

The Legendary Pink Dots

"Princess Coldheart"

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Princess Coldheart closed her eyes and waited for the
kiss to snap her
chain between her lips. They waited proud; they waited
willing...filed
in, failed, and so she killed them.

Sitting on her cutglass throne for forty years, without a
phone, without
a single word. 100 thousand would-be suitors, dead
because they couldn't
move her.

In the courtyard flowers bloomed; they draped
themselves 'round tombs
and rows of crosses.... Pretty flowers bloomed; they
draped themselves
'round tombs and rows of crosses.

Some were daring...tried the tricks they'd learned in
France. Some would
touch her hand. Money signs etched in their eyes. She
sensed it;
one-by-one they died.

Others chanted poems...even showered her with
strange expensive gifts.
She wouldn't read; she owned the best. She laid their
flattery to
rest.

In the courtyard flowers bloomed; they draped
themselves 'round tombs
and rows of crosses.... Pretty flowers bloomed; they
draped themselves
'round tombs and rows of crosses.

Then, one October night, the humble village fool
caught sight of
Coldheart, and he fell. He smashed a rock against her
throne. He
snatched her hand and took her home.

Happily they lived forever after. He wears her chain
upon his chest. She
even lets him kiss her breast.

In the courtyard flowers bloom; they drape themselves
'round tombs and
rows of crosses.... In their garden flowers bloom; they
pick them,
decorate their room. It's touching.

It's touching, so touching. It's touching, so touching.

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