THE ANARCHIST

Roland Michel Tremblay

Translated from French by the Scottish author Sheila MacLeod

Black Poetry
(if you want)

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

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

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

rm@crownedanarchist.com  www.crownedanarchist.com  www.themarginal.com
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**The Anarchist**

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The Collective Soul is Rotting

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

No Faith, No Hope

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

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

Being Nothing

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

I’m an explosion of places
A multitude of times
I chase all sorts of possibilities
I follow this path or that, I’m my own destiny
It makes me suffer so much
But I’m learning to get acquainted with life
Acquainted with the lives of others
They’re just like mine

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

Virtual Sheep, My Only Love!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Have a Nice Cup of Tea, My Dear

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

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

I Fucked the Town Slag

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

It’s Par for the Course in New York

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

Drink Up Your Whisky, Old Girl, and Cheat Death

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

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

Drink up your whisky, old girl, and cheat death!

We’re Not a Lost Generation

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

The Alchemist

Me, an anarchist?
No way, my friend, you’re quite mistaken
I’m an alchemist, which is altogether something else
I transform the rotten human heart into something palatable
Capitalism and Communism into something else not yet invented
Compulsory moral values into something not yet invented
The whole human race into something not yet invented
Sublimation of everything into something other
Than the systematic destruction of everything
This is no mean claim
Anarchy exists, is necessary for change, but never lasts long
Soon people are killing each other and someone then takes control
Anarchy is not enough, we must have alchemy
That’s why I’m an alchemist

HELL HELP

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

I Strike and I Kill

In a world of competition I’ve learned my lesson well
Out of my way, punk, or you’ll get what the others got
You can judge me, destroy me, condemn me
But you’ll have that on your conscience
Take advantage of the situation, strike, kill, step into your victim’s shoes
Even when you revel in it, we call this climbing the ladder
You get there with motivation but mainly with a good kick up the arse
The best killers are those who get to the top
Pope, King, President, Prime Minister, Minister
Swanning around in limos when they don’t have their private jets
Lesser weasels have waded through shoals of shit to get where they are
You’ll find them heading companies, organisations, financial and educational institutions
We don’t get to the top by accident, integrity would kill us
Everywhere I follow the social pattern
I strike and I kill

Outside Buckingham Palace

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

Flush It All Down the Loo

Yesterday, having nothing to eat and nowhere to go, I went to look for a job
I found the three tallest buildings in town, the ones over fifty floors
The first one said Bank of something or other
-Good morning, I’ve seen your wonderful premises,
the thousands of jobs you have, so here I am
«But, my boy, we’re serious here, we work hard»
-Oh? And what do you do? I’m hungry and I need a place to sleep
«Well, we manage everyone’s money and deal with economics»
-Do people need all this to have their money managed and their economics dealt with?
«Get out, you ignorant fool, you don’t understand how modern businesses work!»
The second huge building was called something like Mutual Life
«Here we sell insurance, pensions, Treasury benefits, formalities galore»
- But what you’re selling is wind! And you charge a fortune for that?
«Wind, is it? Insolent upstart! Our services are all essential and legally ratified,
The papers drawn up by the best professionals, it’s a lot of hard work!
There are 25,000 people working in this building!»  
- What? 25,000 professionals with nice fat salaries for filling and filing forms?
«Get out, young innocent, get wise to the real world,
the great big serious world of modern business»
The third huge building was filled to the brim with lawyers,
spilling out of the top-floor windows

-I want a lawyer at once to help me understand my rights and liberties in these companies
«And how much money do you have, young man?»
- One dollar, look how lovely the Queen is on my dollar
«Get out, you cheeky young fool, you’d need 500,000 of those dollars to hire a lawyer
And even at that price he’d be crooked!»
Poor innocent that I am, I must have missed the boat

Stop Puking All Over Me

Fine by me going out with you
Fine by me drinking half the bar with you
Fine by me making dangerous love with various objects tearing my insides
Fine by me exchanging our sighs and saliva till we choke on our own CO₂
No problem piercing genital organs with rings

Bring me your instruments of torture, your whips, your leather gear, your wedding dresses
Hard drugs too, you know I love you, I’d do anything for you, even die of an overdose
If you rape me like an animal I don’t mind
Introduce me to Satanism, the Black Mass with animal sacrifice, that’s still fine
Throw me out on the street for three days, then take me back, that’s OK
I’m happy to go to those places where they swap partners
And watch illegal porno films where people do unbelievable, unimaginable things
The hell you offer me I accept as paradise
If you want me to piss in your mouth or shit on your face, I’m still up for it
But please, please, please, stop puking all over me
God Loves Me

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

My Life Is Ruled By Sex

...and the same thing the next day
Whether it’s the tube to Piccadilly Circus or the subway to Washington Square
I’ve only got one destination: SOHO
I go to the village, go into a pub or a club
Parade my spare-time English, my sad little eyes, my innocent face,
looking all round me at once!
And it’s going on in every direction, all sides, I must learn to control myself
Then suddenly someone looks at me, this is the green light
In less than a second there I am there
So you live with your parents? You’re a Catholic?
No, no, what am I saying...:
You want to come to my place?
And there we make love like a storm unleashed from the sky
We kiss each other all over, lick, devour, masturbate, cry out and come
Afterwards we lie back, neither of us asks any questions, we part
And the same thing the next day...

Poor Little Thing

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

My Head’s About to Explode

This morning, in the next hour, this is what I should do:
My tax returns
A CV and some job applications
Answer letters, pay bills
Deal with demands from my bank about my overdraft
Find some money and something to eat
Find somewhere to live, I’m being evicted in two days
Find the love of my life, I’m in despair
My head’s about to explode
In fact, what I have to do this morning is this:
Sell some of my non-essential belongings
Buy an airline ticket for who cares where
Take a look at what’s left then: nothing
Start all over again
My head’s about to explode!
In fact what I really have to do this morning is much simpler:
Go to sleep and never wake up again

I Pissed on the Sorbonne

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

I Love My Sugar Daddy

He holds me with his shaking hands, asks me for a kiss
We sit on a balcony overlooking Central Park
He falls asleep with his head on my stomach, listening to it rumble
Oh my dear sugar daddy, where would I be without you?
In the street, where I spend all my time
You feed me, listen to me, appreciate me
You see in me what no one else can see
In your eyes I’m master of everything
The world belongs to me, I just have to reach out my hand
According to you I’m intelligent, handsome, a part of this world
He watches me as best he can, gets me to sign bills for him
I drive him wherever he wants in his Mercedes,
go with him to concerts, the theatre, five-star restaurants
He feels he can never do enough for me, is afraid I’ll disappear without warning
He swears absolute fidelity, keeps me company every minute of my life
He gives me affection, shares his cat’s affection with me too
He takes me to his holiday home in Connecticut, his condo in Fort Lauderdale
Opens his bar to me, goes with me through the wonderful throes of alcohol
He takes me by the arm, I support him as he walks
He really loves me and I love him in return
He talks about his will, but I don’t want to hear about it
Head waiters smile at our entrance, but I ignore them
I’m travelling first class now, when I used to hang around street corners
Our friends are all worthwhile people, cultured and civilised
I help him to dress, he helps me to undress
He likes to see me asleep and naked in his bed, he watches over me
He washes me, nothing in the world gives him more pleasure,
he thinks I have «a magnificent dick»
He knows how to thank me in his own way, opens the doors of the world to me
He’s the only person who thinks I’m someone
I love falling asleep in his arms
He’s my only father

Vaginaphobia

I see her coming a long way off, give her a big, embarrassed smile
Her eyes insist, but I’m still shy
She takes the initiative, buys me a glass of wine
And we talk about a thousand and one things, music, poetry, the eternal flame
She lives in the West End, carries me in off in her BMW, even opens the door for me
She invites me to a restaurant in a hotel in Baker Street
I’m the only one listening to the pianist playing Brahms in the background
She tells me she’s rich and successful, socially and otherwise
She becomes more insistent, I more uncomfortable
When she shows her legs I feel a wave of nausea
Finally she puts her hand on me, asks me up to her room
I go up with her, we make ourselves at home, I’ve had several glasses of wine
She undresses me slowly, so far so good
She puts my penis in her mouth, so far I’m still breathing
She puts her finger up my arse, then licks it, I’m very impressed
But then she insists that I take off her skirt
Where’s the emergency exit?
I take off her shirt, her tie, her waistcoat and her skirt
There she is naked in front of me, a big lump, her cunt prominent
My friend, it’s time to take flight!

