Siouxsie and The Banshees, Melt!

You are the melting man You are your situation There is no time to breathe And yet one single breath Leads to an insatiable desire Of suicide... in sex

So many blazing orchids Burning in your throat Making you choke Making you sigh Sigh in tiny deaths

So Melt! My lover, melt! She said melt! My lover, melt!

You are the melting man And as you melt You are beheaded Handcuffed in lace, blood, & mp; sperm

Swimming in poison Gasping in the fragrance Sweat carves a screenplay Of discipline... and devotion

So Melt! My lover, melt! She said melt! My lover, melt!

Can you see? See into the black of a long, black car Pulling away from a funeral of flowers With my hand between your legs Melting...