

The Legendary Pink Dots, Kingdom Of The Flies

Who will pull the trigger, send the whole thing up in flames? Who is juggling figures, plans the last move of the game? Now we're coughing blood, the desert winds erupt, the power's cut, our dream has been corrupted. Maybe we never dreamed enough. Count to five and shut your eyes, you'll find that everything's still there, a little slower, less alive, and I've got lizards in my hair. Still I chew my daily bread, I cannot let go of my thread, you still scream inside my head. All the things I should have said, never said, never say. And the cat ripped out my tongue, the vulture swooped and stole my eyes. I'm scavengin crumbs in the Kingdom of the Flies. Fly me.(x5)