Icon

Siouxsie and the Banshees

My eyes went up to heaven
You didn't say I'd be blind
Without themIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresThine eyes rain down from heaven
You always said I'd be blind
Without themIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresThose words hang like vicious spittle
Dribbling from that tongue
Close your eyes to your lies
Force feed more pious meatThose nebulous codes and disciplines
Stick in that new born throat
Instill a lie, an artificial eye
To view a perfect landIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresCan 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 spiresIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresThe guilt is golden
The guilt is golden
Those ageless lies
The shuttered eyes
It's the night piece
It's the iconIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresIcons, feed the fires
Icons, falling from the spiresThe guilt is golden
The guilt is golden
Golden, golden
Golden, golden

Songwriters
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