

The Legendary Pink Dots, New Tomorrow

Silent as the final hour heralding a quake, we cut the wire . . .
We slipped the guard, sprayed "LOVE" across the barricades.
As searchlights swooped and froze and failed to isolate
a trace of life outside the gates of New Tomorrow.
The penalty for deviation's clear to those with ears
and eyes. We stretch our claws behind closed doors.
We always have our alibis. Outside we smile with
lips zipped, eyes fixed forward. We never criticise the
pure and guiding Light of new Tomorrow.
But though they burned the history books, they
cannot kill the ghost that cruises Blindman's
boulevard and plants a rose . . . who flings his seeds
of Breakdown Bridge and sees a legend grow of life
beyond the throes of New Tomorrow.
And we have watched the sun roll down the
mountain to a frozen lake. We have heard our laughs
go on forever deep inside a crystal cave. We
told them as they plunged the needle, pledging
our escape from the all-embracing arms of New
Tomorrow. WE SHALL SEE OUR KINGDOM COME!