

## Wax and Feathers

### The Legendary Pink Dots

Sometimes feel a little dizzy  
Poised upon this crest...  
Far down below the city slumbers  
I'm sure they'd be impressed...

Because these wings are here to show them why  
There's nothing left to fear.  
And we're in sympathetic hands  
That hold us dear.

I know you look at me and mutter:  
"Can faith be so blind?"  
While I paint circles 'round your steeple,  
You'll be searching for the line  
That holds me up...  
That keeps the certainty imprinted on my eyes...  
I'll be fine...fine...fine.

Sure, I've read the history books...  
That's why I fly by night...  
Because you'd lock me in the closet,  
Call the faceless men in white...

But I'll be here tomorrow  
Rest assured, I shall be sane...  
I will do it once again...

Maybe just a pile of feathers...  
A crusty pot of wax...  
See me sweep across your desperate horizon  
So relax...

If I fly away and look for demons plotting in a cave...

Just wave...wave....