

The Legendary Pink Dots, The Light In My Little C

The street looked kind of different - harsher colours sharper angles. Shops stacked high with stereos and rows of magazines. Smells of coffee, glossy limousines. The sun danced on the chromium. Slant eyes drowning in the light. Lights turned red as elbows jabbed, voices snarled and luck turned sour, Children screamed! Brakes were screeching! Knees were pumping, ribs were crunching... Crushing, drowning deeper...

The street looked kind of different. The paving stones were playing cards, and cried out as I skipped from the red to the black. Cracked a joke about the joker, saluted all the kings, threw a ring to the blackest queen who ushered me away to the palace in the square where the air's so cold and it gets so lonely in the night.

She whispered sleazy secrets on the couch by the TV. 3D visions of a soapflake, trumpets blared, a voice declared: "Are you feeling dirty?"; Yes but also very pleased. Heard applause, felt the claws in my back, rocking backwards, rocking forwards in the groove. The earth moved! The couch moved! We rolled on the felt, knocked the vases off the shelf... Watched ourselves in the mirror, like animals like cannibals! And you ate my ear so I nibbled on your shoulder... Rolled your tongue up in my hands - I swallowed it whole. Flesh decreasing by the second until all that remained were the eyes, mine brown, yours black. Tilted back, we stared at the hollywood sunset. Brighter now... it looks so pretty tonight. The light in my little girl's eyes...