

The Legendary Pink Dots, Third Secret

New martyrs swinging in the wind. The dead eyes searching for messiahs in the stars. The bodies carrying the scars of no confession, no concession. No sympathy. The laughter from the front row buzzing loudly now in bars, over chicken in a basket, in the darkest corners of the Central Station. Passing round the spirit that drove Rommel to his desert hole, smashed diamonds, stripped the gold from hidden cities in Brazil. And killed the savage in the name of Mary... Burn the witch, whip the bitch who shows her ankles on the Sabbath. Bring the kids aged 1 to 63 - the family treat. Maybe there will be a vision of messiahs in the stars. Now all confess and make a wish. The priest is passing round the dish...our Lady's selling tissues for the tears, for all the years of blessed rape in the name of our sweet lord.