

Siouxsie and The Banshees, The Last Beat Of My

In the sharp gust of love
My memory stirred
When time wreathed a rose
A garland of shame
It's thorn my only delight
War-torn, afraid to speak
We dare to breathe

Majestic
Imperial
A bridge of sighs
Solitude sails
In a wave of forgiveness
On angels' wings

Reach out your hands
Don't turn your back
Don't walk away

How in the world
Can I wish for this?
Never to be torn apart
Close to you
'Til the last beat
Of my heart

At the close of day
The sunset cloaks
These words in shadowplay
Here and now, long and loud
My heart cries out
And the naked bone of an echo says
Don't walk away

Reach out your hands
I'm just a step away

How in the world
Can I wish for this?
Never to be torn apart
Close to you
'Til the last beat
Of my heart

How in the world
Can I wish for this?
Never to be torn apart
'Til the last beat
'Til the last fleeting beat
Of my heart