

Siouxsie And The Banshees "Pointing Bone"

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From the fury pit, a reek of misery
Like a trumpet groan, tornado moan
The splendor splits like a golden skin
He and the wizards cry like hummingbirds
In treasure glows, your weeping wings
And a slaughter grins, on a pleasure spike
When held on high by the riverside
Like a torn-throat child
In a jackals hide
Cool water dies, vile diamond eyes
Silent in flamingo ease
Distant in troubled trance
Within a whirlpool, we're breaking our backs
The tears of the moon
The sweat of the sun
Sacrificial hearts for a pointing bone

With a gorgons head and a coal of skulls
They're kindling fires in open wounds
Pointing bone
In a jaguar skin, blood matted mane
Beacons blaze toward a waning moon

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