

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.