I’m Your Leader

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

I’m Unreachable

Who am I? A name on an endless list
Where am I? In West 9, Fourteenth arrondissement,
88th Street uptown, Church Street downtown
How am I really living, what am I really saying?
How do you find me, talk to me, tell me your problems?
How to sit down with me and listen before you start judging me?
Words on a page, we know what they’re worth
I’m no one and everyone at the same time
I’m just a vague shape but I walk with you every day
Turn your head and you’ll see me
I’m your innate unconscious
I tell you what you want to hear
The life you’d like to live without ever admitting it, especially to other people
Perhaps you don’t dream enough
Achieving nothing fit to be recorded in the balance-sheet of a passionate life
Could you die today and say: everything’s been achieved,
I can die happy, I’ve done what I set out to do,
What I burned to do from the very core of my being?
Who am I? Who am I?
Do I really exist and where do I really want to be?

I’m Irresponsible

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

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

My Devolution, My Revolution

The more I go forward, the more I get bogged down
The evolution of the human race must be following the same path
An evolution in reverse
Going in the opposite direction to the one it should normally take
But hang on a moment
Which direction should we be going in to make it evolution?
Up or down, where’s up, where’s down?
Can we help getting bogged down when everything directs us to death?
An evolution in reverse, if such it can be called, is still evolution
Evolution has so many implications, the getting of knowledge
Personal experiences unknown to those who think them evil
I know more than that about life, see much further
Don’t we have to descend into hell to find wisdom?  
My devolution, my revolution

**Throw Me Away After Use**

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

**Step Into My Hell**

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

Come With Me and I’ll Show You the World

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

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

Flee, Flee, Flee!

Leave and go anywhere else
London, Paris, New York, Toronto
When everything’s going wrong
When people don’t understand each other
When you don’t look straight at me but glance to right or left
When your parents try to convince me I’ve got the wrong number so that I can’t reach you
When my social life is truly bankrupt because my studies take precedence
When shame, guilt and even nostalgia are killing me
Let’s sprinkle it all with whisky, Canadian Club, and make our sign of the cross
Flee, flee, flee!
As soon as anyone criticises me, no matter what for
Looking on me as less than nothing (which is entirely true)
Taking me for an idiot to be exploited all the way and back
Abusing me as much as they can and may, even within the law
You can trample all over me, spit in my face and finish me off altogether
I’ve still got the option of flight
Flee, flee, flee!
When the brain stops responding to the body
When my IQ goes up (against nature) by a notch
When I start to act like an idiot, talking to myself or crying in the dark
My only solution, utter forgetfulness, complete renewal, rebirth
Flee, flee, flee!

I’m Going to Shoot Myself

I want to do it without causing trouble or sorrow
My family have long since forgotten me, how could they feel the impact of the shot?
I want to make sure that no one ever finds me
Spare myself a funeral, the fire and the urn
Leap into the ether and never come down again
Bury myself in the earth and never come up for air
Sink to the bottom of the sea and never resurface
Travel through infinite space without arriving anywhere
Become utter nothingness, with no remains in refrigerators or elsewhere
Burn up everything I’ve touched, even my own ashes
Be sublimated into energy which will lose itself among the stars
I’ve got to stop myself from thinking, finish myself off for good, not half-heartedly
Stop all the torment and wild fantasies
Blow all the circuits of memory capable of retaining any token of my presence on earth
I have no pity for anyone, least of all for myself
Forgive me! I wanted nothing more than to live!
But living is impossible...
Your Flowers Smell Like Christ Decomposing!

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

You’re so Sweet!

That’s what you said to me the first time I kissed your neck
    I took you in my arms and you told me I was nice and sweet and all
    Then you rejected me: You’re so sweet, but . . .
All the same, next day you learned more about me and we talked about your hometown, Seattle
    You saw a sensitive soul, wearing his heart on his sleeve (old, outmoded English phrase)
    A soul so pure and sweet that no one reading these lines could understand the paradox
That night you lit candles, put on some hackneyed classical music which everybody knows
    I was hardly dressed but played the innocent who doesn’t know what effect he’s having
    I went out for a moment but came back for a cigarette
    You were dressed strangely for the night, very exciting
    I came close to pouncing on you and raping you there and then
    But I stopped myself, to be sure of being able to see you one more time
Then, when you threw me out, you made the mistake of giving me one last kiss for the night
    At once I got a hard-on and we both got carried away
    You asked me to put out the candles so as to hide your old body
You made love like someone rediscovering his joie de vivre, the happiness of existence
You gave me more warmth and energy than I would ever have thought possible
You confessed that the age difference between us had caused a psychological block
   (But no, I’m of age, you won’t go to prison, don’t worry)
   Thirty-one isn’t old, you know
   You’re capable of such tenderness, such wonders
   In fact you’re the one who’s so sweet and that’s unforgettable

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

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

**The Meat Between a Woman’s Legs**

Yes, someone told me about it, I know it exists
   It seems it has a strange colour and texture, an aphrodisiac scent
      I’ve discussed it at length with priests
      Advertising agencies and business men
      In high-minded purely intellectual conversations
      It’s an interesting concept, a marketable product
      We should draw up a strategy, avoid all pitfalls
Sell it fairly expensively but target the right consumers
It’s a good marketing ploy, a gilt-edged industry
Yes, I have to admit it has certain undeniable qualities

**From the Moment When . . .**

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

**Love is Sweet**

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

Death

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

I’m lying here in silence
   Listening to myself die
   My gun in the bracken
   I’m dying for you
I’ve never understood anything  
Unknown in the big city  
Lost for days on end seeing you in my dreams  
Waiting for you in Prague or in Texas  
So where are you now that I’m dead?

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

Anarchy on Earth

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

Oh God!  
Did you want so many nations and such wretchedness?  
So many births and deaths?  
Can pardon, absolution, ever come from all this hell?  
We’re born, we die, just where we are  
Freedom of thought has never motivated us  
We all have our own laws, our own ways of doing things  
They all waged war for their own ends  
They all killed in your name
Oh God!
Didn’t you want us to convert our enemy?
Didn’t you want us to understand our enemy?
Didn’t you want us to help our enemy?
Didn’t you want us to love our enemy even if he kills us?

They all waged war
They all killed in your name
They’re all guilty
You probably wanted anarchy on earth?

Anarchy

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

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

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

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

Anarchy is a revolution of the mind
Anarchy is a feeling of freedom
In a world where there is no freedom
And that’s very powerful!

I Don’t Give a Fuck About You

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

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

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

Head in the Clouds?

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

I reply
No, no, my head’s not in the clouds
You watch me
I’m somewhere else
You panic
You’re head’s in the clouds!

