

The Legendary Pink Dots, A Space Between

Billy was a car crash - all he ever knew was pain. Lived a milli-milli-milli-second; never born again. Though no one saw him coming, plenty witnessed his remains - laid a wreath yet they never knew him... Me? I'm just the rain, laid poor Billy to eternal rest, eternal rust. I soaked the dust that covers him, I wait for all the others. They all have names...

Red Harry was a bright young spark that flew and burned old London Town in '66. He flew to bits. He tore it down (bubonic bliss!). And me? I'm just the kiss our maker blew to put him out. To eternal rest. Eternal rust. To dust, to ash. I cover up and wait for all the others. We all have names...

Georgie was cut on Hitler's knee. He ran for weeks, turned shades of green... They kidnapped me and made him clean... On Winter nights, I still hear him scream. I cover up. I wait for all the others. Jane? Her mother was a hurricane who swept the plains and sneezed away a continent with me (the sea). The team that made a myth by hiding it. Became a hit on Broadway but it wasn't quite the same - they all FORGOT our names. We ALL have names.