

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Fall From Grace

I am stone and I am blade
A sharp eternal instant
A darker heart a distant moan
Pleasures' deep and spectral instinct

Look me in the eye
Speak it to my face
My hate is cold
As I fall from grace

So wish away my gravity
A curse the one and only
Lay terror tight unholy flight
Bear witness to the descent

Yet nothing is forever
So come nearer and confess
But like a tender bruise
Temptation waits in one caress

Look me in the eye
Speak it to my face
My hate is cold
As I fall from grace

Cast me out and save your soul
From madness rhyme and reason
You banish doubt I'll spread the fear
You'd better start believing

Look me in the eye
Speak it to my face
My hate is cold
As I fall from grace