Mick Harvey

one night as I was just moping around in some English pub, in the heart of London town leafing through Monstrous Love by Pauwels a vision hovered above the whiskey soda bottles initials, the initials, the initials B.B. initials, the initials, the initials B.B. while the decorations of her conquerors (?) to her gyrations, bronze and golden ores the platinum engraved, cold circles that linger those marks of a slave upon each finger initials, the initials, the initials B.B. initials, the initials, the initials B.B. almost to her hips, she is booted brimming, like a chalice, with her beauty she wears nothing at all but her perfumed hair essence de Guerlain in her long hair initials, the initials, the initials B.B. initials, the initials, the initials B.B. with each little quiver one could detect little bells of silver around her neck ringing could be heard as she came near and spoke the word Almeria initials, the initials, the initials B.B. initials, the initials, the initials B.B.