

Hanging Gardens

The Legendary Pink Dots

Twisted East South North with the wind that rippled his hair. Ice stare constant, laughing - but the joy had gone. Snuffed out by the dawn, the rope had torn his flesh and broke his neck and left him dancing on the air in the Hanging Gardens.
Dancing with the dead -- so peaceful there.

Branded as a thief. They stole his name, they stole his face. Gone without a trace... they killed his dignity and squeezed him dry. Cryies for mercy lost on judges with no ears, no hearts, looking smart in their black caps in the Hanging Gardens.

Love notes and carnations, fading, slowly dying... lying at his feet. Her sweet aroma lingered on the air. She stood and stared. She was numb now. She'd cried so much it had no meaning. So much salt and water flowing freely through the hanging gardens.

Blow gently, blow gently...

Dressed in virgin's white, she masked her eyes with cold surprise. He cursed her name, the pain was creeping swiftly... twisted her inside. She retched and reached out for a hand. She landed on her face. Disgraced. No place for fainting queens in the hanging gardens...

A place for me, a place for you....