

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Hanging Gardens

Twisted East South North with the wind that rippled his hair. Ice stare constant, laughing - but the joy

Dancing with the dead -- so peaceful there.

Branded as a thief. They stole his name, they stole his face. Gone without a trace... they killed his o

Love notes and carnations, fading, slowly dying... lying at his feet. Her sweet aroma lingered on the

Blow gently, blow gently...

Dressed in virgin's white, she masked her eyes with cold surprise. He cursed her name, the pain w

A place for me, a place for you....