

Pink Riots

Dog Fashion Disco

Restroom magicians.
Mescaline visions.
Pink riots and pigmen in city streets.
And in the gutter, distorted colours.
At the end of the rainbow our copper turned gold.
In the discotheque the strobes pulsates,
As the punks and junkies masturbate.
Their burning bodies permeate in ecstasy and altered states.
All the pretty queers revolt in leather
As kings and queens forecast the weather.
Here come the vaudeville assassins,
High on cocaine and vitamins.
The city is alive tonight.
I am the owner of a curious organ,
You are the dogma of the porcelain angels.
Hypodermic boyfriend.
You'll never be forgiven.
Say goodbye and let him go.
Let him go.
The feminine police are crucified in bleach.
Dirty and diseased,
Unable to get clean.

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