

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Swimming Horses

Falling in your, falling in your in your arms  
Fish on a line, learns to live on dry land  
Thrown back again to drown

Kinder with poison  
Then pushed down the well or a face burnt to hell  
Feel the cruel stones breaking her bones  
Dead before born  
Words fall in ruins -- but no sound  
She's dying of your shame -- she's maimed by your pain  
He gives birth to swimming horses

Fish on a line, walking on dry land  
But back in the water to drown -- we drown  
Floating in sky  
He gives birth to swimming horses

Take a ride on the tide with the assassin at your side  
the weightlessness under water -- forgets in slow motion  
And watches pointless tortures  
He gives birth to swimming horses  
Floating in sky like fishes can fly through your arms