

The Legendary Pink Dots, So Gallantly Screamin

d'archangel rises with eyes that accuse. A bouquet of black orchids for you as you weep in the ruins of all that you knew, of all that you cherished, of all you possessed. It's a mess! And the message is scrawled on the wall. It says > God bless what's left. And what's right ?

And what's wrong? Well, we still have the songs - but where are you Gershwin now that we need you? God how we need you... And down in the city of heartbreak and needles, a needle is rammed and a new dream begins. And the subway's a hospital - beds on the tracks. And the victims are cracked under bandages, wrapped in their oxygen tents. Looking tense because the doctor's demented and holding a pin... and if they cry out, he'll hammer it in. Yes, Gershwin is grinning > God how I need you right now... Watch Washington wash in what's left of the Whitehouse. Hear Hendrix make love to his ghost. Hear Abraham, Marin and John sing a song as they snip at your hair, as they butter their toast. Fred Astaire sings along as he skips down the stairs of the Pentagon. Gone! It's all gone - the American dream.

... Christ, it's only a dream. But where are you, George? Now that we need you...