

Soma Bath

The Legendary Pink Dots

Powdered Heaven dressed in plastic pulled the shades down on his eye. Pinprick pupils soaring skywards Offer him no alibis. But then, who needs them? He's quite perfect. Perfect body, perfect teeth that flash sublime and blind the kids who Spread their legs for their belief. Who cross themselves at the drop of a parable; Who scream they're saved when they've touched his jeans Who swear his wisdom's just infallible and beg for mercy -- in his dreams... Another day. another sermon. Broken bread, forgotten lines. A line for comfort keeps him human. The needle trembles, band on tight. Another little perforation ventilates him and paints him white. A wordless song, a prayer to no-one but still he whistles through the night. They found him on his throne of porcelain. A rusty chain draped 'round his neck. Incapable. Incoherent. His eyes switched off but a king no less! The jury all wore black chewed razors. Witnesses were D.O.A. O.D'd, amoral, senses skewered. Dribbling lies and tooth decay. They declared his guilt. The defence said nothing... sobbing as the judge turned blue and washed his hands and said "Lord forgive us, for we know not what we do..." "Drown in your soma bath!" They said, "Drown in your soma bath! What are we gonna do with you? Let the punishment fit the crime! We have the technology. We got the instruments. Down! Down in your soma bath..."