

Brendan Perry, The Captive Heart

The old clock is ticking now
Marks the space between us
Your memory enshrouds my heart
For I am held a captive

Sometimes my soul desires
To take leave of this old world
To spread these golden wings and fly
To the city of angels

But then if I close my eyes
I can see you standing there
Your face in permanence smiles
Your lips a chalice

Seems like I've loved you all my life
Never thought I'd find you
Some day the muse may lend these words wings
So I can touch you

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But hey!
Don't worry if the feeling's not strong for you
I have lived my life in accordance
To the windfalls of passion
Though I know how it feels
To be loved and then forgotten

I have seen too many men
Driven insane by their distractions