Siouxsie And The Banshees "Swimming Horses"

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Falling in your, falling in your, in your arms, in your arms

Fish on a line, learns to live on dry land Thrown back again to drown Kinder with poison than pushed down a well or a face burnt to hell

Feel the cruel stones breaking her bones Dead before born, words fall in ruins but no sound She's dying of your shame She's maimed by your aim

He gives birth to swimming horses He gives birth to swimming horses

Fish on a line, walking on dry land But back in the water to drown We drown Floating in sky

He gives birth to swimming horses He gives birth to swimming horses

Take a ride on the tide with the assassin at your side The weightlessness under water Forgets in slow motion And washes pointless tortures

He gives birth to swimming horses He gives birth to swimming horses

Floating in sky like fishes can fly through your arms

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