

Sisters Of Mercy "Floorshow"

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The bodies of the naked on the low damp ground
In the violet hour to the violent sound
And the darkness the blinding the eyes that shine
And the voices and the singing, and the line on line

This is the floorshow, the clapping hands
Animal flow from the animal glands
In the violet hour to the violent sound
Going round and round and round
And round and round

I feel the bite, I feel the beat, I see the dancing feet
I feel the light, I feel the heat, I see the new elite
I see the final floorshow, I see the western dream
I see the faces glow and I see the bodies steam

See them shimmy, see them go
See their painted faces glow
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow
See those pagans go, go, go, go, go

Well, this is the floorshow, the last ideal
Its populist got mass appeal
The old religion redefined
For the facile, futile, totally blind, volatile kind

Mundane by day, inane at night
Pagan playing in the flashing light
In the violet hour to the violent sound
Going round and round, and round
And round and round

And the bodies of the naked on the low damp ground
In the violet hour to the violet sound
And the darkness the blinding the eyes that shine
And the voices singing line on line

See them shimmy, see them go
See their painted faces glow
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow
See those pagans go, go, go, go, go

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