

Dissonance

The Legendary Pink Dots

Driving the pack, from the rear, with a trumpet, with an
axe. Driving to the
precipice, windswept and wet with starving neglect.
Eternally carving my cause
on a landscape that's blighted and scorched. I'm blighted
and scorched with the
truth, we don't listen, we shoot, from the blindside.
It's a landslide, but in
hindsight, I thought it was easier. But it's all much too
late to turn back, I
must face an eternally fateless way in a place where my
orders echo my torturous
ghosts. In a space with no windows, I'm counting the
touch. All this time to
reflect on my crimes to humanity. I'm screaming
profanities, just give me a
chance to start over again. I confess, yes, I'll do it
again.