

Siouxsie and The Banshees, This Unrest

This unrest beats out my breath
Disconnected thoughts jangle in a mess
This unrest crucifies my chest
Without anaesthetic it cuts
Through tumorous flesh

This unrest beats out my breath...
This unrest beats in my chest
Discordant limbs watch unimpressed
At the aimless walk the mindless talk
The pictures leap out and dance for me
They laugh at me

As your bitterness closes in
You're feeling very old again
Ah just to sleep, without these thoughts
But the angels shout, resurrecting doubts

Ah we meet again, my trusty friend
Demanding new favours for old time's sake
Inside this captive frame
Come and claim your liberty

Metal and flesh will fuse today
These visions jump out and blast my days
Clean away...