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

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

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

Illumination

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

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

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

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

If I Were President of the United States

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

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

My Terrible Sentence

Forgive me God for I have sinned
I thought in my madness that I could save the world
I thought I could make a difference
I thought I had the power to change things

They deported me
They put me in prison
They stripped me of all the rights I’d been granted
They stripped me of all the hope I’d built up for myself

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

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

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

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

We all deserve death

**Madness**

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

I take all souls with me in my torment
In an endless madness at the brink of day
All the outmoded constructions
Which existed only in my imagination
Oh God . . .
I see things
I hear things
Beyond my understanding

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

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

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

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

**Alone in the World**

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

I think about what’s going on in the starry sky
I’m trying to understand the reality around me
I work on my own ideas, my own ideals
I know that the rest of the world exists only in my imagination
This is my life, what's in my mind
With trees and the camp fire
Nothing else exists
Nothing to poison my existence

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

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

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

I’m Going to Find Myself a Whore

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

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

Don’t you dream too?
Have an extraordinary longing to get out of your rut?
A destiny to fulfil?
A desire to change the world?
Well then you’ve found me
I’m your whore
Beautiful slave of this world
Still a virgin

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

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

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

**Craziness**

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

One day you’ll all be crazy
The way I am now
Your only solution will be medical help
They’ll lock you up for some time
Time for you to recover your spirits
Time for you to understand that life is a game
Time to understand we must always throw the dice
Time to understand we must accept hell
Pretend to enjoy it and smile at life.

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

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

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

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

The British Dream

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

One glass of wine too many
That’s why I’ve just been sick on the carpet
But before . . .
I’m nineteen
Just arrived in Los Angeles
Ready for anything
Queuing up at the Zombi Bar
To meet anyone there worth meeting
I’m not fussy, sleep with influential men and women
In a world of poverty you take advantage of what’s on offer
Me, me, me!
Now you’ll see I’m someone of little brain, great
With a good body, great
And an endless will to get all your plans going, great
We’re not in Paris, here you make millions, millions, millions
And spend it all in as long is it takes to say so
We’re not here for the millions
We’re here to meet the right person
I won’t wipe tables any more
I’ve done too much of that in all the capital cities of the world
Me, I’m going to be part of the world of the rich and famous
The fearsome world of Hollywood
I’ll have one hit, two hits, three hits, a flop
Drown my sorrows in alcohol, then drugs
I’ll be forgotten for years
Then resurface one day when someone gives me a break
But I’ll screw up again
Later go into detox
I’ll babble about the Teletubbies
Time for me to hold a gun to my head
But I’ll have succeeded, for just one moment,
To live on another planet
The Following Poem Was Banned in 53 Countries

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

And This One Was Banned All Over the World

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

No Girls in the Army

The army, my girl, is for strong men
Macho men
Well-endowed men
It’s a place where you’d be among men playing at soldiers
   It’s not for you

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

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

Letter From Prison

At night I look through the bars
   I see the full moon
My gaze then falls on the cement floor
You’d believe I was thinking about remorse
   Or about vengeance
But I’m not thinking about anything
   My heart is empty
   My gaze absent
I’ve stopped living
   I’ve always held my breath
I look at the moon in the sky
I’m far away, far, far away in space
   I can’t remember being born
   I can’t remember having lived
A vague memory comes back to me
Only to be forgotten between the toilet and the stool
   Human suffering
I despair of ever seeing a better day
   When life becomes bearable
I hear stories through the bars
You’d believe they’d make me think
Or make my condition worse
But I don’t hear anything
My soul is deaf
My life is total silence
I’ve stopped living
I’ve always turned a deaf ear
I hear the stars in the sky
I’m far away, far, far away in space
I don’t remember hearing tears at my birth
I don’t remember hearing anything at all
A vague snatch of speech comes back to me
Only to be forgotten between the candle and my bed
Human wretchedness
I despair of ever hearing a better day
When the cacophony of civilisation becomes bearable

A Gun at Your Head

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

A bomb under your seat
To make you understand
The darkness of our logic
The violence in everything
Now I see there’s no hope beyond the horizon
Nothing to hope for from anyone
The hell of our consciousness
I’ll start
A world war on your head
To make you understand
The evil in this world
The uselessness of the planet
I see now that there’s nothing to see beyond the horizon
Nothing to expect from space
The illusion of science
I’ll explode

Genesis

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

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

I walk in the wind
Learn to unlearn
To forget whatever we’ve tried to understand
Free myself from these machines and this noise
Flee from people running in all directions
I’m in quest of inaction
I want total emptiness
I want to live

The Infinite

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

Propaganda

I live in the most beautiful country in the world
The Prime Minister is the most intelligent being on the planet
    He’s challenged everything
    I now have enough to eat

    The economy’s rolling in money
My job pays a fortune compared to what I’d earn elsewhere
    It’s elsewhere that people are dying of hunger
    While I live in the richest country of all
It’s crazy, money falls from the sky
But the district I work in is dedicated to finance
What does this mean?
It means everything because I have enough to eat

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

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

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

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

Frontline Terrorism

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

Why should I take pity on you?
Why do you deserve to live?
Why is your daughter’s life worth more than the lives of 7 billion other parasites on this planet?
Do you think I give a toss about your dog, your cat or your goldfish?
All you’ve ever done all my life is to make me sick

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

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

The World Is Dying

The world is dying
And I don’t give a toss
I’d like to speed up the process
Steer it to a quicker death
But what power do I have on this planet?
They’ll analyse my neurosis
This desire to see the world explode
Eliminate all trace of human existence from the earth
And take the last laugh with me to my grave
Because you’ll never understand me
I’m playing with you
I’m playing with the analyst
Lying to him all the way and back again
Don’t forget it: Je est un autre
I’m a sheep
White like all the other sheep
I’m law-abiding
I’ve been to university
Been a managing director
What a creep I am
Socialist and capitalist at the same time
I’ve read Marx, Nietzsche, Machiavelli and Stalin
    And now I’m a volatile mixture
Boom! The world’s just blown its fuse
    Grace – is that too much to ask?
I’m the worst of anarchists
    I don’t listen to reason
Anything can justify my death
Anything can justify your death
Can you prove to me that you deserve to exist?
I offer all my worldly goods to anyone who’ll kill me
I’ve had enough of this wretched existence
    And like any good anarchist
I’d like to take the rest of the planet with me when I die

A Serious Problem with Authority

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

How could you?
How could you lie to us all these years?
How could you manipulate events like that?
Why have so little faith in your children?
Did you think we couldn’t take things as they were?
Couldn’t adapt ourselves to new realities?
That we’d give one last cry and die?
    No
    We’re not fools
    We’re not crazy

We’re capable of seeing, hearing, acting for ourselves
Taking control of our lives and being aware of what’s going on
Challenging everything from morning to night
And living in this new age of which we’ve been robbed

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

How could you?
How could you lie to us all these years?
How could you manipulate events like that?
Some opinion you must have of your children
When you think it important they must live in ignorance!
And what would that change anyway?
Nothing
You’ll pay the price
You’ll vanish
And we’ll take over
And you’ll see that we’ll build better things than you do with your petty constructions
We’ll rebuild a truly happy world
We’ll be born again

She Always Was a Monster

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

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

I Should be Dead

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

I’m Your Slave

I’ve stopped living
I’ve abandoned all my plans
I’ve thrown my promising future out of window
I can tell the whole world of my misery and suffering
The hell you’ve made for me
There’s no place for joy in your universe
Happiness was never part of the equation
I’ve stopped thinking for myself
I obey your commands
I break the law and work all the overtime I can
I work like a dog to forward your useless projects
I’m your slave
Forever, yours for eternity
I give you my life, my talents, my skills
All that for your personal advantage
    I don’t say a word
I listen to your sermons on my faults
    I ask pity for myself
    I’ll get to heaven
    The heaven of slaves
    Amen

