

Cheraderama

Legendary Pink Dots

Colliding in the stroboscope... Yes, now you see me, now you don't.
Tonight I'm dressed in black, I mourn the death of colour. Hopeless,
crying in my wine through happy hour; trace the lines that crawl across
my face and round my eyes. Watch the ballerinas fly on powder clouds
through six dimensions, seeing just the patterns on the wall. Cold eyes
searching for a space that's warm enough to take them through the night.
There's only black & white. Express. We never touch, we only press.
Can taste the desperation in your breath, I swear that I'll protect you if
you'd only look into my eyes. Chose your masks and raise your armour. Eyes
down for Cheraderama!

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