

## Floorshow

The Sisters of Mercy

The bodies of the naked on the low damp ground  
In the violet hour to the violent sound  
And the darkness the blinding the eyes that shine  
And the voices and the singing, and the line on line

This is the floorshow, the clapping hands  
Animal flow from the animal glands  
In the violet hour to the violent sound  
Going round and round and round  
And round and round

I feel the bite, I feel the beat, I see the dancing feet  
I feel the light, I feel the heat, I see the new elite  
I see the final floorshow, I see the western dream  
I see the faces glow and I see the bodies steam

See them shimmy, see them go  
See their painted faces glow  
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow  
See those pagans go, go, go, go, go

Well, this is the floorshow, the last ideal  
Its populist got mass appeal  
The old religion redefined  
For the facile, futile, totally blind, volatile kind

Mundane by day, inane at night  
Pagan playing in the flashing light  
In the violet hour to the violent sound  
Going round and round, and round  
And round and round

And the bodies of the naked on the low damp ground  
In the violet hour to the violet sound  
And the darkness the blinding the eyes that shine  
And the voices singing line on line

See them shimmy, see them go  
See their painted faces glow  
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow  
See those pagans go, go, go, go, go