

## Pulled To Bits

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Tongues are clacking words of one vision  
One tiny incision and teeth are cracking

on thin air, on thin air  
And teeth are cracking on thin air  
Pulled to bits--in silence  
left rotting on the ground  
Slowly pulled to bits--in silence  
without a sound, without a sound  
Buildings bleached with shatter-shatter-clatter

fill their senses with cement  
watch the people scatter  
one by one, one by one

Pulled to bits--in silence  
left rotting on the ground  
Slowly pulled to bits--in silence  
without a sound, without a sound

Young lungs snapping coming up for air  
the mindless ones yapping, slashing through the thoroughfare  
one by one, one by one  
oh one by one without a fucking care

Pulled to bits--in silence  
left rotting on the ground  
Slowly pull to bits--in silence  
without a sound, without a fucking sound  
Pulled to bits, yackety-yackety-yack-yack-yack

Pulled to bits, shatter-shatter-shatter-clatter  
Pulled to bits, yap-yap-yap-yapping  
Pulled to bits--without a sound