I’m Your Inflatable Virgin Mary

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

You’re Just a Bitch-Victim

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

Life and I are Incompatible

I’m a contradiction of nature in every sense of the term
I think differently from the rest of the world from A to Z
I’m totally sure there’s no justice in this world
And go further in believing that there’s nothing to justify justice
I’m moved when I see how we let people die of hunger
Very surprised to find that the hungry don’t rise up against those who have too much to eat
Order has been imposed on the world through fear
A social contract ignoring the fact that we’re in a jungle
That, in the jungle, the law of the strongest prevails and the rest must die
But the ruling principles of these societies flirt with anarchy
There again the law of the strongest prevails but on a different level
You have to fight against life, fight against death
Impose yourself, your ideas, desires, needs, laws and rights
But everything in this world is only convention
There are no rights, no freedoms, no need of anyone else we should gratify
Nothing is good, nothing is evil
It’s up to us to adapt ourselves to life

There Are No Noble Feeling

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

There’s Nothing Worse Than People With Principles

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

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

Get A Life, Old Crow!

You’re certainly the prettiest girl I’ve ever met
(Well, perhaps not, but almost)
You’re twenty-one and I thought you were twenty-six
(In your case, that’s a compliment)
If I wasn’t what I am, I’d probably ask you to marry me
(And then I’d have a British passport)
You walk up and down the aisles pushing a trolley full of books
(At sale price, everything must go)
You smile angelically at me
(The better to plant your claws later on)
You’re sweet and lively
(Like sows in pigstys)
I stroke your lovely blonde hair
(Because you never stop flirting, you cow)
But when I ask you how you spend your free time, it doesn’t mean I’m asking you for a date
(Fuck off)
And then you tell me you’ve got a boyfriend
(To put an end to your flirting, it’s gone too far)
You absolutely have to go to your break
(What does your determined tone really mean?)
You practically accuse me of sexual harassment
(But where did you get that from?)
Perhaps it was when I got hold of your bum by mistake
(Believe me I’m not interest in pinching bottoms)
And perhaps I brushed up against one of your breasts absent-mindedly
(That was an accident too or unconscious)
In short, you’re a real bitch to put me in my place today
(Your problem is not knowing how to flirt and be nice about it)
Implying that I want to sleep with you?
(You must be out of your mind)
Treating me like some kind of pest in front of everyone
(What do you take me for?)
Your poor boyfriend, no way would I want a woman as frigid as you
(Amen)
Come on, get a life!

I’m Just a Pretty Face

I strut about, looking good beside rich ugly people
I fill a void, enliven their conversations
I’m a good listener, a confidant who never contradicts them
I’m no good, I was born that way
Wherever I go I’m told how good-looking I am and people talk to me
I’ve got the knack of getting whatever I want, of fitting in to any circle
I’m your dream domestic animal
People use me to feel better about themselves
But, watch it, my little brain is working all the same
I can see you coming
I judge and despise you
I listen to you but I hate you
If you abuse me, I'll have my revenge
I don't believe in wealth
I don't believe in security and stability
For me there are no such things as the social scene or famous people
No class of important or intelligent people
You’re all the same to me, if not worse than the lowest of the low
Every attempt to buy me or impress me will be in vain
There are all sorts of eighteen-year-olds, with no personality, ready for anything
And if they don’t sleep with you, you’ll soon get tired of them
If they become demanding, you’ll have a hard time
I’m just a pretty face but, watch it, I bite

Bitchy Woman

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

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

To Die in Peace

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

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

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

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

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

Oh dear, oh dear

Something Philosophical

When my life makes no sense
When I’m a wretched as can be
And only want one thing – suicide
Quick, quick
Something philosophical . . .
The stars, the sky, the moon
The universe, the galaxies
The question of our existence
Quick, quick
Something philosophical . . .

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

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

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

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

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

I’ve admired creation
In every place
I can’t identify with it
I want to stop existing
What a wonderful possibility!
Cancer, pneumonia, some incurable illness
Why haven’t you picked me?
But I was born dead

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

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

So let me die

**Living in Infinity**

I wanted to achieve great things
And I achieved them

I wanted to love the world
And I loved it

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

I wanted to understand the universe
And I understood it

I wanted to create wonderful things
And I created them
You don’t understand!
I’ve done everything
Loved everything
Understood everything
Created everything

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

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

I lack the energy to live in infinity

**Beyond War**

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

Human suffering
Famine
Holy Wars
Crusades
Never really assimilated

I’ve never taken anything in because I live in the present
What is this present?
You don’t want to know
It’s too depressing
War fills my TV screen
Genocide is the news of the day
I have war and death for breakfast
But all the same I go about my daily boring business

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

Ready to Explode

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

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

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

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

I’m going to inspire the masses
I’m inspiring the masses
   With whispers
   As powerful as guns
Come on, come on!
   I’m alive!
   I cry out to life!
We’re going to blow up this world!

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

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

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

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

**Freedom**

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

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

This infinite urge will be born in all nations of the universe
An enormous structure free from the shackles of the past
An extraordinary new inspiration
We’ll march all over the surface of the universe!

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

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

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

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

**Poetry to Galvanise a Whole Generation**

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

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

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

Faith in Mankind

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

I’m Ugly

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

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

   Oh, I was a hypocrite
     I lied
   I let people believe I was something I wasn’t
     I’m an actor
       A surprise and a lie
I’m ugly
I’m a tearaway
I’m an alcoholic
I’m a junkie
Reality and truth

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

I’ve Seen an Extra-Terrestrial

Oh wow!
It was green, it was blue, it was red
It spoke an incomprehensible language
I looked twice – and then three times
It hit me full in the face
I saw white, red and black
No time to fetch my camera
It whipped me
I enjoyed it so much I came and then asked for more
I saw the UFOs that the extra-terrestrial threw in my direction
I saw pink, purple, a whole rainbow
It drilled a hole in my brain
Someone implanted something there
Black, grey, the colour of freshwater trout
Since then it controls me from a distance
Charging me up from afar to my very neurones
Now I work harder
I never even go home
Is my flat brown, beige and yellowish?
I told the police, the media and the local X-Files Club about it
They found me next day at my desk, half-dead at my computer
Someone prised open my eyes
They were green, orange and a muddy sort of colour
Someone asked me what had happened
I saw an extra-terrestrial! And UFOs!
But when I saw the film from the closed-circuit camera
I realised that the UFOs were folders
And the extra-terrestrial none other than my boss
Oops!

The Power of Words

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

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

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

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

Oh Gloria, If You Hadn’t Loved Cider So Much . . .

