

# 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