

Siouxsie and The Banshees, 92 Degrees

The day drags by like a wounded animal
The approaching disease, 92 degrees
The blood in our veins and the brains in our head
The approaching unease, 92 degrees

Long ago in the headlines, they noticed it too
But too late for the loved ones and nearly for you...

Shaky lines -- on the horizon
Snaky thoughts -- invade each person
Watch the red line -- creeping upwards
Watch the sanity line weaken
The volcanic depths of Hades' ocean
Bubble under, these crazed eruptions
It wriggles and writhes and bites within,
Just below the sweating skin

I wondered when this would happen again
Now I watch the red line, reach that number again
The blood in our veins and the brains in our head...

Drink the water with jagged glass
Eat the cactus with bleeding mouth
Not 91 or 93, but 92 Fahrenheit degrees

Shaky lines -- on the horizon
Snaky thoughts -- invade each person
Not 91 or 93, but 92 Fahrenheit degrees