Siouxsie And The Banshees "Pulled To Bits"

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Tongues are clacking words of one vision One tiny incision and teeth are cracking On thin air, on thin air And teeth are cracking on thin air

Pulled to bits in silence Left rotting on the ground Slowly pulled to bits in silence Without a sound, without a sound

Buildings bleached with shatter, shatter, clatter Fill their senses with cement Watch the people scatter One by one, one by one

Pulled to bits in silence Left rotting on the ground Slowly pulled to bits in silence Without a sound, without a sound

Young lungs snapping coming up for air
The mindless ones yapping, slashing through the
thoroughfare
One by one, one by one
Oh one by one without a fucking care

Pulled to bits in silence Left rotting on the ground Slowly pull to bits in silence Without a sound, without a fucking sound

Pulled to bits, yackety, yackety, yack, yack, yack Pulled to bits, shatter, shatter, shatter, clatter Pulled to bits, yap, yap, yap, yapping Pulled to bits without a sound

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