

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