

## The 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 jack-  
boot 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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