

And I stand still. And I feel like everything is slowing down under the watchful eye of Chalcots Estate. I know that if I was up there, a Bat Angel, looking down on the city I'd be able to see me. Standing there on a street corner at this huge crack in the world, my world, while all around me London burns. I can see me. They can see me. They're gonna have to take fucking notice now.

And I'm looking around at the row of cops, the mob, the smashed glass, the surface ripped open, the stains, the stink of smoke, the sign from the tube floating above it all saying: Chalk Farm.

And I'm thinking: this is it. This is it. It doesn't get better than this.