

This One-Eyed Man Is King

The Legendary Pink Dots

Calling spirits of the trees...
it's pushing 98 degrees...
The mountain's ash, the river is steam.
I'm walking through a desert that's
stretched halfway across the globe.
I'm mounting bodies, bouncing bones.
I'm coughing candy, sucking bones.
I'm kicking cans.
I'm bleeding sand.
If I'm the final man to raise a glove and fight your master pma
n then I just throw my hand in.
Calling!
Falling!
I don't need a bandage around my eyes.
You cannot...
you shall not steal these eyes...