

Rattlesnake Arena

The Legendary Pink Dots

In Cut Throat Lane the chains were swinging. Iron boots with blades on
Spirals were lancing. Silver dance. The ghetto ballerinas tiptoed,
Blasting. Rattlesnake Arena burning red black red black. The gutter
Sniper gasped beneath their melting mask's that kept on smiling. Dead
Eyed. Dog's Breath. Choke! Rattlesnake Arena burning red black red black.
The stakes were low, the winner takes a wall to lean on, scrawl his name
On for a night. The story starts again.