

Legendary Pink Dots "The Light In My Little Girl's Eyes"

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The street looked kind of different - harsher colours
sharper
angles. Shops stacked high with stereos and rows of
magazines. Smells
of coffee, glossy limousines. The sun danced on the
chromium. Slant
eyes drowning in the light. Lights turned red as elbows
jabbed, voices
snarled and luck turned sour, Children screamed!
Brakes were
screeching! Knees were pumping, ribs were
crunching... Crushing,
drowning deeper...
The street looked kind of different. The paving stones
were playing
cards, and cried out as I skipped from the red to the
black. Cracked a
joke about the joker, saluted all the kings, threw a ring
to the
blackest queen who ushered me away to the palace in
the square where
the air's so cold and it gets so lonely in the night.
She whispered sleazy secrets on the couch by the TV.
3D visions of a

soapflake, trumpets blared, a voice declared: "Are you
feeling dirty?"
Yes but also very pleased. Heard applause, felt the
claws in my back,
rocking backwards, rocking forwards in the groove.
The earth moved!
The couch moved! We rolled on the felt, knocked the
vases off the
shelf... Watched ourselves in the mirror, like animals
like cannibals!
And you ate my ear so I nibbled on your shoulder...
Rolled your tongue
up in my hands - I swallowed it whole. Flesh decreasing
by the second
until all that remained were the eyes, mine brown,
yours black. Tilted
back, we stared at the hollywood sunset. Brighter now...

it looks so
pretty tonight. The light in my little girl's eyes...

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