

On High

The Legendary Pink Dots

That's Greenland down below... Think of igloos, snow...
Thirty plus varieties to throw, to eat, to smother you...
Take cover as you fly cocooned across this fragile globe,
because you can never rise above it. You'd better pay the
earth your mute respect because you never learned to love
it or to have, to cherish, to hold... Until death when we
provide the great provider... I hope they'll never hide
me in a brick, unnumbered, neatly fixed (Press HERE for
pearls of wisdom...) Every day this stone rotates so be
content, I'm listening. I'm etched upon a plate... it's
disinfected so don't you look away. You're really
unprotected and I sense the train of hot hyenas licking
at your heels. I see the flock of hungry hawks close in
around this plane. There is no sanctuary and everyone
around you is insane.