

# Prisoner

## Legendary Pink Dots

Roaming spores and running sores and scorching fever. Score a pill to maybe  
ease the pain. But there's more to come. The thunder's in your brain, the  
lightning dances. Stars explode and spit. A foaming fit suck in a litt.  
Press > but IT RISES! Bursts the ceiling, peeling clouds  
and fleeing for the sun where maybe there's just a little peace. Oh please  
God... Just a little peace. A small release.

Lyrics provided by

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