

92 Degrees

Siouxsie and the Banshees

The day drags by like a wounded animal
The approaching disease, 92 degrees
The blood in our veins and the brains in our head
The approaching unease, 92 degrees
Long ago in the headlines, they noticed it too
But too late for the loved ones and nearly for you
Shaky lines on the horizon
Snakey thoughts invade each person
Watch the red line creeping upwards
Watch the sanity line weaken
The volcanic depths of Hades' ocean
Bubble under these crazed eruptions
It wriggles and writhes and bites within
Just below the sweating skin
I wondered when this would happen again
Now I watch the red line, reach that number again
The blood in our veins and the brains in our head
Drink the water with jagged glass
Eat the cactus with bleeding mouth
Not 91 or 93 but 92 Fahrenheit degrees
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