

Pointing Bone

Siouxsie and the Banshees

From the fury pit, a reek of misery
Like a trumpet groan, tornado moan
The splendor splits like a golden skin
He and the wizards cry like humming birds
In treasure glows, your weeping wings
And a slaughter grins, on a pleasure spike

When held on high by the riverside
Like a torn-throat child
In a jackals hide
Cool water dies, vile diamond eyes

Silent in flamingo ease
Distant in troubled trance
Within a whirlpool, we're breaking our backs
The tears of the moon
The sweat of the sun
Sacrificial hearts for a pointing bone
With a Gorgon's head and a cloak of skulls
They're kindling fires in open wounds
Pointing bone

In a jaguar skin, blood matted mane
Beacons blaze toward a waning moon
When held on high by the riverside
Like a torn-throat child
In a jackals hide
Cool water dies, vile diamond eyes

The tears of the moon
The sweat of the sun
Sacrificial hearts for a pointing bone