

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Ice House

The ice house preserves  
with incestuous flowers  
their nightly perfume overpowers me  
the stamens kiss  
entwined devouring  
the heart will melt whilst the ice remains

erogenous touch-of brother and sister  
the ice retains life-no offspring to bear phallic flower etched into my memory  
a feline form on a frosted pane

not ashes to ashes  
not dust to dust  
a beckoning bouquet  
of blossoming lust

oh will you stay-until this moment's complete? oh let me freeze you-with this fragrance so sweet we  
the door will lock shut-when the ice names the day