

Fall From Grace

Siouxsie and the Banshees

I am stone and I am blade
A sharp eternal instant
A darker heart a distant moan
Pleasures' deep and spectral instinct

Look me in the eye
Speak it to my face
My hate is cold
As I fall from grace

So wish away my gravity
A curse the one and only
Lay terror tight unholy flight
Bear witness to the descent

Yet nothing is forever
So come nearer and confess
But like a tender bruise
Temptation waits in one caress

Look me in the eye
Speak it to my face
My hate is cold
As I fall from grace

Cast me out and save your soul
From madness rhyme and reason
You banish doubt I'll spread the fear
You'd better start believing

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Speak it to my face
My hate is cold
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