

The Legendary Pink Dots

"Stoned Obituary"

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lightning cracked a crooked cross across the sky above
the cross where he'd
been hanging for a day (he was stoned again!) The
breeze grew ice threw
knives blew halos hallowed cinders flew together made
a cushion for his
feet. There were spikes in his sandals, spikes in his
ankles... A spike
split the wood, syringed his vertabrae. Spikes in his
shins in his chin in
his fingers... Amused apparitions hummed the
Marsollaise. We had to look
away, he seemed so fragile. We tried to offer him a
cigarette but it was
futile... no way through. The guards screamed "Front!",
drew guns, splashed
acid.. so we retreated to the shadows squated low and
said a prayer Cameras
clicked out of sight there are fights, there were
fanfares. Fireworks
flashed across the cenotaph. Kiddies played in the pits,
spitting crisps,
licking icecreams. A spiv threw an auction for his
autograph. I never
thought it would finish quite this way. No resistance not
a word to say but
maybe we'll meet in heaven. We can talk about those
good old days. I believe
(at least I WANT to believe)

The angels landed cleared their throats and chorused
"Crown Him!" They
poured a potion on his hair it nearly drowned him. Then
they called a
minute's silence. They called the clowns in and a
cripple touched his foot
and did a cartwheel down the hill... turning once for his
wisdom, twice for
the pearl moon. A third as the thief cried "It's
judgement day." He rolled
his eyes, ripped his shirt rolled insane in the dirt.

Applause ripped the
heavens and blew the clouds away. The laughter died
as schoolgirls passed
around the tissues. Pretty patterns while a message
said "We'll miss you.
Bless you. Bless your eyes." And the bell rang twice
and we fell as his
lips moved. We stared in stoney silence as the news
guy scribbled furiously
down his final words: "I made mistakes. I've been a
fool. I tried hard byt
never thought that what started so well could end in
misery. But my motives
were good. I thought you all understood... Just don't be
hard when this day
is cloaked in history. You mistrusted me? ...," And he
died with his eyes
on... ash for ashes dust for dust a lust for dust a must
for dust die with
your eyes on...

Nomini magnus spiritus sancti filia

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