

Pink Riots

Dog Fashion Disco

Restroom magicians, mescaline visions
Pink riots and pigmen, in the city streets

And in the gutters, distorted colors
At the end of the rainbow, our copper turned gold

In the discotheque the strobes pulsates
As punks and junkies masturbate
Their burning bodies permeate
In ecstasy and altered states

The city is alive tonight
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All the pretty queers revolt in leather
As kings and queens forecast the weather
Here come the vaudeville assassins
High on cocaine and vitamins

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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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