

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Tearing Apart

I know it's all a game  
I know they're all insane  
I know it's all in vain  
I know that I'm to blame  
This tearing apart

I think we all should die  
I think we're dead inside  
I know the purest rain  
Won't wash the bloody stain  
I know it waits to strike  
This sickness from inside

Will tear us apart  
You're still in my heart  
Tearing apart  
Tearing apart  
Oh you hold the rain

Far far away  
Wild swans skim across a lake  
Then soar in a white arc  
Above my head I wake

Tearing apart  
You're still in my heart  
Tearing apart  
Tearing apart  
Oh you hold the rain