

The Warden

The Legendary Pink Dots

Your house from here is maintained...
The fear of my return
Is smeared across the portals
Stings the wine, it contaminates the mortals...

Coiled up, caged and clandestine
A head crack in the back yard...
Cross of air, in line!
Now tell me...
Do you see three golden calves?

Your prize shall be a doormat
With a prayer...
A fortune cookie dares:

"Now down boy!
Turn to Mecca!
Keep those eyes fixed to the floor!"

"See sores collect...
Let's see you sweat!
Turn left!
Yes, I can see you channeling..."

"Ahoy there!
Cast the net!
Up here is not the place for you!"

I channel too...
But I direct...
There's time to kill...
These arms are stretched!

But I shall move these fingers!
Stay in line... can you hear me?

Heard me...
Herd you...
Stole your souls...
And sold you blinkers...

Chains wrapped 'round your feet...
You're obsolete!

But eternally, you'll linger...

Way down there...
Beneath my feet...
Way down there...
Beneath my feet!