

## The Legendary Pink Dots

### "Tower One"

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Faces at a window, fingers clutching at the bars. A fly  
skips from an  
eyebrow to an elbow, across a scar. And stars are  
laughing as the  
wind bites - doesn't leave a mark... because the Tower  
stands  
impregnable - a beacon in the dark.  
And no-one names a crime committed, no-one blames  
a soul. Their cases  
heard so long ago - forget about parole. And faculties  
are failing  
because they're really rather old. And sick. And tired,  
much too  
jaded. How they weep, cos how they hate it.  
Sky dye on her fingers. The air was turning blue, as  
captain  
whispered, 'Blindfold's optional - you wouldn't like the  
view! She  
shook her head and shouted back, "I'd like to see this  
through." Then  
joined the line of hostages - was 13th in the queue.  
Rusty chains and armoured pillows stuffed with silver  
pins.  
Collecting lives like butterflies, keep them all locked in.  
Tattoo  
with a star, write a number on the chin... It's not for  
turning.  
Slowly learning. Stomach churns, the fire's burning...  
No-one has the  
key to the Tower.  
And if you listen carefully, you'll hear a baby cry. Torn  
screaming  
from her mother's womb - the lady nearly died. But the  
torment never  
stops, it's written right across the eyes of George and  
Jeannie,  
Charlotte, Renie, Uncle Geoff, Cousin Julie, Audrey,  
Johnny, Andy,  
Mandy, Algernon. And Barbarella, Shelly, Napoleon.  
Winston, April,  
Philip, Roland, Barry, Sally, Patrick, Me! Me! Mimi...

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