Cocoon

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Here in my cot where my cot loves me
I'll stay here a while in the cotton wool cocoon
Till the Chrysalis is ripe, till the time is right
With this feeling of insecurity
I have to shrink back inside, run and hideBack in the cocoon, hugging my knees
Watching my insides, the skinned glow-worm writhings
Lying in blankets, I've been here a while
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms
Against the mattress and wallThe heat melts the sheets, another layer is peeled
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms
Just my cot, the wallpaper and me
I've been here awhile tapping out rhythms
Tapping out rhythmsStill finding charms in the memory of those constrictor arms
Glowing in the dark in my luminous green
A pearl beaded lizard bathed in a Gossamer scent
With my heat detector lip-pit, pulling at the newly formed tissueLying in blankets, I've been here awhile
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms
Against the mattress and wallWaiting, waiting to loose the bandages
Waiting, for new appendages
Lying in blankets, I've been here a while
I've been here too long banging out rhythmsListen for other tappings banging out rhythms
Banging out rhythms, banging out rhythms
Listen for other tappings banging out rhythms
Banging out rhythmsTapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms
Tapping out rhythms

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