

The Legendary Pink Dots, Lisa's Separation

She covered up the mirror, hid his photo in the drawer. The sketches that he made for her were ripped and rolling across the floor. All memories and promises and plans they'd made were scratched or burned as Lisa laid her head down for the night. Still the pictures flowed day and night. There's no escape, there's no remission . . . This one's us in Paris, and this one's us in Rome. That mess was him in plasticene, those rocks were him in stone. And still she found no explanation why he left without a word. It seemed like such an ordinary night. Still the pictures flowed through the night. No escape, no remission . . . They burned his few possessions and they buried him in sand. They spent his coins in coffee bars and calmly washed their hands. The only hint of retribution was a lack of intuition--left with dirty hands without a fight. How the curses flowed through the night. Made their escape, a fruitless mission . . . His ghost peeps through the curtains gently whispering her name. It hovers over crushed mementos trying to explain. And maybe it takes 40 years of patience, swimming through the tears. He'll guard her each and every lonely night. Still the pictures flow through the night. No escape, no separation.