

Shadowtime

Siouxsie and the Banshees

The voice asleep, the voice has vanished
From the top of the sky to the place below
Touch the surface and the mirror bends
Your words resound, out of control
Freeze into time now

Still inside, yet doubt survives
It all begins, beneath the skin
No-one is near, no-one will hear
Your changeling song take shape
In Shadowtime

Turn your wish to a vapor, the silhouette fades
Eclipse your blue eyes, and the outline remains
From the house of the moon to the stars up above
Amidst the comets, first sight of love

So begins the countdown

Falling sky, a solar sigh
It all begins, beneath the skin
No-one is near, no-one will hear
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Catching fire, taking hold
All that glisters leaves you cold
No-one is near, no-one will head
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