

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Cities In Dust

Water was running, children were running
You were running out of time
Under the mountain, a golden fountain
Were you praying at the Lares' shrine?
But oh your city lies in dust, my friend

We found you hiding -- we found you lying
Choking on the dirt and sand
Your former glories and all the stories
Dragged and washed with eager hands
But oh your city lies in dust, my friend

Hot and burning -- in your nostrils
Pouring down your gaping mouth
Your molten bodies -- blanket of cinders
Caught in the throes...
And oh your city lies in dust