

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Pointing Bone

From the fury pit, a reek of misery  
Like a trumpet groan, tornado moan  
The splendor splits like a golden skin  
He and the wizards cry like humming birds  
In treasure glows, your weeping wings  
And a slaughter grins, on a pleasure spike

When held on high by the riverside  
Like a torn-throat child  
In a jackals hide  
Cool water dies, vile diamond eyes

Silent in flamingo ease  
Distant in troubled trance  
Within a whirlpool, we're breaking our backs  
The tears of the moon  
The sweat of the sun  
Sacrificial hearts for a pointing bone  
With a Gorgon's head and a cloak of skulls  
They're kindling fires in open wounds  
Pointing bone

In a jaguar skin, blood matted mane  
Beacons blaze toward a waning moon  
When held on high by the riverside  
Like a torn-throat child  
In a jackals hide  
Cool water dies, vile diamond eyes

The tears of the moon  
The sweat of the sun  
Sacrificial hearts for a pointing bone