

The Legendary Pink Dots, Casting The Runes

When Madeleine appeared it always rained,
the people locked their houses, drew the curtains,
prayed and painted crosses on their doors.
They wondered who would be the next for last respects . . .
began rehearsing. Dressed in black with white
carnations, weeping 'til their eyes were sore.
And Madeleine would feel their sorrow, she
only wanted friends, but the lady's doomed to
wander until the very end--'til the end of time!
It's just the price she had to pay for life eternal
and she's sorry, and she's lonely--would love to make amends.
But where Madeleine appears it always rains, the
people lock their houses, draw the curtains, pray it
won't be them--wandering 'til the end of time!
We gather in a strict formation, hold hands in a
circle and at twilight we all we all walk around the
stones. And spirits dance, and bodies roll,
hallucinations curtsey as the river priestess
consecrates the bones. And that's the way it will be
'til the end of time . . .