

The Legendary Pink Dots, Rattlesnake Arena

In Cut Throat Lane the chains were swinging. Iron boots with blades on springs were lancing. Silver dance. The ghetto ballerinas tiptoed, blasting. Rattlesnake Arena burning red black red black. The gutter sniper gasped beneath their melting mask's that kept on smiling. Dead eyed. Dog's Breath. Choke! Rattlesnake Arena burning red black red black. The stakes were low, the winner takes a wall to lean on, scrawl his name on for a night. The story starts again.