

Legendary Pink Dots **"The Red And The Black"**

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Reflecting on the Empire after eight... pig's head on a
plate
white wine... The mint imperials circulated... Captain
sips his brandy,
curses Ghandi, dreams Napoleon and Delhi turns to
jelly; Bombay ducks;
Calcutta shivers down in its hole... Old England is out to
rule the waves
again - banging on the table! Routing the reds and the
browns and the
yellows. Black sky... the missiles blast home! (It's half
for me, half
for my company)

My union's name is Jack, and it's a ripper! hammers her
head with a
sickle, nails monkey to the tree. The lasers, they beam
from the stars and
Moscow is charred. Peking is leaking. Tripoli's stripped
(ha! ha!) -

Mohammed, he flees from his mountain, counting the
corpses in the stadiums
with his shades on cos the white light hurts his eyes.
And Captain, he
cries, Captain, he screams, falls out of bed. It's only a
dream (?)
Nightnurse wipes his forehead, whispers "try to sleep...
back to sleep..."

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