

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Green Gang

Drowning in dog stew and strangled in vine. Blister wine  
burns the inside . . . (They flew in a line over poppy fields.  
They'd drop and they'd blast their supply. On demand!  
They persist. They pervert. They command: "RED alert."  
And green burns to yellow, to orange, to dirt covered  
baby bones in powder piles. Mile after mile. And a  
line costs a dime. A slaughter's a quarter. Yes, the  
Green God's immortal, whispers "Peace in our time." RED alert!  
Here come the Green Gang . . .