

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Premature Burial

This catacomb compels me  
Corroding and inert  
It weights and tries to pull me  
Must I resist or re-assert?

The unchanged and the unchangeable  
Doing the zombierama  
Singing Oh come and be like me,  
We're all sisters and brothers

Ejected to this state of being  
Don't bury me with this  
I'm in a state of catalepsy  
Can I really exist?

Clawing from the inside  
Drowning in your chant  
Thoughts come flooding through me  
Despairing unity

The unchanged and the unchangeable  
Doing the zombierama  
Singing Oh come and be like me,  
We're all sisters and brothers

Red and white carnations  
Can't intoxicate my brain  
This blissful suffocation  
It is driving me to pain  
Oh what a bloody shame

The unchanged and the unchangeable  
Doing the zombierama  
Singing Oh come and be like me,  
We're all sisters and brothers

I'm not your sister  
Or your brother  
Don't bury me with this  
Join hands-join hands  
We're all sisters and brothers  
Sisters and brothers  
I can't relate to you  
You're no relation of mine