

Siouxsie And The Banshees

"Regal Zone"

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Coronets rest on a death's head mask
No-one is safe while the curfew lasts
But crusted orbs glitter, scepters 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

Regal zone, alone
Standing alone, sitting alone
Alone, regal zone
Alone, regal zone
Regal zone
Regal zone

They look away and then they say
"For the good of the land, for the love of the man"
Standing alone, sitting alone
Alone, regal zone
Alone, regal zone
Alone, regal zone
Regal zone
Alone, regal zone

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