Oh Gloria, you were beautiful with your blonde hair
Your passions, your desires and love of fantasy
Oh Gloria, if you hadn’t loved cider so much
You’d have seen your three children grow up
You’d still be driving through the streets of Isleworth
You’d be cooking a turkey for Christmas Day

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

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

The World is Disheartening

Oh God, what sort of world am I living in?
Everyone without exception has gone mad
There are seven billion of them and they all piss me off
When I envisage how they spend their time, it drives me mad
Each of them trying to prove they’re worth more than the next idiot
Their only aim to climb higher in the social scale
Have a little bit of power
Change some detail of their existence
A lot of them try to survive at the expense of others
Studying for thirty years, then taking a job that has nothing to do with their studies
A job taken up with things that are no use at all to society
Nothing there to help the species survive or relieve human wretchedness
Even the poor blacks of Africa are exploited
To prop up the commercialism of capitalist charities, who mainly need money to pay their employees
for doing nothing
But all that’s not disheartening compared to the rest
I don’t believe we’ve arrived at a reason for our existence
In fact I think we prove every day that we’re no better than ants
Who build a nest which will be destroyed the next morning by wind and storm
They seem to think their growth finished when they were children and those children then studied for
nothing for thirty years
Some believe in God to give meaning to their lives
But what difference does that make?
None, they’re each as hypocritical and self-serving as the others
I’m still searching for a reason to live
I can’t find one and I’m in despair
Nothing motivates me
And what motivates the world is too depressing for words
At least when I wanted to die because I hadn’t yet met the love of my life
I was still hoping for a better world, a world where I would meet the love of my life
Now that I’ve met the love of my life and gone through the disappointments of love
I’ve nothing more to hope for
Social success?
I’ve climbed up, fallen down, climbed up again, fallen down again
Did that interest me? No way
I didn’t think I was anarchist
Then one night, after one beer too many
I saw that I was the worst anarchist of all
Better for you not to meet me, you run the strong risk of being thrown out the window
Nothing makes any impression on me
Nothing inspires me
I’ve lost faith in the human race
It’ll never achieve anything worthwhile
And why should it?

Come On, Damn It, I’ve Got a Life to Live

I’m a blob, a big ball of flesh bursting its skin
Like the rest of the world, I’m slowing down
I take ages to finish the smallest task
I sleep more than I live
It takes all the motivation I can muster to get myself out of bed
Going anywhere is quite an adventure, it takes so long to psych myself into
Leaving the building, taking the tube, oh God, it’s so complicated
For a head as befuddled as mine
That needs three cups of coffee to function even minimally
    I’m a blob when I should be invigorated
    Dash out of this bedroom
    Get out and never come back, enjoy life
    Find all possible motivation
    Be inspired for good to live a full and exciting life
    I need to find some ruling passion soonest
    Need to be strong instead of passive
    Full of energy, functioning, productive
    Come on, damn it, I’ve got a life to live

Existential Crisis

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

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

Put A Bomb Under Them

My allergy to uniforms is at its height
It’s crammed with old blokes wearing ties with briefcases and smelly armpits
They’re proud to represent the conformism necessary, according to them, to the way the world works
The problem is that the world they live in is only virtual
They work in virtuality
Buy virtuality
Feed themselves with virtuality
They’re offered a higher standard of living to enjoy fictitious amusements
The virtual doesn’t deliver us anything concrete
But it delivers them a huge house and an impressive car along with their suits and ties
There’s nothing enviable or admirable about someone who wears a tie
It’s clearly written on his face that he couldn’t care less about doing something concrete to relieve human misery
On the contrary, he makes a profit from exploitation
Other people work for him to provide him with things he won’t need
So putting a bomb under him would only benefit the human race
Except that these people’s lives are insured for astronomical sums, each of them worth in the region
of a million pounds
That’s where the virtual has got us
Overprotecting those who don’t need protection and the loss of common sense

Too Many Stupid People All Round Me

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

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

The New Love of My Life

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

Life

I looked for you on the Californian coast where someone had shown me an extraordinary view
I looked for you in TV studios where all our dreams are built up
I looked for you at a table in Caesar’s Palace between two slot machines
And I looked for you in woods, on mountains where I was strangely bored
I thought I’d find you in the most famous tourist spot in Barcelona, flying over an old theme park now
in ruins, that inspired me for a split second
I thought my eyes would be opened in front of the windows in the red light district of Amsterdam, but
I was more afraid than anything else
Then I walked through the hotel where they hold the Cannes festival, sat on the rim of a toilet which
Harrison Ford had probably used before me but I felt nothing
I opened the proceedings in front of 6000 people, that gave me a buzz for about thirty seconds
I let everything drop, I showed myself out this time, for a change
I wanted to speak to the whole planet but no one wanted to speak to me
Suddenly they changed their minds and now the whole planet wants to speak to me
But I’ve nothing more to say to them and what they say is extraordinarily banal
Sometimes you meet magical people and spend wonderful moments with them
I haven’t met any for the last five years and I despair
No one stands out from the crowd, no one has a vision to fulfil
Their zest for life has thrown them into alcohol and drugs
Making them happy for a split second
And making their existence bearable a little longer
But it’s destroying them and finishing them off today
I’ve lost all hope

Life Isn’t Life

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

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

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

The World Won’t Change

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

Poor you, you thought the world was going to change
You wrote three tomes on the subject of anarchism
They were good, full of ideas and respectable
A teargas grenade didn’t explode in your face
I didn’t see you that night at the police station
And I laughed at your unworldliness
You looked at me, puzzled
I laugh at your unworldliness
Poor me, I thought the world was going to change
I did nothing to change it except perhaps for trying to shoot myself in the head
The bullet went twenty feet above me
And I laugh at my unworldliness
I looked at myself, puzzled
I laugh at my unworldliness

Death to Purity!

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

What’s Your First Name Again?

Wasn’t it you who looked disdainfully at me that day because I was only a street ruffian?
Wasn’t it you who pushed me out of the way with your foot when I was lying crushed and dead on the pavement?
Wasn’t it you who danced in all your pride and self-confidence with such petty vainglory that today it makes me laugh?
I remember, it was you who imposed your world-view on me
Your closed and ready-made interpretation of the universe
With its strictly limited horizons and several long, punishing steps to climb in order to get anywhere at all
How wonderful it seemed to me then that you should make me your mirror
I hadn’t realised the terrible potential that was slumbering in me
The infinite energy that was going to inspire the masses
The army that would follow me to trample on you at my rallying cry
But I’m not content with that, it’s not enough
Because I’m not like you, I’ve no need of that
Which you wanted so much, which you thought you had and never will have
I’ve been through the hell you described to me as paradise
And I’m the only one to realise that something other than that life exists
What was your first name again?

The Crowned Anarchist

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

A crowned anarchist is someone who dares to assume the title and then acts accordingly
Oh lost poet, welcome to my den
You too can be a crowned anarchist if you dare
But you won’t dare . . .
Because that needs an ambition you don’t possess
You must have suffered
You must be certain and determined to describe yourself as you are
You must be full of inexhaustible energy which only writing can halfway deplete
I can’t hear any criticism, have any adversary
I’m the crowned anarchist
And fuck you!

I Don’t Remember

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

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

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

I Remember

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

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

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

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

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

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

I Know the Name of God

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

I know the name of God
It’s a good bottle of whisky
That I drink at night in large mouthfuls
Before I come to understand his infinite strength

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

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

**Contempt For Man’s Pettiness**

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

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

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

If it’s only through extremes that we manage to understand something
I’ll be extreme
If it’s only through anarchy that we can manage to build a better world
I’ll be an anarchist!

To hell with all the definitions of anarchy
To hell with anarchist movements that achieve nothing on this planet
It’s in thought, action and individually that it happens
    Envisaging a better world . . .

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

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

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

Again, Again and Again

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

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

    Yet again I must prove that I’m the better man
    Ride into battle against the markets and return millions to shareholders
    So that they choose me over thousands because I’m able, I’m eccentric
    Working in the centre of London and all the big cities of Europe
    Good morning, Sir, Good morning, Madam
Here’s how our solution will bring back your millions

I’ll be your saviour, I’ll be Jesus Christ, I’ll get you out of your rut!
Ah, the devil will make his entrance in person
I’ve got all the solutions and all the necessary skills, the results will be phenomenal
Ah, complete bankruptcy, I’ll do nothing apart from finding a way out of it, again, again and again
I’ll kiss your feet, I’ll sleep with you
Ah, I’ll spit on you behind your back, you can count on it

Again, again and again

Social Reality

Social reality is a bank
A bank which must be filled with a team of workers in perfect harmony
The only problem is, we’re all individuals
We all hate each other
Competition is what fills our hearts
Which means enormous jealousy
And endless destruction of the other

Social reality is a jungle
A jungle which demands a conqueror
The only problem is, I don’t want to be a conqueror, don’t even want to fight
Have I got anything to learn from this hell?
Isn’t twenty years of shit in these companies enough?
Letting myself be walked over, spat upon
What is there to learn there that I haven’t already learnt?

