

The Legendary Pink Dots, Our Lady In Kharki

Our lady on the wall selling poppies for Our Boys. Our price. Our choice.
we bought one-watched Our Lady fly confetti fly the city die in flames as
tanks spat amber at the Odeon. A soldier on the podium. One leg, a face
that's splashed with egg... a roadmap stained by cherry brandy, cracking
jokes about The Jerry. And we snatched his helmet, pissed and blew our
whistles with the steam. The kettle boiling, so we stamped and screamed for
China tea. Were playing Shanghai in the cloisters, sucking oysters, dipping
fingers, finding pearls the size of avadado pears. The treasure's there - a
shame there's nowhere left to spend it... Shall we share the powdered milk
and wait for God?