

Regression

Legendary Pink Dots

Go back eight years; you're sixteen... What do you see? What do you feel? A classroom..Yes..and what are they whispering? They're whispering about you? Why? Laughing, no, no, go back eight years. You're eight, where are you? In your bedroom? Yes, in your bedroom. Shadows? Shadows touching you, your head forced to one side. Tell me about the black dog and tell me ... no, no, go back eight years. What do you see? What do you feel? And you don't want the white light, why? Why? No, no, go back a hundred, two hundred...FIVE hundred years. What do you see? What do you feel? Your hands are tied, yes, and they're throwing things. Fire, you're burning, you're burning. No, go back a thousand...A million years. What do you see? What do you feel? Nothing, nothing at all.
Tell me, is it better that way?

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