

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Ice House

The ice house preserves
with incestuous flowers
their nightly perfume overpowers me
the stamens kiss
entwined devouring
the heart will melt whilst the ice remains

erogenous touch-of brother and sister
the ice retains life-no offspring to bear phallic flower etched into my memory
a feline form on a frosted pane

not ashes to ashes
not dust to dust
a beckoning bouquet
of blossoming lust

oh will you stay-until this moment's complete? oh let me freeze you-with this fragrance so sweet we
the door will lock shut-when the ice names the day