

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Disturbance

We ride on the avalanche we climb the melting red lungs of the ladder that leads high to a darkening moon. We're the watchers of disaster, we're the dancers on your tomb. We're the invisible invaders of your privacy... your dreams. We're the spectres on your screen. We murmur sweet transparent lunacy on hot oppressive nights - you shine a light and you will see just a shadow.