

The Legendary Pink Dots, Hellsville

Fixing on a lonely star on 4 Avengers morning, on the blood stained steps of Hope, forgotten, carrying our cross like guilty children waiting 'til our father's home. Hel" crack our backs, he'll break our bones. His iron rod will comb the hair that stiffens on our spines. We walk defeated in a line. Our one release is in the fiery furnace . . . Take us swiftly, take us now to Hellsville (Bells peal! Roll the barrel . . . Down the pills.) But still we'll never die because we cannot pay enough. Our sweet Lord may be merciful, but he likes to play things tough. And HELL is where the action is. They came from lonely stars in search of wholesome entertainment. We're the stars. We're the stars that line the stage--the attraction of the ages. Buy a ticket, feel our pain. God, it's outrageous. It's a scream in Hellsville.