

The Legendary Pink Dots, Tower One

Faces at a window, fingers clutching at the bars. A fly skips from an eyebrow to an elbow, across a scar. And stars are laughing as the wind bites - doesn't leave a mark... because the Tower stands impregnable - a beacon in the dark.

And no-one names a crime committed, no-one blames a soul. Their cases heard so long ago - forget about parole. And faculties are failing because they're really rather old. And sick. And tired, much too jaded. How they weep, cos how they hate it.

Sky dye on her fingers. The air was turning blue, as captain whispered, 'Blindfold's optional - you wouldn't like the view! She shook her head and shouted back, 'I'd like to see this through.' Then joined the line of hostages - was 13th in the queue.

Rusty chains and armoured pillows stuffed with silver pins. Collecting lives like butterflies, keep them all locked in. Tattoo with a star, write a number on the chin... It's not for turning.

Slowly learning. Stomach churns, the fire's burning... No-one has the key to the Tower.

And if you listen carefully, you'll hear a baby cry. Torn screaming from her mother's womb - the lady nearly died. But the torment never stops, it's written right across the eyes of George and Jeannie, Charlotte, Renie, Uncle Geoff, Cousin Julie, Audrey, Johnny, Andy, Mandy, Algernon. And Barbarella, Shelly, Napoleon. Winston, April, Philip, Roland, Barry, Sally, Patrick, Me! Me! Mimi...