

## Disturbance

The Legendary Pink Dots

We ride on the avalanche we climb the melting red lungs of the  
ladder that  
leads high to a darkening moon. We're the watchers of disaster,  
we're the  
dancers on your tomb. We're the invisible invaders of your priv  
acy... your  
dreams. We're the spectres on your screen. We murmur sweet tran  
sparent  
lunacy on hot oppressive nights - you shine a light and you wil  
l see just  
a shadow.