

Siouxsie and The Banshees, The Killing Jar

Down where this ugly man
Seeks his sustenance
Down in the blue, midnight flare
A glass hand cuts through the water
Scything into his twisted roots
Then from his eyes
Spring fireflies
Breathing life
Into a roaring disguise

Needles and sins, sins and needles
He's gasping for air
In the wishing well
Dust to rust, ashes on gashes
Hand around the killing jar

A soft hoodwink of shadows
The size of make-believe
Punching through his spike of rage
A glass hand cuts through the water
Snuffing out the magic fury
Then from inside
Bolt lightning cries
Swiftly crushed
The final, muffled sighs

Needles & Sins, Sins & Needles
He's gasping for air
In the wishing well

Dust to rust, ashes on gashes
Hand around the killing jar
Hand around the killing jar