

David Sylvian, Gone To Earth

With a burning candle
A book of holy things
They'll throw you up against the wall
Bind your hands with string
Caught in the sudden shower
Our host of heavenly Kings
They're all victims of circumstance
Of ancient bells that bring
All the fear in the world, naked and shy
Down upon our heads, with no reason why
And though voices may holler
For all they're worth
The rabbits have fled their burrows
Gone to earth