

# Icon

## Siouxsie and the Banshees

My eyes went up to heaven  
You didn't say I'd be blind  
Without them Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Thine eyes rain down from heaven  
You always said I'd be blind  
Without them Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Those words hang like vicious spittle  
Dribbling from that tongue  
Close your eyes to your lies  
Force feed more pious meat Those nebulous codes and disciplines  
Stick in that new born throat  
Instill a lie, an artificial eye  
To view a perfect land Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Can I stick skewers in my skin  
And whirl a dervish spin?  
Can I set myself on fire  
To prove some kind of desire? Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires The guilt is golden  
The guilt is golden  
Those ageless lies  
The shuttered eyes  
It's the night piece  
It's the icon Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires Icons, feed the fires  
Icons, falling from the spires The guilt is golden  
The guilt is golden  
Golden, golden  
Golden, golden

Songwriters

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