

## Swimming Horses

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Falling in your, falling in your arms  
Fish on a line, learns to live on dry land  
Thrown back again to drown  
Kinder with poison

Than pushed down a well - or a face burnt to hell  
Feel the cruel stones breaking her bones  
Dead before born  
Words fall in ruins - but no sound

She's dying of your shame - she maimed by your paw  
He gives birth to swimming horses

Fish on a line, walking on dry land  
But, back in the water to drown we drown  
Floating in sky

He gives birth to swimming horses  
Take a ride on the tide with the assassin at your side  
The weightlessness under water -- forgets in slow motion  
And washes pointless tortures

He gives birth to swimming horses  
Floating in sky like fishes can fly through your arms