

The Legendary Pink Dots, Wall Purges Night

Right hand raised. The left plants stickers - picking out the deviant. A choice of colours, inclinations, factions that see only red. He wants them dead. He kills them in his mirror when it's dark... And when he thinks that no-one is looking he spreads the spraypaint and leaves his mark. Swastikas shout out from walls, they're tattooed on a million fists. Clenched together, safe in numbers... waving from the precipice. Fodder! Plod on down your icy path... A cannon is waiting for the fodder. Enlightenment comes with a blast. A bang. A bangabangabang...

Another place. A different story. Fingers play with stale cigars. Business creeks, the warehouse leaks, the chairman sold his daughter's car. He's reading charts and sharpening knives for cutting when the time seems right - for him alone. No pause for mercy if the victim's out of sight.

Equality is a word for cranks to shout out as the batons swing. It's beautiful in theory... he knows it's not for him. He's got his fodder!

In higher places, clocks chime for the meeting of the lords. They stay discreet as guilty secrets cause no shame behind closed doors. A portion for the megabomb. A portion for the queen... can't forget the army or the law 'cos they have to keep the cities clean. And sure they know they'll get their way as protests echo from the streets. (The blood is thicker from the streets) His hired guns and sheets of armor gives them shelter through the heat! The fodder...

But there are other bullets, other walls, where justice cries in shiny red. Where reason dies and passion burns persuasion's just a hole in the head. Purges after midnight... There's no discretion in the mass. A volley. A silence as they cover up the mess.

Don't kid yourself. You're civilized - it could happen anywhere. In choking cities, steaming jungles... maybe even here.