

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Cities In Dust (Extended Version)

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