

Disturbance

The Legendary Pink Dots

We ride on the avalanche we climb the melting red lungs of the
ladder that
leads high to a darkening moon. We're the watchers of disaster,
we're the
dancers on your tomb. We're the invisible invaders of your priv
acy... your
dreams. We're the spectres on your screen. We murmur sweet tran
sparent
lunacy on hot oppressive nights - you shine a light and you wil
l see just
a shadow.