

The Legendary Pink Dots, Our Lady In Chambers

Our lady on the Bleeding Ground, her satin gown is trailing in the mud. She ducks a football cos it's Christmas Day and the shells are duds. And Tom and Jerry drink their Bovril, crawl out from the trenches swap their wives, and swap addresses til Our Lady's calling time. Then back in line behind your pistols. Swines in schnitzels. Zyklon Tea. You hear him plea, you watch him grovel. Give it to him right between the eyes...