

The Legendary Pink Dots, Flowers For The Silver

Capsule was diving, the temperature rising. Was hardly surprising his tears turned to steam in the blink of an eye. Just the hint of a cry. Baby knew he was dying - he knew he had failed. And the mountainside opened - a moment to pray for all the souls he'd come to save. Now he couldn't save himself. That's the way the world goes round. It spins so fast. It made him giddy - sucking all the power from the Silver Man. Clouds formed a halo, the sky turned to day-glo in red and in yellow. The smoke spread for miles. They stood back and waited then moved armour plated - a night and a day cutting Silver Man free! But guns were sheathed, he'd long stopped breathing. They carried him away. (No-one saw the priest scamper through the darkness, clutching at a package, wading through the wreckage. Scatter. Scattered flowers for the Silver Man.) Scientists raised hell and smashed all their razors. Tried chainsaws, tried lasers - could not leave a mark! Then sweat on the hotlines, 'If Silver Man's hostile, point all of your missiles up in the sky!' And eyes watched for armies on lonely horizons and down in crowded cities..... A multi-coloured, multi lingual vigil through the day and through the night. Suffer. Suffered hours for the silver men! Down in the garden, hands clutching a garland, the Silver Man's solemn but he's trying to smile. Aware of his failure, the world still in danger.....He takes comfort from angels. They tell him 'You tried!' But Silver Man knows there's no hope anymore. The sky is getting darker, it promises a shower. Showers for the Silver Man! Promnezh Nivarrh!