Social reality could be paradise
Where profit isn’t the law
Where competition and hierarchy don’t exist
Where jealousy is absent
Where stress doesn’t eat us alive
Where joy, pleasure and peace are the order of the day
Haven’t you had enough of hating and destroying each other?
Do the Opposite

Sit down with your parents and take note of everything they want for you
Sit down with your teachers and take in everything they want for you
Sit down with your employer and listen to everything he wishes for you
Listen to local, provincial, national and international governments and try to understand what they
expect of you

You’ll be an engineer, a lawyer, an architect or a doctor
You’ll be the best of the bunch, you’ll write books to revolutionise your field of studies
You’ll be among the best, the ones the headhunters steal
You’ll be the perfect citizen, married with children, religious and paying your taxes

Listen to them all and you’ll be exactly what everyone thinks best for you
According to their definitions, you’ll be the happiest soul on the planet
Above all, keep to the straight and narrow, don’t be revolutionary, don’t challenge anything

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

Ah, isn’t wonderful to follow the well-trodden path?
When you’re a success and earn a good living?
When your story has no story
And your name doesn’t alarm any computer

Yes, I tell you, listen to all the voices of authority on this planet
And do entirely the opposite
Only then will you know you’re an individual who has choices
Who’s free and has a chance of happiness

It doesn’t much matter if you wake up in a strange country where you have no right to be
It doesn’t much matter if the love of your life isn’t lying beside you every morning
It doesn’t much matter if you haven’t got a penny to get you through tomorrow
It doesn’t much matter that you can’t eat your fill

Do entirely the opposite in the name of your conscience and your freedom!
Be Marginal and Make a Difference

It’s always possible to leave those you love
It’s always possible to follow other paths
It’s always possible to challenge everything from morning to night
It’s always possible to begin to live again

Be happy and free!
Create your own universe, even if you have to rewrite all the dictionaries
You’ll be surprised at the results you can achieve
A personal success going well beyond what anyone else has hoped

It’s possible to make your life over again!
It’s possible to build a new world!
It’s possible to succeed according to your own principles!
It’s possible to be happy!

Being marginal has never been forbidden
Losing the respect of others has never been a problem
Saying that others are wrong is acceptable
Making a difference is something to be wished for

The only thing that counts is the final reckoning at the end of our lives
The only results that count are those we’ve wanted to achieve ourselves
We must free ourselves from everyone else
Be marginal and make a difference

Cannes

I met you in a bar in Cannes
We’d hardly even spoken before you started insulting me
Your mate worked behind the bar
You took me to a very private place
Introduced me to your friend who was once a big wheel in the theatre
We went up to my room at the Majestic
Read poetry all night long
Prevert, Hugo, Baudelaire, Rimbaud
I didn’t know that poetry could be so beautiful when read in a voice like yours
   Romanticism really exists
   Passion really exists
   I shed a few tears
You left but then came back again
   We made love all night
   Like lovers
You said it was great and it was
   A magic night
The next day I went back to London
   With an unforgettable memory

The Most Beautiful Creature on Earth

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

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

Oh No, Not Another Scandal!

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

I Could Pretend To Be The Devil

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

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

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

    I could pretend to be a madman
    Who has killed several important people
Who kills every night, even in his sleep
And every night targets his next victim

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

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

I Live in Opposition to the World

You’ve put up with me for seven years
I go to bed at seven o’clock in the morning when you’re going to work
I get up at six o’clock in the evening when you get back
For months I’ve been writing every night
I drink and smoke like crazy to find inspiration
You’ve never said a word
You’ve always loved me
You’ve understood me
Which is more than I can say for the rest of the planet
They’ve never understood anything
They’ve never wanted to understand
It’s not acceptable
Just isn’t done
For them only one way of life exists
Working from eight in the morning till eight at night, buying a house
Getting married and having children
I’m such a long way from that reality
I’ll always be such a long way from that reality
Because it makes me feel so sick
But it’s not as if I have the choice
And to excuse myself I’ll tell you
It’s God who asks it of me
It’s fate that asks it of me
It’s the magic of the imagination that’s at stake
I have to create the most beautiful universe possible
Create a different world again from the rotten reality of others
And if I have to die at the end of my work
I’ll die at the end of my work

A Good Horror Story

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

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

When suddenly my brain is working strangely
   I look around but I see differently
   I have flashes of inspiration by day
       Even late at night
   Wonderful buzz

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

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

You’re Zombies

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

My Last Cigarette, My Last Beer

I’ve raided my piggy bank to be able to finish my work
Mortgaged up to my last pound
Now I have to declare my self bankrupt
I’ve opened my last beer
I’m smoking my last cigarette
Then I have to find a job
Go back to the world of work after so much criticism
Begin on the treadmill all over again
Get some work experience which should be useful
I’ll be working for someone, perhaps for several people
Filing papers, recording information on a machine
  Receiving messages, sending messages
  Travelling on the tube three hours a day
Dying of suffocation on the tube three hours a day
  Getting paid a pittance
Smarting at what my father demands in return for my birth
  Pride, honour, respect, vanity
  And once more I’ll succeed
I’ll manage once more to integrate myself completely
  Become part of the whole
  Die with them all
My last cigarette – how I wish it would last forever
My last beer – how I wish I could drink it again and again
  Once more it’s a complete break
I’ve just stubbed out my last cigarette
  The end of a world

To Hell With Conformism

I never wanted to be different
I always wanted to be part of the group
It was never amusing to be pointed out
  To have to fight
  And all the rest of it
I’ve always been seen as a danger
A danger to the conformism necessary to society
  So am I a danger?
Am I such a threat that I must be eliminated?
I’ve never understood why we don’t have the right to go against the rules
Don’t have the right to say that what we learned wasn’t true
Don’t have the right to think differently from the rest
  But I’m not going to apologise
    I am different
    I think differently from the rest
    They call me weird
They class me as dangerous
All right then, I’ll be weird
I’ll be dangerous
I’m going right to the bottom of your neurosis
I’m going to challenge everything
I’m going to challenge you
I’ll play out my true role as a marginal
I’ll rally all the marginals on the planet
And become too strong for anyone to fight me again
I am different
And I’ll act accordingly
To hell with conformism

I Want to Shit All Over You

I want to piss
I want to shit
I want to puke all over the place
That’s what you’ve achieved
That’s the feeling I get when I look at your achievements
It’s not enough, it’ll never be enough for me
So what are you doing about it?
Don’t you want the world to be better?
A world where we can all be happy?
What’s stopping you?
What are your thoughts?
It’s not a matter of law
It’s not a matter of politics
It’s a love story
Love your neighbour, live and let live
Can’t you find it in your heart to want to save the species?
Open everything up, even your own guts?
What are you afraid of?
That a monster under your bed will come and bite your toes?
Forget your devilish religion
Forget your devilish laws
Forget overprotecting the brains of your wonderful children
Just for a moment forget about defending your little bit of territory
   Forget your flag!
   We’re more than that
   We’re in the process of disappearing
   We’re going to disappear from the face of the earth
   We must leave
   Leave this world
   Far, far, far away
   Begin again elsewhere
   Begin everything all over again elsewhere
   Only, will we have the chance?

