The Legendary Pink Dots, City Ghosts

There was a time, a time for secrets. We'd walk together in the forest, hand in hand. We'd look under the danced for the old gods, danced for the new gods, danced for the ones we never heard about. Tonight I feel nostalgic, feeling happy. And the powder in my pocket's crying "Eat me! Eat me! Eat I got my crown, I got my scepter. Letters on my buttons spell Napoleon. I'll give you money, give you be you think that they'll lock us away? Padded cells, packet-soup on alternate days? Maybe we shadow rests, suggests no entry. A tramp complains, collapses weeping gently. A figure smiles at He sang in the rain, he danced in the thunder, Bowed as we bellowed from the balcony. Stepped of the song decayed in suits of amber. Coughing as they burned in glowing embers. A priest held up We played in the neon, bade out the paeons, slobbering in tongues to the subway gods. Just like the