

Legendary Pink Dots "Third Secret"

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New martyrs swinging in the wind. The dead eyes
searching for messiahs in
the stars. The bodies carrying the scars of no
confession, no concession.
No sympathy. The laughter from the front row buzzing
loudly now in bars,
over chicken in a basket, in the darkest corners of the
Central Station.
Passing round the spirit that drove Rommel to his
desert hole, smashed
diamonds, stripped the gold from hidden cities in
Brazil. And killed the
savage in the name of Mary... Burn the witch, whip the
bitch who shows her
ankles on the Sabbath. Bring the kids aged 1 to 63 - the
family treat.
Maybe there will be a vision of messiahs in the stars.
Now all confess and
make a wish. The priest is passing round the dish...our
Lady's selling

tissues for the tears, for all the years of blessed rape in
the name of
our sweet lord.

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