of
I will work myself to death
Every night
I am energised
I was reminded
Electric shock
What are you doing? It says
Why are you wasting your time? I'm being told
Exactly
What have I been doing in the last year?
Wasting my time in Westminster?
Where all the losers of this world end up?
No more excuse
Back to work
Double full time
Night and day
No sleep required
On this road to eternity
On this road to immortality
I will succeed

In the most extraordinary way
You will hear my name resonate
Through these walls
I will mean something to everyone on the planet
I am deluded enough to believe it
It will be more than a simple credit
More than just a name known in the industry
I will be Madonna
I will be Michael Jackson
I will be Steven Spielberg
I will be all of them and more
I will be heard!
I will change the face of this planet!

My God, I'm just on alcohol
What would it be if I were on coke?
I'm already turning into a monster
Got to get back on Earth
Find my two feet on the ground
I'm so humble usually
Cannot believe in myself
Cannot believe in a great destiny
Well
Let's get out of here
And find out
Where this destiny can bring me
I'm out of here!

Fuck Mummy! I will succeed!

Oh mummy!
Please let me go!
Don't you understand what it means to me?
Don't you understand what it means?

Why can't you understand?
Why is it that everything I do just sounds like I'm crazy?
And that I am again destined to fail spectacularly?
Have I not accomplished enough for you?
Have I not proven that I am capable
Of doing something out of my life?
What would prove it to you?
An Oscar?
I suspect that even then it would not be enough
You are destined to see me as a failure
Is it because you had to pay a few of my bills years ago?
Is this why you can't forgive and can't forget?
How sad is your life
That you cannot see beyond all that
Money
The last thing in this world
That should stop anyone
Do you want money?
I'll give you money
I will cover you with money
Until we cannot see your ass
Get a grip
I am not completely insane you know
I have a brain and it is not completely useless
I have dreams
And I am on my way to make them come true
Why can't you believe in me?
Why do you have to be this shadow
Overpowering my decisions?
I won't be stopped by anyone
I won't be stopped by you
Better realise that now
I will succeed
Not because of you
And I will one day

Cover you with money
Since everything in your world
Seems to revolve around that
What a shame
When money should stop every single great project
Every single great destiny
On its way to success
Money won't stop me
Mummy won't stop me
To hell what they think!
I have a destiny to accomplish
And I will succeed no matter what
I will!
Mark my words
One cannot be obsessed with success
Without eventually succeeding
One cannot have achieved so much
Without eventually getting somewhere
It would make no sense
Though I agree
Many things in this world make no sense
But not that
Not my destiny
It is logical
It is mathematical
It is leading somewhere
I know it
Fuck mummy!
I'm obsessed!
I'm insane!
I will succeed!

Changing our Perspective

Funny how once you find your way out
Suddenly your whole universe changes
Everything looks bright
Everything looks beautiful
Your failures are suddenly successes
Your hard work paid off
Despite all the insurmountable obstacles
The damn project is making a fortune!
It was so impeccably executed
Everyone congratulates you
Master bitch herself is now so sweet
She even looks like a human being
I sympathise with her now
I finally made peace with her
And I helped her big time
I no longer see her as a threat
She no longer sees me as a threat
My poor boss, is only trying his best
To get his department somewhere
I have now all his respect
Only kind words come out of his mouth
After the storm
We're just a big and happy family
Working in Westminster
Almost like a love story
Why could I not see that before?
Why was it such a misery before?
I have not even told them yet that I was leaving
It makes no sense
Oh yes it does
I had to go through it
I had to survive it
I had to learn from it
I knew, that's why I took the job in the first place
But we quickly forget

We get caught in the game
And now I have learnt a few lessons of life
And I am ready to move on
While everything looks peaceful
And everything is in order
Just how it should be
I never thought I could turn this into a success
I never thought I could suddenly like Master Bitch
I never thought that overnight my universe would change
To such an extent
This is the sign of destiny
There is a reason for everything
There is a God
Don't panic
I'm just kidding here
It is still strange and unexpected though
Was it just perspective?
Was I just seeing everything like a living hell?
Under the stress?
Whilst everything was going smoothly and fine?
I don't believe so
These are the mechanisms of existence in action
I am following a destiny
And I am ready for what it will throw at me
In Los Angeles
And I'm sure I will have even more
To complain about
Oh well
That's life!

