

Swimming Horses

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Falling in your, falling in your, in your arms, in your arms
Fish on a line, learns to live on dry land
Thrown back again to drown
Kinder with poison than pushed down a well or a face burnt to hell
Feel the cruel stones breaking her bones
Dead before born, words fall in ruins but no sound
She's dying of your shame
She's maimed by your aim
He gives birth to swimming horses
He gives birth to swimming horses
Fish on a line, walking on dry land
But back in the water to drown
We drown
Floating in sky
He gives birth to swimming horses
He gives birth to swimming horses
Take a ride on the tide with the assassin at your side
The weightlessness under water
Forgets in slow motion
And washes pointless tortures
He gives birth to swimming horses
He gives birth to swimming horses
Floating in sky like fishes can fly through your arms

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