

Legendary Pink Dots "Cheraderama"

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Colliding in the stroboscope... Yes, now you see me,
now you don't.
Tonight I'm dressed in black, I mourn the death of
colour. Hopeless,
crying in my wine through happy hour; trace the lines
that crawl across
my face and round my eyes. Watch the ballerinas fly on
powder clouds
through six dimensions, seeing just the patterns on the
wall. Cold eyes
searching for a space that's warm enough to take them
through the night.
There's only black & white. Express. We never touch,
we only press.
Can taste the desperation in your breath, I swear that
I'll protect you if
you'd only look into my eyes. Chose your masks and
raise your armour. Eyes

down for Cheraderama!

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