

The Legendary Pink Dots, A Strychnine Kiss

Cut glass cathedrals slash holes in the air
so it always is raining when we kneel down in prayer
and Christ leans and laughs . . . Christ!
He's shaking his head cos the wine's Portugese and the bread's only bread . . .
No trance, no substance, no conscience for sure
as the Pope licks a jack- boot and lays down the law.
And his flock form a cross--all fall down with disease.
And the only survivors are him and his priests.
In them thar seven hills there's a big crock of gold,
but it's all stashed in sacks and belongs to a Pole.
And name any language, he's got something to sell,
but if you add it up, it's a ticket to hell.