

# 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