

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Break Day

The slogans turned to secrets. The symbols turned to stains. The face of an 'enemy' was imprinted on our brains. Made us spectres at the shutters, faces covered, taking aim, faking blame. Breakday (The breaks failed - we all broke down together) Drains were painted scarlet. Scars were opened wide. Kids saluted in the basements, whistled hymns and homicide. And though we wanted to change things, the fact remains, we never tried. Breakday (The breaks failed - breaking down together).

But YOU had a chance.

You had the brains, you had the money - could have bought an aeroplane and skipped this hole for somewhere sunny. You recognised the symptoms, smelt the hatred in the air. But you stayed... You better pray.

A nurse hid and shivered as an army axed her door. Linking arms, drinking orders, unrinating on the floor. Spilt the milk, split a hymen - took her wicked, made her sore... Told her it was Breakday.