

The Legendary Pink Dots

"Tower Four"

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The night was warm, the gelignite was hot. The plot
was thick. And
Jenny's being sick in the bathroom. She's six months
gone and will it
have a chance or simply wither in the womb... The room
was thick with
smoke. Photographs of martyrs across the wall. There's
brother John
shot down at the cenotaph (yes, we'll remember!)
Sister Astrid, now
corrected - never says a word. The list goes on and on.
The bombs,
the blood... For every guilty death there's 20 more. The
limbs go
flying across the floor, and no-one's crying anymore.
Just caught up
in the crossfire - and Jenny wants her child.

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