

Third Secret

The Legendary Pink Dots

New martyrs swinging in the wind. The dead eyes searching for messiahs in
The stars. The bodies carrying the scars of no confession, no concession.
No sympathy. The laughter from the front row buzzing loudly now
in bars,
Over chicken in a basket, in the darkest corners of the Central
Station.
Passing round the spirit that drove Rommel to his desert hole,
smashed
Diamonds, stripped the gold from hidden cities in Brazil. And killed the
Savage in the name of Mary... Burn the witch, whip the bitch who shows her
Ankles on the Sabbath. Bring the kids aged 1 to 63 - the family
treat.
Maybe there will be a vision of messiahs in the stars. Now all
confess and
Make a wish. The priest is passing round the dish...our Lady's
selling
Tissues for the tears, for all the years of blessed rape in the
name of
Our sweet lord.