

## The Legendary Pink Dots

### "Third Secret"

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New martyrs swinging in the wind. The dead eyes  
searching for messiahs in  
the stars. The bodies carrying the scars of no  
confession, no concession.  
No sympathy. The laughter from the front row buzzing  
loudly now in bars,  
over chicken in a basket, in the darkest corners of the  
Central Station.  
Passing round the spirit that drove Rommel to his  
desert hole, smashed  
diamonds, stripped the gold from hidden cities in  
Brazil. And killed the  
savage in the name of Mary... Burn the witch, whip the  
bitch who shows her  
ankles on the Sabbath. Bring the kids aged 1 to 63 - the  
family treat.  
Maybe there will be a vision of messiahs in the stars.  
Now all confess and  
make a wish. The priest is passing round the dish...our  
Lady's selling  
tissues for the tears, for all the years of blessed rape in  
the name of  
our sweet lord.

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