

## Marc Almond "Shinning Sinners"

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Well I'm walkin' blind down danger street  
The street where eyes don't dare to meet  
Dirt-Doorways frame silhouettes  
A Teeth-Grind-Grinning smile of threat  
Down here you ask for all you get  
These East Side Angrys'll getchoo yet  
Ignore the cat calls look straight ahead  
You could wind up the other side of dead  
(If you're lucky)

Well I took a glance sideways  
Straight into some Chicano chick's eyes  
They were pretty wild  
Like she'd been snortin' some of that cocaine  
She was mean for trouble  
Boilin' for blood  
But I had to say she was stacked  
>From the tip of her toes  
To her flaming red hair  
She's gonna drag me up to her Carnal Cage of no way  
out desire

Help, Help  
You gotta help yourself  
Help me, Help me  
You son of a gun  
You gotta run muchacho run

Well I was getting to know the neighbourhood  
Getting to know how it looked and smelled  
Watching the windows  
In tenement hell  
Love was rape  
And love for sale  
And death a fact of life  
Love was rare  
But who cares, who cares  
When you're living by the knife  
Well I took a slug of bitter coffee  
Pulled a face as bitter hit me  
End up with a new mouth  
Carved where my throat used to be

And then I saw him  
Tall and proud  
Wearing the entire city garbage dump  
Around his neck and wrists

And then I saw him  
Dirty red Chicano sweat bandanna  
And colours  
Held together by filth and fury  
Oh wow-ee-ow  
The Leader of the Shining Sinners  
The Leader of the Shining Sinners

And she was by his side  
This Vampira I'd seen earlier  
She looked at me the look of scum  
Help, Help  
You gotta help yourself  
Help me, Help me

You son of a gun  
You gotta run muchacho run

He walked  
Did I say walked?  
Well I mean WAAALKED  
Right up to me at a slow pace  
He looked down at me and said  
"Shee-it!"  
My knees were bucklin'  
My brow was sweatin'  
I stared straight ahead at his knee cap  
I had to strike soon

The Leader of the Shining Sinners  
Sweet 'n' sharp and  
Cool 'n' calm  
He lives for them  
They die for him  
Bitten through with nails of hatred  
He takes his band of laughing dead  
To gather up the wages of skin

Keep my eyes upon the pavement  
Nothing else could save me  
In this battlefield of blood and bruises  
I'll take this brave stiletto  
And with all the courage left in my heart  
I'll . . . I'll take the life of the Leader of the Shining  
Sinners

He lay upon the ground  
Coughing up blood  
He looked up at me  
Yes I was the big one now  
And said  
"I wanted to shake your hand  
You little runt  
For having the guts to walk into my neighbourhood  
I liked you!"  
And with that he died

Leaderless and laughless  
The Wastrels of the Shining Sinners  
Lay me out like some dead cat on the ground  
I taste the taste of human filth  
My courage caves in on itself  
Now no-one's leading anyone anymore  
And I wondered what I did it for  
And I wondered what I did it for

Why did I do it?  
Why?  
Why did I do it?  
Why - Why did I do it?  
Why?  
Why?  
Why?

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