

## A Strychnine Kiss

The Legendary Pink Dots

Cut glass cathedrals  
Slash holes in the air  
So it always is raining  
When we kneel down in prayer.  
And Christ leans and laughs. . .  
Christ! He's shaking his head  
'cause the wine's Portuguese  
And the bread's only bread . . .  
No trance, no substance, no conscience for sure  
As the Pope licks a jackboot and lays down the law.  
And his flock form a cross--  
All fall down with disease.  
And the only survivors  
Are him and his priests.  
In them thar seven hills  
There's a big crock of gold,  
But it's all stashed in sacks  
And belongs to a Pole.  
And name any language,  
He's got something to sell,  
But if you add it up,  
It's a ticket to hell.