

The Legendary Pink Dots, Prisoner

Roaming spores and running sores and scorching fever. Score a pill to maybe ease the pain. But there's more to come. The thunder's in your brain, the lightning dances. Stars explode and spit. A foaming fit suck in a litt. Press > but IT RISES! Bursts the ceiling, peeling clouds and fleeing for the sun where maybe there's just a little peace. Oh please God... Just a little peace. A small release.