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 hellFeel 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 aimHe gives birth to swimming horses
He gives birth to swimming horsesFish on a line, walking on dry land
But back in the water to drown
We drown
Floating in skyHe gives birth to swimming horses
He gives birth to swimming horsesTake a ride on the tide with the assassin at your side
The weightlessness under water
Forgets in slow motion
And washes pointless torturesHe gives birth to swimming horses
He gives birth to swimming horsesFloating in sky like fishes can fly through your arms

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