

## The 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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