**No Forgiveness**

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

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

Inner Peace

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

What a lovely day
Such a nice breeze
Let’s walk in the park
Ah, the trees are in blossom!
I need that now
I’d like to doze off here
Sleep for hundreds and hundreds of years
Wake up again when the world has disappeared
I’m not thinking about anything any more
I’m creating a void
Filling myself with this view
It’s starting to rain
I’m on earth
I see the blue sky
And the birds

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

Prostituted to Other People’s Ideas

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

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

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

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

I’m prostituting myself for you
You’re prostituting yourselves for my ideas
The results are horrifying
Thirty million dead sent to Coventry

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

A Nice Big Burger

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

It’s An Honour For Me

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

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

I Played Video Games for Ten Years

What an infant prodigy you have there, my dear
Really? He writes poetry?
Ah, how charming!
Does he write in the style of Leconte de Lisle’s Barbaric Tales
Barbaric tales, that, yes
It’s so good! Like a heart
You too, old bag, lovely as a sow
Straight A’s in class? He must have to work so hard every day!
If only . . .
He’s in his room . . . but what’s he doing there?
Is he writing poetry?
No, but I play lots of video games, spent at least ten years of my life on them
But he’s a genius, my dear, like you
How proud you must be!
Lots of regrets of course, a difficult child
Does he listen to classical music and opera? Well, that’s wonderful!
And Front 242 and psychedelic rock all night at full blast, the poor parents
What else? He’s so polite and respectful
Superficially, yes
You’ve done a good job, I’m impressed
Let’s keep up appearances at any price
Does he have a girl friend?
Er, um, I mean . . . well, I think tea-time is over now

I Failed My Last Physics Exam

Jesus! Did you understand the question about the rocket?
You put an H and an O₂ and it adds up to water?
Christ, failed again . . .
Forget it, it’s Friday, I’ve got my bottle of cheap wine
I’ll throw it up after an hour, so what, we’re going out tonight
Fourteen years old, no problem
Two dollars to the doorman and we’re inside
We’re going to dance all night
Scare off the nice people till only our gang remains
Listen to the music till we’re ready to drop dead
Forget the hell of schoolwork
Forget the rest of the planet
Come on, we’ll go somewhere else
Will they take our two dollars?
Yes!
Wow, the town bar
Good music!
Colours, lights, sand and palm trees
You’d think you were on another planet
And when I think of the time it took us to decide to come here
The Cure!
The maths test on Monday? What maths test? I’ll revise all Sunday night
We wonder how we can get by without having to work too hard
When we hate so much to study, have no interest in it
We’re only there because we have to be
It’s clear we’re not there to learn anything whatsoever
But to stand out from the others in some poxy competitive system
And they tell us there’s no way to get out of it
We have to go through it
Oh God, give me another bottle of wine

Get A Pint of Milk

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

Don’t forget to empty out the water from the dehumidifier
There’s some washing in the machine, would you put it in the dryer?
Could you unload the dishwasher for me?
The plants are dying, you could water them
Have you fed the cats and the snakes?
Have you paid the phone bill?
Jesus Christ!
What the hell do I know about your phone bill?
Pay your own bloody phone bill!
Did Napoleon’s wife ask him to pay the phone bill?
Oh, pick up my prescription from the doctor, would you?
The car needs to be taken to the garage
Could you drop off this letter at my mother’s?
We should have some flowers for the kitchen
You really should find yourself a job, you don’t seem to have enough to do
We could do with another bottle of vodka
Go to the chemist to pick up my pills
Christ almighty, bloody Christ!
I’ll shove them up your bum, your sodding pills!
Did Stalin’s wife ask him to go and buy a bottle of vodka?
Oops, probably yes . . .

Mom, Come and Find Your Son

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

Cock-Teaser

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

Go Fuck Yourself, Arsehole

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

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

Sex? Sign These Contracts . . .

Good morning, are you from around here?
“Are you trying to pick me up?”
Er, well, that is . . .
“Here are the usual forms to fill out
I’d like references from your parents, your friends, your bank
Your landlord, if any, your boss, if any . . .”
Er, well, it’s just . . . I rather thought that . . .
“I must have your date of birth (your sign of the Zodiac)
The time you were born (for your horoscope)
Your name, your age and details of your sexual experience
Your education, qualifications, work experience, current employment
Your plans for your future career and your chances of succeeding . . . “
Do you really have to know all that to . . . .
“I’m going to need a thorough medical test, your medical history
And what your psychologist really thinks but doesn’t tell you . . . “
Don’t you think that you’re . . . .
“Well, listen, I’ve got your phone number
If I’m interested I’ll try you out on a part-time basis
And if all goes well, then I’ll take you on full-time
After signing contracts outlining the implications of the long-term relationship you’re planning to have with me . . . ”

What long-term relationship? All I want is a one-night-stand!

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

When I sell porn magazines to old codgers who travel First Class
When I sell porn reviews to the under-eighteens
When I sell cigarettes to the under-sixteens
There are twenty-six cameras watching me
On the pretext of looking for bombs, I can’t even pick my nose without someone somewhere watching me
They’ve turned me into a robot that has reached perfection
I never do anything that could be interpreted as wrongdoing
I never say anything about anything
I work myself to death in the sweat of my brow
So that no one can ever reproach me with anything

I live all day crushed by the stress of constant surveillance, spying on me and weighing up my every gesture
I’ve become so paranoid that I feel it’s all still going on at home in my room
My whole life is now rooted in the assumption that someone is watching me
Our children are not going to have it easy

Every parent or government will set up their own little cameras, hidden in every corner
They’ll be able to buy them in packets of twenty at Tandy or Radio Shack
They’ll have their perfect society where no one dares to say or do anything any more
But at what price?

Shitting in peace, that was for our great-grandparents
But did they have lavatories then?
The Nevada Desert

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

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

Anarchist Theory

Chaos theory
When a butterfly flaps its wings on one side of the planet
   The other side of the planet is affected
Anarchist theory
When a butterfly flaps its wings here
The other side of the universe is affected
And that means what?
The electrical circuits of our brains can influence the universe
Our thoughts influence the universe to an extent unsuspected before
One day science will catch up with these theories
Distance and time are relative, the time-space continuum is relative
Relative and changing according to the point of view
According to your point of view . . .
You are in control of your life and the lives of others
You can change the configuration of all the atoms in the universe
You are in control of your destiny
You are in control of human destiny
That’s the anarchist theory

A New Life For Sale

Come here, come on, don’t be afraid
Have you seen this watch?
It works really well, it’s a Dunhill
Look at this electronic timetable, it works out when your bus is going to arrive
Look, look in my bag
I’ve got everything

Come here, come on, don’t be afraid . . .
A new wallet?
Credit cards?
You want a new life?
A new Canadian passport? That’ll open every door!
A valid immigration card?
A genuine certificate of baptism?
A medical-insurance card, wonderful!
A social security card, even better!

Come here, come on, don’t be afraid . . .
A new name
A new nationality
A new identity
A new character
Not expensive, not expensive at all
We have to adapt ourselves to new eventualities

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

Descent Into Hell

How many times have I found myself here?
Hundreds of times
Did I see light on the horizon?
Never

But I’m never alone here
I see familiar faces
I meet famous people
Will we all be here?

My descent into hell is infernal
It burns me completely
It eats me away inside until there’s nothing left
That’s my destiny

A zombie in the caverns of this world
Seeing dimly at the summits of this life
We’ve all been going round in circles since the beginning of time
How could we have been happy?

