

# I Am the Way, The Truth, The Light

The Legendary Pink Dots

Merciful angel with blood on his hands. He's down on his knees, because there's nowhere to stand in a dungeon of plastic.. a castle of ice. Ankles tied with elastic, the blindfold is tight. The windows are shattered, there's bolts on the door, and the music's so loud, he can't think anymore. Floodlights are blazing, they shout when he sleeps. But he prays because he loves them - they treat him like this!