My year of hell in Westminster

I still can't believe it's over
I'm quite proud of my accomplishment

I worked like a dog 60 hours a week
It took over my life completely
I came up with the conference manual
And just about every possible reports,
and analysis you could imagine
I have established all the processes,
for the ones who will come after me
I have shown that it works
That it is successful
I am worth something in at least one field on this planet
Even though I despise that field like pest
I'm proud of myself
Even though this huge construction
Is immaterial, virtual, just ideas and concepts
It will all go to waste
The only thing to be gained from it
Is what appears now on my CV
And it is what got me the job in L.A.
How funny
That my year of hell
Was the only way for me to move on
To exactly where I wanted to go
Where everything might happen
And I did not have to do anything for it to happen
I never applied for a job in the US
They found me
In other words, it fell from the sky
So it was not all wasted after all
It served a purpose
Though there is no way I could have foreseen it
I kind of knew anyway
I felt one year was enough
If not too much
It took that long to prove a success
And now I feel great and powerful

Confident that I have the experience
And that I deserve this huge bollocks salary
And great responsibilities
Although, once again, I don't want that
I don't want that job
It is going to be another year of hell
What possesses me to continue
Is beyond comprehension
I could just give up
Go back to the North of Québec and die there
Without doing anything anymore
For the rest of my life
I'm sure I could succeed in doing that
Considering everything I succeeded at in the past years
Dossing around has always been easy
Or so you would think
However it is not acceptable to me
Probably because you are so judgemental
I would never survive your judgement
So I've got to get on the boat
And be ready for another
Year of hell in L.A.

In Between Days

Unfortunately
I have the time to see it happen
I have the time to think about what is to come
I don't like it
I wish it was there right now
Before I had the time to doubt myself
To doubt the universe
And its mechanisms
Oh, how I am wasting time!

Oh, will it still be there for me?
Will I be able to accomplish anything once I'm there?
Do I need proof that I am following my destiny?
Can I leave all doubts out the door?
Oh, I wish I could
Oh, I'm not so sure it will all happen
Am I still in control?
Am I building up this huge work of art?
Or am I just as lost as I always thought I was?
Am I just a useless piece of crap?
Living within other lost ones
With no ambition whatsoever
Who can only complain
And complain
And complain
Until there is nothing left
That resembles life?
I am so tired to hear this planet whinge
That I'm considering wild solutions
To stop this whinging
I'm gonna turn myself into a weapon of mass destruction
I've been pretty successful so far
As I am myself a first class whinger
However I can't stand it anymore
On the verge of such a radical change
There is no more time to whinge
Only time to think
Only time to plan
Only time to dream
I have no more time
For the problems of the humanity
I am in between days
Before the misery ends
Before the dream starts
And I won't let anything stop me

Even for a second
Get lost!
Yes! All of you
Get out of my way!
I am on the path to my destiny
The past no longer exists
You no longer exist
Only I count for something now
Only I exist
I have to figure out
Everything
I have to figure out
What it is that I'm supposed to do now
Where it is that I am really going
What I am really going to achieve
I have work to do
And I will do it
Even if it kills me
Even if it kills you

Oh, how I wish I was no longer
Oh, I wish I was no longer
In between days

It's party time!

I have been so close to death for so long
That I never thought I would hear myself say this
But it is time
It's party time!
Yes Sir!
Yes Madam!
It is time to party!
It will be full on

It will be full blast
As I am not one to party with
I will be drunk before the first hour is up
I will have told you everything I ever thought about you
Before the end of the first minute
I will insult everyone here
As I always speak the truth
And I won't feel bad for once
It is a well deserved party
Where I will hurt everyone
And for once not feel guilty about it
We're in L.A. after all
Is it not normal to shit on everyone and everything
Who came before us?
I will take pleasure in destroying you
No matter what your accomplishments are
No matter who you are
I don't care
I'm in town now
This is my town now
No pity for the losers
No pity for anyone
I have a goal
And I will reach it
And this is my party
I have a lot to celebrate
To get out of my system
No sorry required
I feel like it
So watch out!
There will be nothing left afterwards
Only destruction
Only what is to come
Only what I will build
It's party time!