With this guilt that eats us
This regret that burns us up
This remorse that kills us
It’s a descent into hell

Well, I’m not going to moulder away here
I’m not going to die here
I’m going to get my things together and go up to the surface again
For having suffered so much here on earth, I too am going to go to heaven
Anorexia Nervosa

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

Creating A New World

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

Draw your inspiration straight from the universe around you
Reshape it in your own way
Problems to solve?
Inconsistencies?
Your own way of interpreting things?
It’s up to you to envisage this new world

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

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**Another Mutilated Body**

When I opened my newspaper this morning and read about another mutilated body
Oh God, I began to dream
Perhaps it was my boss?
Maybe one of my colleagues had had enough and decided to take action?
Or perhaps it was the colleague who works opposite me and has pissed me off since the beginning of
the year?
Maybe the company found a swift way to get rid of him?
Ah yes, it must be that bitch from Personnel whose soft words turn our stomachs
Someone probably came along to give her the sack because they couldn’t put up with her any longer
Unless it was that government minister who lies all the way to hell and back again and is responsible
for these atrocious laws
Someone probably wanted to make him understand that he could stuff his laws up his . . .
Oh, it must be that extremist priest who makes life impossible for everyone!
Someone thought he had too much power, not right in our modern world
Mmm, and if it was that judge who robbed me of my freedom with one single word?
If so, it’ll be difficult to find the culprit . . .

Oh, oh, it’s my ex!
The latest lover could also have suffered enough and decided to kill my ex as act of mercy!
Oh, yes it could be any of those undesirables
Then I go on reading and realise that the mutilated body . . .
Is mine!
The guilty are all those whose names I dreamt of reading in the newspaper this morning
As for them, they stopped dreaming and went on to action a long time ago
Death Valley

An endless desert
An endless road
The feeling that you’ll never see civilisation again
Running out of water or petrol, that’s all it needs
On this road which is badly in need of repair
And without a single tourist

This was the moment you chose to make your latest outburst
I panicked, went into the ditch
We hit each other with our fists
I went off into the mountains, or whatever you call those canyons, with my face all bloody
I didn’t want you to find me
I didn’t want anyone to find me ever again
I walked for a long time and I never felt I was in any danger
Rage made me forget I had no way of getting back to Los Angeles or London
You had all my meagre possessions
It wasn’t the first time I’d left everything behind

Your bad temper had become my bad temper
Your problems had become my problems
Your moaning had become my moaning
Your hell had become my hell

And suddenly, lost there alone in the desert
I looked at the sky, the sun and the white moon you see in daytime
And I felt good
I felt happy
Your bad temper, your problems, your moaning, your hell
Were no longer mine

You had already gone on towards Nevada
I was about to die there alone in Death Valley
And I felt wonderful
I had no more problems
No more moaning on the horizon, just some strange trees
In Death Valley, condemned to die
I was in paradise!

Just When I Thought I’d Understood

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

I’ve Said It All

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

A Swamp Full of Tadpoles

I’m the prisoner of something too big for me
I try to rise to the surface but I only get lost
To die drowned by the waves closing over me
I suppose I was looking for it
I wanted to die among the masses
Pass by unnoticed in a world too big for me
To be insignificant in this swamp full of tadpoles
Was I aiming for something, really?
Did I really want to get out of this swamp and become God Almighty?
Have a life being heard and being listened to?
Having my turn at dictating what should be and will be?
Useless to deny it, I wanted to make something enormous
A monstrous centipede capable of yelling in every place at once
A monster with a thousand heads and a thousand voices
The voice of truth, a subjective truth which I could manipulate at a whim
How could I have lost courage
How could I have lapsed into silence among the masses
How could I accept all that?
Impossible
I mingle with the whole so that I can be heard as a whole
To be stronger and more credible
How could I have lost the true north?
Easy, I never lost it
I could be stronger than I’ve been
I could be the tadpole that rises out of the swamp
Who’ll become a powerful frog who can reach the lake
And then I’ll be happy
I’ll be liberated
I’m going to be able to breathe at last
And if I’m mistaken?
If I have to accept my status of tadpole in this swamp?
Let’s be realistic, I’ve failed at everything
Everyone managed to get out of the swamp
But I’m here for all eternity
And I can’t accept it
I still have dreams of glory
How to get out and become bigger than everyone else
But I could be mistaken
I could die here without ever having been heard
Without having made a difference
Please help me to accept this failure
But I could be born again from my ashes
I’m not dead yet
We must keep hoping for a better world
We must stay motivated
We must be hopeful
We must get out of the swamp and make ourselves heard
I have to succeed
There’s no choice
It’s bigger than I am
We must challenge everything, we must challenge the universe
We must question everything, question our conditions, our position in the universe
It’s stronger than I am
It must change!

I Understand

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

My Frankenstein’s Monster Is Already At Large in the Crowd

I was nothing, I will be everything
Ironic of destiny, nothing happened for 30 years
And suddenly everything happened at once
Destiny never abandoned me
It was waiting for the right moment
It was busy preparing me
I’d already talked so much
I’d already been so assertive
And it was silence I heard
But no more
I use all the media at my disposal
Extra-terrestrials light years from here can hear me
They knew how to see further than we do
But not any further than I do
I challenged physics
I challenged science
I got results
I created my Frankenstein’s monster
He’ll get up one morning and annihilate you all
And I’ll laugh like an idiot
I’ll raise my glass to my creation and your destruction
You can lock me up, I’ve already said it all
My Frankenstein’s monster is already at large in the crowd
Olé! Ha, ha!
And you think I’m mad
Mad and out of it
But you’re the ones who’re mad and out of it
Blind for all eternity
Your destiny has abandoned you at the edge of a lake
It only works for those who have understood the mechanisms of life
Who knew how to interpret what had already been seen
Those visions of a relative future which could perhaps change
I’ve changed it
My Frankenstein’s monster is already at large in the crowd

Who Do You Think You Are?

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

When You Dream of Glory, I Wank

How handsome you are!
How tall!
How strong!
I get a kick out of seeing you get going, seeing you in action
You’re at the head of an empire you’ve built up with your own hands
   I ejaculate good and strong for you!
   My life belongs to you, I’ve signed a contract
You’re stronger, taller, more handsome than I am, it’s in the contract
   Just one problem, I haven’t signed it yet
   Oh, my head, I can’t take any more
I see you in Budapest, Munich or Paris
My neurones can’t take any more of these orgasms
   It itches, oops, what does that mean?
   You’ve got us all queuing up
We see nothing of your uncertainty, your insecurity
   We’re all wanking in our imagination
We can’t feel the stress of your name being there in the front line
   We can only smoke our cigarettes
       Try to impress you
       We have no rights
We have to obey you absolutely and completely
   In the name of our pay
   In the name of the social hierarchy
       And your name
You don’t even need to abuse your power, your underlings are imbeciles
   They quote your name, they’re afraid of you
       Ah! Aaaaaah! Aaaaaaaaaah!
       But not us
We’re not afraid to tell you what we think of you and your empire
   We’re sorry for your underlings
       You don’t have the right
       You don’t have any right
As for your money, stuff it up your bum
I’ll help you, cramming euros up your backside
Until your title and your achievements are coming out of your ears
   We control your empire
   We are your empire
   We despise you
   We despise your name
   We despise what you’ve built up
       We don’t believe in it
       We can see the artifice
You’re lost
However tall and strong you may be
You’re worthless
We can only do what we can
You took us for your possessions, what a mistake
We’ve never been on your side
We’ve never respected you
And no one will ever respect you in these conditions
I wank but I don’t think of you
I think of God

A Little Hitler in the Making

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

Innocence Is Never Innocent For Too Long

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In The Depths of the Marais

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

Church Street

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Voice of a Generation

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

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

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

I’m Making History

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

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