

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Icon

My eyes went up to Heaven  
You didn't say I'd be blind  
Without them

Icons -- feed the fires  
Icons -- falling from the spires

Thine eyes rain down from Heaven  
You always said I'd be blind  
Without them

Icons -- feed the fires  
Icons -- falling from the spires

Those words hang like vicious spittle  
Dribbling from that tongue  
Close your eyes to your lies  
Force feed more pious meat

Those nebulous codes and disciplines  
Stick in that new born throat  
Instill a lie -- an artificial eye  
To view a perfect land

Icons -- feed the fires  
Icons -- falling from the spires

Can I? -- stick skewers in my skin  
And whirl a dervish spin  
Can I? -- set myself on fire  
To prove some kind of desire

Icons -- feed the fires  
Icons -- falling from the spires

The guilt is golden  
The guilt is golden  
Those ageless lies  
The shuttered eyes  
It's the nightpiece  
It's the Icon