Carcass

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Someones in cold storage
Seeking Heinz main-courses
Craving for a raw love
He'll hide you from the cleaver
He'll hang with you forever
Longing for a fresh meatBy hook or by crook
You'll be 1st in his book
For an impaled affair
By hook or by crook
You'll be last in his book
Of flesh oh so rareBe a carcass, be a dead pork
Be limblessly in love, be limblessly in love
Be limblessly in love, limblessly in love
Be a carcass, be a dead pork
Be limblessly in love, be limblessly in love
Be limblessly in love, limblessly in loveSomeone's left in cold storage
Thawed in Heinz main-courses
Carving for a new tin
He got you with the cleaver
He hung you up forever
Anticipating new skinOut of the frying pan
And into the fire
58th variety
Out of the frying pan
And into the fire
Mother had her son for teaBe a carcass, be a dead pork
Be limblessly in love, be limblessly in love
Be limblessly in love, limblessly in love
Be a carcass, be a dead pork
Be limblessly in love, be limblessly in love
Be limblessly in love, limblessly in loveIn love with your pain
In love with the bleeding
In love with the pain that you have felt
As you became a carcass, we became a carcass
Carcass, carcass, you became a carcass
Carcass, carcass, carcass, carcass
Carcass, carcass, you became a carcassIn love with the stumps
In love with the bleeding
In love with the pain that you now feel

As you became a carcass, we became a carcass
Carcass
Get him in but don't whine you swine
Carcass, you became a carcass

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