

The Legendary Pink Dots, The Key To Heaven

They recycled all the cripples; resurrected all the dead.
In a technicolour sundown, they had 'em standing on their heads.
Now they're propping up our front line, but behind them is a plague.
Maybe the whole shit finished months ago, but they just forgot to say...
And I'm proud to say I made it - sweet 16 and I'd like to share a glass,
but this rot wine turns my inside out and I can't drink it through this mask...
You remember how it started - all the liberation stuff;
how the man would tip his beret - he was really one of us.
My milk turned to Mecca, my face fell to the floor.
I think I've found the key to Heaven, but I cannot find the door.