

The Legendary Pink Dots

"Regression"

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Go back eight years; you're sixteen... What do you see?
What do you
feel? A classroom..Yes..and what are they whispering?
They're whispering
about you? Why? Laughing, no, no, go back eight
years. You're eight,
where are you? In your bedroom? Yes, in your
bedroom. Shadows? Shadows
touching you, your head forced to one side. Tell me
about the black dog
and tell me ... no, no, go back eight years. What do you
see? What do you
feel? And you don't want the white light, why? Why? No,
no, go back a
hundred, two hundred...FIVE hundred years. What do
you see? What do you
feel? Your hands are tied, yes, and they're throwing
things. Fire,
you're burning, you're burning. No, go back a
thousand...A million
years. What do you see? What do you feel? Nothing,
nothing at all.
Tell me, is it better that way?

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