

## **Siouxie And The Banshees "Regal Zone"**

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Coronets rest on a deaths head mask  
No-one is safe while the curfew lasts  
But crusted orbs glitter, sceptres gleam  
While helmets of blood fill the screen

They look away  
And then they say:  
For the good of the land  
For the love of the man  
Standing alone sitting alone  
On the throne of the regal zone

Old limbs hang in the torture room  
While old kings hang in the portrait room  
Their noble eyes gaze on the uneasy dance  
Of the squirming body on the marble plate

They look away  
And then they say:  
For the good of the land  
For the love of the man  
Standing alone sitting alone  
On the throne of the regal zone

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