

## Prisoner

### The Legendary Pink Dots

Roaming spores and running sores and scorching fever. Score a p  
ill to maybe  
ease the pain. But there's more to come. The thunder's in your  
brain, the  
lightning dances. Stars explode and spit. A foaming fit suck in  
a litt.  
Press > but IT RISES! Bursts the ceiling, peeling clouds  
and fleeing for the sun where maybe there's just a little peace  
. Oh please  
God... Just a little peace. A small release.