

## **Siouxie And The Banshees**

### **"Melt"**

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You are the melting men  
You are the situation  
There is no time to breathe  
And yet one single breath  
Leads to an insatiable desire  
Of suicide...in sex

So many blazing orchids  
Burning in your throat  
Making you choke  
Making you sigh  
Sigh in tiny deaths

So melt!  
My lover, melt!  
She said melt!  
My lover, melt!

You are the melting men  
And as you melt  
You are beheaded  
Handcuffed (in lace and blood and sperm)  
Swimming in poison  
Gasping in the fragrance  
Sweat carves a screenplay  
Of discipline...and devotion

Chorus

Can you see?  
See into the back of a long, black car  
Pulling away from the funeral of flowers  
With my hand between your legs  
Melting... sevrin

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