

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, The Last Beat Of My

In the sharp gust of love  
My memory stirred  
When time wreathed a rose  
A garland of shame  
It's thorn my only delight  
War-torn, afraid to speak  
We dare to breathe

Majestic  
Imperial  
A bridge of sighs  
Solitude sails  
In a wave of forgiveness  
On angels' wings

Reach out your hands  
Don't turn your back  
Don't walk away

How in the world  
Can I wish for this?  
Never to be torn apart  
Close to you  
'Til the last beat  
Of my heart

At the close of day  
The sunset cloaks  
These words in shadowplay  
Here and now, long and loud  
My heart cries out  
And the naked bone of an echo says  
Don't walk away

Reach out your hands  
I'm just a step away

How in the world  
Can I wish for this?  
Never to be torn apart  
Close to you  
'Til the last beat  
Of my heart

How in the world  
Can I wish for this?  
Never to be torn apart  
'Til the last beat  
'Til the last fleeting beat  
Of my heart