

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Shadowtime

The voice asleep, the voice has vanished  
From the top of the sky to the place below  
Touch the surface and the mirror bends  
Your words resound, out of control

Freeze into time now

Still inside yet doubt survives  
It all begins beneath the skin  
No-one is near, no-one will hear  
Your changeling song takes shape  
In Shadowtime

Turn your wish to a vapour, the silhouette fades  
Eclipse your blue eyes and the outline remains  
From the house of the moon to the stars up above  
Amidst the comets, first sight of love

So begin the countdown

Falling sky, a solar sigh  
It all begins beneath the skin  
No-one is near, no-one will hear  
Your changeling song takes shape  
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Catching fire, taking hold  
All that glisters leaves you cold  
No-one is near, no-one will hear  
Your changeling song takes shape  
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