

# The Killing Jar

## Siouxsie & The Banshees

Down where this ugly man seeks his sustenance  
Down in the blue, midnight flare  
A glass hand cuts through the water  
Scything into his twisted rootsThen from his eyes spring fireflies  
Breathing life into a roaring disguise  
Needles and sins, sins and needles  
He's gasping for air in the wishing wellDust to rust, ashes on gashes  
Hand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jarA soft hoodwink of shadows, the size of make-believe  
Punches through his spike of rage  
A glass hand cuts through the water  
Snuffing out the magic furyThen from inside bolt lightning cries  
Swiftly crushed the final, muffled sighs  
Needles and sins, sins and needles  
He's gasping for air in the wishing wellDust to rust, ashes on gashes  
Hand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jarHand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jarHand around the killing jar  
Hand around the killing jarThe killing jar

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