

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Regal Zone

Coronets rest on a death's head mask
No-one is safe while the curfew lasts
But crusted orbs glitter, sceptres gleam
While helmets of blood fill the screen

They look away
And then they say
"For the good of the land,
For the love of the man"
Standing alone sitting alone
On the throne of the regal zone

Old limbs hang in the torture room
While old kings hang in the portrait room
Their noble eyes gaze on the uneasy dance
Of the squirming body on the marble plate

They look away
And then they say
"For the good of the land,
For the love of the man"
Standing alone sitting alone
On the throne of the regal zone