

The Legendary Pink Dots, Madame Guillotine (Tr

She washed her hands 300 times but still they're dripping red.

We caught her in the pauper's pit, she stole the prince's head, still cursing 'blasphemy'. O mercy me...

He staggered like a chicken. They lynched him; they left him flinching then took theirs (sic) seats and kept on knitting.

God bless the noble savage as he swaggers, as he sweats. He's making bets on who is next- he doesn't care about the colour...

(First they rounded up the reds but I'm not red so... Then they rounded up the blacks but I'm not blacks so...

Then they rounded up the gypsies and the junkies and donkeys. Now I'm scared to whistle 'swanee' cos they'll ask me for my spit...)

This is the garden that we walk in and it's dying. So we cut it down.

We're drowning now.

There's no way out.

We all fall down.