

## The Legendary Pink Dots

### "Green Gang"

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Drowning in dog stew and strangled in vine. Blister  
wine  
burns the inside . . . (They flew in a line over poppy  
fields.  
They'd drop and they'd blast their supply. On demand!  
They persist. They pervert. They command: "RED alert."  
And green burns to yellow, to orange, to dirt covered  
baby bones in powder piles. Mile after mile. And a  
line costs a dime. A slaughter's a quarter. Yes, the  
Green God's immortal, whispers "Peace in our time."  
RED alert!  
Here come the Green Gang . . . .

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