

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Pulled To Bits

Tongues are clacking words of one vision
One tiny incision and teeth are cracking

on thin air, on thin air
And teeth are cracking on thin air
Pulled to bits--in silence
left rotting on the ground
Slowly pulled to bits--in silence
without a sound, without a sound
Buildings bleached with shatter-shatter-clatter

fill their senses with cement
watch the people scatter
one by one, one by one

Pulled to bits--in silence
left rotting on the ground
Slowly pulled to bits--in silence
without a sound, without a sound

Young lungs snapping coming up for air
the mindless ones yapping, slashing through the thoroughfare
one by one, one by one
oh one by one without a fucking care

Pulled to bits--in silence
left rotting on the ground
Slowly pull to bits--in silence
without a sound, without a fucking sound
Pulled to bits, yackety-yackety-yack-yack-yack

Pulled to bits, shatter-shatter-shatter-clatter
Pulled to bits, yap-yap-yap-yapping
Pulled to bits--without a sound