

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Lilith

Sixteen shades of sorrow on a starless night with no escape to dawn.  
She hugged the sand; she cursed the storm for 16 days and no tomorrows.  
Mourning friends who fled and loves that died stillborn... A lifetime  
miming, hiding from the touch that claims... unchained her from the lie  
that was her past. A hollow tear lay drying on the mask, behind the  
veil, behind the mask, behind the vizor... And somewhere spiteful spirits  
laughed at her - the last survivor. Because she'd always been alone, she'd  
always be alone.