

# The Legendary Pink Dots, Tower Three

The echo of a thousand marching boots hammers on the air. They're singing anthems, chanting oaths and whistle as Salome lifts her skirt because they're 'real' men and they're healthy, happy... own the place. They raise hell when they're sober, wrestle tigers when they're drunk. In their living rooms a picture of the queen nestles in between Miss August and a placard saying HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS. (Keep it pure, keep it white. Keep it free of undesirables because freedom is so valuable and getting scarcer.). Fight! So they march. Smashing windows, splashing slogans, pushing petrol bombs through doors 'til a uniform appears. Gently whisper in the ear of the leader. "That's against the law but we'll ignore it this time. Peace Krime's got to be official!" Keep it clean. Keep it quiet. In a lonely moor the digger's working, bigger holes hold more... And the patriots stay in as convoys rattle down the street. No-one hears the weeping, no-one listens for the cracks at dawn. The shovelling goes on and on and on. But the patriots aren't frightened cos they heard it on T.V. that a Golden Age lies 'round the corner. And day now...