

# The Killing Jar

## Siouxsie and the Banshees

Down where this ugly man seeks his sustenance  
Down in the blue, midnight flare  
A glass hand cuts through the water  
Scything into his twisted roots Then from his eyes spring fireflies  
Breathing life into a roaring disguise  
Needles and sins, sins and needles  
He's gasping for air in the wishing well Dust to rust, ashes on gashes  
Hand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jar A soft hoodwink of shadows, the size of make-believe  
Punches through his spike of rage  
A glass hand cuts through the water  
Snuffing out the magic fury Then from inside bolt lightning cries  
Swiftly crushed the final, muffled sighs  
Needles and sins, sins and needles  
He's gasping for air in the wishing well Dust to rust, ashes on gashes  
Hand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jar Hand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jar Hand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jar The killing jar

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