

Ghosts of Unborn Children

The Legendary Pink Dots

Did you hear me crying in the night that lasts forever?
Did you see me reaching out from Never Never Land?
The kingdom of the blind, the damned; a bitter man; an also-ran.
The ghosts of unborn children stretch their hands and clutch at nothing...
Preconceived. Part of the plan that makes no sense and casts no shadow, no reflection in your mirror. Hiding right beneath your eyes... but so difficult to find, you gave up long before you started. What I'd give to be alive for just one second...