

# Pointing Bone

## Siouxsie and the Banshees

From the fury pit, a reek of misery  
Like a trumpet groan, tornado moan  
The splendor splits like a golden skin  
He and the wizards cry like hummingbirds  
In treasure glows, your weeping wings  
And a slaughter grins, on a pleasure spike  
When held on high by the riverside  
Like a torn-throat child in a jackals hide  
Cool water dies, vile diamond eyes  
Silent in flamingo ease distant in troubled trance  
Within a whirlpool, we're breaking our backs  
The tears of the moon, the sweat of the sun  
Sacrificial hearts for a pointing bone

Songwriters

SMITH, ROBERT JAMES / SEVERIN, STEVEN / BUDGIE, / SIOUX, Published by  
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