

The Legendary Pink Dots, A Crack In Melancholy

I lean on the fence and you squat in the middle and we wait till
the stream runs dry.

Though you don't see the sense and we can't solve the riddle,
it's amazing how time flies.

And we hear the children calling. We agree that it's appalling
but it's best to keep on stalling. Count me out.

Now there's blood on my hands and I'm wearing a muzzle so I'll
look the other way. I'll place my head in the sand and let the
rest solve the puzzle. I'll think about just who's to blame cos
I hear the children weeping and I see the virus creeping.

History is repeating. Count me out.

Now there's chains round my neck and my head's in the oven and
the crowd kicks at my door. And you're leading the pack under
wraps, undercover cos you need to win this war.

You picked up your flag and kissed it with your black volcanic
lipstick. Now I'm simply your statistic...count me out.