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.

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