Siouxsie and The Banshees, Bring Me The Head

Following desire in your eyes, in your eyes You're mine, you're mine, all mine Following the signs in your mind, your crazy mind You're mine, you're mine, all mine

Bring me the head of the Preacher man From the sickening daze...

Oh the rotting sun washes down
The moonshine boys
The vultures drool
They pluck the gold dust from his eyes
And pick his bones until they're clean
The book of sorrows - The American dreams
The book of sorrows - The American dreams

Bring me the head of the Preacher man On the blazing trail...

Heaven holds lone star promise El Dorado - the insane theatre Once more we rise To drain the last of liquid sleep The gift of chance Eating the worm The viper drops and dances And everything stops and dances

We tumble down these lonely days We tumble down...