Siouxsie And The Banshees "The Killing Jar"

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Down where this ugly man seeks his sustenance Down in the blue, midnight flare A glass hand cuts through the water Scything into his twisted roots

Then from his eyes spring fireflies Breathing life into a roaring disguise Needles and sins, sins and needles He's gasping for air in the wishing well

Dust to rust, ashes on gashes Hand around the killing jar Hand around the killing jar

A soft hoodwink of shadows, the size of make-believe Punches through his spike of rage A glass hand cuts through the water Snuffing out the magic fury

Then from inside bolt lightning cries Swiftly crushed the final, muffled sighs Needles and sins, sins and needles He's gasping for air in the wishing well

Dust to rust, ashes on gashes Hand around the killing jar Hand around the killing jar

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The killing jar

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