

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