

Siouxsie And The Banshees

"Spiral Twist"

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Home is where the rain is soft and soothing
Home is where the comfort is confusing
Chased and cored like burning bridges
Swallowing the tracks across my head

Always moving in the wrong direction
Animated statue eyes are blinking
Reflex of asphyxiated thinking
Suspended, so much badly distracted
Out of touch I'm out of reach

Struck by a car
Crushed by a tree
Fork in my tongue
Glass in my sleeve
I snap the rope snap the wrist
Here in my inner spiral twist
This is the time when our minds begin stocking
Jammering on when our lips have stopped talking

Simple people, simple needs
Fingers linger endlessly
Trolling benediction bells
Here encircling spirals twist

Always moving in the wrong direction

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