Did you ever exist?

Oh God
Did you ever exist?
I'm just not sure anymore
And I just don't care
Such an insignificant life
I wish I could just forget you forever
And never be reminded that I once knew you
What did you expect?
I am living a dream now
You are so much this reality
I tried so hard to escape
Why would I want to get back to it now?
It is not personal
But I just cannot give a shit about you anymore
Just leave me alone
Why would I want to hear from you?
I don't give a fuck anymore
Not that I ever did
Sorry for pretending before
I can no longer afford to pretend
I am now moving in the high spheres of this world
You are still stuck in the underground
If you could even inspire me a line
I would still pretend to be interested
But you can't
If I wanted to commit suicide
I would invent my own ailments
No need for yours
Just forget me
As I forgot you
I am out of your reach

I'm now unreachable
Did you ever exist?
I don't know
And I don't care

I will fall flat on my face

I know
I just know
I have been paying attention
I will get there
And be a bloody success
And then I will fall flat on my face
This is how all stories go
Never mind
I would have at least been there
I would have been a bloody success
For one long minute
I will have been all that they ever talked about
Is this not worth all possible sacrifices?
Is it not worth walking over everyone to get there?
I feel ecstatic
I feel like I am about to conquer the world
I can't breathe anymore
I sound like one of these broken machines
And yet
I will get somewhere
I will make history
Even if I have still everything to learn
Everything to construct
I have to keep it simple
So simple
So damn simple
That it won't pass you by

I have to be intelligent about it
It cannot come from my hearth anymore
It has to come from my brain
I wasn't sure if I still had one
It will be the time to find out
As my best work ever has to come out
I am at ground zero
Everything is still to come
Since I haven't gone anywhere so far
I am just at the beginning
I'm still unsure of how I will go about it
Where I will start
This is ridiculous
No wonder I will fall flat on my face
I would be lucky to even get there in the first place
To be recognised even once
For a full minute
I won't get depressed about it
Not yet anyway
Time to start thinking hard
Thinking process on
I have been switched on
For the first time ever
If I fall flat on my face
After all that
After so much energy
It would be quite a surprise
Should I prepare myself
For my grandiose failure?
For my coming back party
After accepting defeat?
No
Not after everything I've gone through
Not after all that I have suffered
I will be brain dead before this happens

I will kill myself before I declare failure
Great things are happening in this world right now
I will be at the centre of it all
It is a promise
I can assure you
I will gladly die
Before I fall flat on my face

I have resigned from Westminster

That's it
I've done it
The look on Master Bitch's face
Was worth millions
The look on my boss' face
Was worth even more
My God!
I had the time to become a pillar
Without even realising it
I was holding it all together
I was full of promises
I was their last hope
I feel bad
What am I talking about
I have only myself to thank
To have survived for a whole year
In that nightmare which they have built
For themselves
And for me
I feel elated
I feel like I just played the best graphic adventure of all
Full length in surround sound
And now it's over
That's how I feel now

It was just a computer game!
It's over! It's over!
No more of my pitiful existence in Westminster
I'm gone forever
Dear Parliament Square
I might never see you again
And I feel great about it!
So great!
I could just die

Hollywood, here I come!

I am the new blood
I will revolutionize everything
I will teach you how it should be done
Even though I have no idea yet
About how I will proceed
Isn't that wonderful?
Full of promises
Full of wonder
I am discovering the world
And you will discover it with me
Together we will go very far
We are about to embark on a journey
That will change everything
That will create the dream this world's need
We will feel good!
We will feel this is important!
We will feel like something is different
There is hope!
Yes there is!
For anyone
For everyone
We can be more than what was supposed to be

We can throw out what it is that we were supposed to be

We can live a full life

Just as we intended it to be

Happiness is possible

Happiness is reachable

So much desire

So much hope!

Hollywood, here I come

I am the new blood

I will revolutionize everything

I don't need your help

I don't need your promises

I will get there all by myself

I've gone so far already

There is nothing left for you to do

There is everything left for me to do

To achieve, to get there!

I don't need to convince anyone

I don't need to convince myself

Hollywood, here I come

I am the new blood

I will revolutionize everything