

Legendary Pink Dots "A Strychnine Kiss"

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Cut glass cathedrals
slash holes in the air
so it always is raining
when we kneel down in prayer.
And Christ leans and laughs. . .
Christ! He's shaking his head
cos the wine's Portugese
and the bread's only bread . . .
No trance, no substance, no conscience for sure
as the Pope licks a jackboot and lays down the law.
And his flock form a cross--
all fall down with disease.
And the only survivors

are him and his priests.
In them thar seven hills
there's a big crock of gold,
but it's all stashed in sacks
and belongs to a Pole.
And name any language,
he's got something to sell,
but if you add it up,
it's a ticket to hell.

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