Melt!

Siouxsie and the Banshees

You are the melting men
You are the situation
There is no time to breathe
And yet one single breath
Leads to an insatiable desire
Of suicide in sex
So many blazing orchids
Burning in your throat
Making you choke
Making you sigh
Sigh in tiny deaths
So, melt
My lover, melt
She said melt
My lover, melt
You are the melting men
And as you melt
You are beheaded
Handcuffed (in lace and blood and sperm)
Swimming in poison
Gasping in the fragrance
Sweat carves a screenplay
of discipline and devotion
So, melt
My lover, melt
She said melt
My lover, melt
Can you see?
See into the back of a long, black car
Pulling away from the funeral of flowers
With my hand between your legs
Melting

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