

So Gallantly Screaming

The Legendary Pink Dots

d'archangel rises with eyes that accuse. A bouquet of black orchids for you
as you weep in the ruins of all that you knew, of all that you cherished,
of all you possessed. It's a mess! And the message is scrawled on the wall.
It says > God bless what's left. And what's right ?
And what's wrong? Well, we still have the songs - but where are you
Gershwin now that we need you? God how we need you... And down in the city
of heartbreak and needles, a needle is rammed and a new dream begins. And
the subway's a hospital - beds on the tracks. And the victims are cracked
under bandages, wrapped in their oxygen tents. Looking tense because the
doctor's demented and holding a pin... and if they cry out, he'll hammer it
in. Yes, Gershwin is grinning > God how I need you right now... Watch Washington wash in what's left of the Whitehouse.
Hear Hendrix
make love to his ghost. Hear Abraham, Marin and John sing a song as they
snip at your hair, as they butter their toast. Fred Astaire sings along as
he skips down the stairs of the Pentagon. Gone! It's all gone - the
American dream.
... Christ, it's only a dream. But where are you, George? Now that we need
you...

I am the way, the truth, the light

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! >>.