

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Tower Four

The night was warm, the gelignite was hot. The plot was thick. And Jenny's being sick in the bathroom. She's six months gone and will it have a chance or simply wither in the womb... The room was thick with smoke. Photographs of martyrs across the wall. There's brother John shot down at the cenotaph (yes, we'll remember!) Sister Astrid, now corrected - never says a word. The list goes on and on. The bombs, the blood... For every guilty death there's 20 more. The limbs go flying across the floor, and no-one's crying anymore. Just caught up in the crossfire - and Jenny wants her child.