

The Fall, Second Dark Age

Fat conference women
Clap return of glass house
And the Arabs have it made
Oil is women in veils, eyes glazed

Second Dark Age. Death of the USA.
Return of the family.
The scooter cabbages

And the commune crapheads sit and whine
While the common near my birthplace is now a police college

It's a second dark age.
No Psalm Sunday or any day.
The city is dead.
Bust. Ghost-dance rite. Tepid

I could join a pray-peace group
Spy in Norway
Cause groups can change the world
and meet Ms. Fjord and Benny.*
"Hi I am Benny.
Go where the brave prance
No Czechoslovak food queues are a party, fool

A mediocre anti-Jew
And single people are screwed
in the Second Dark Age

I am Roman Totale, 17,
the bastard offspring
of Charles I and the Great God Pan.