

The Legendary Pink Dots "Hellsville"

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Fixing on a lonely star on 4 Avengers morning, on the
blood
stained steps of Hope, forgotten, carrying our cross
like
guilty children waiting 'til our father's home. Hel" crack
our backs, he'll break our bones. His iron rod will comb
the hair that stiffens on our spines. We walk defeated
in a line. Our one release is in the fiery furnace . . . Take
us swiftly, take us now to Hellsville (Bells peal! Roll
the barrel . . . Down the pills.) But still we'll never die
because we cannot pay enough. Our sweet Lord may
be
merciful, but he likes to play things tough. And HELL
is where the action is. They came from lonely stars in
search of wholesome entertainment. We're the stars.
We're
the stars that line the stage--the attraction of the
ages. Buy a ticket, feel our pain. God, it's outrageous.
It's a scream in Hellsville.

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