

# David Sylvian, Orpheus

Standing firm on this stony ground  
The wind blows hard  
Pulls these clothes around  
I harbour all the same worries as most  
The temptations to leave or to give up the ghost  
I wrestle with an outlook on life  
That shifts between darkness and shadowy light  
I struggle with words for fear that they'll hear  
But Orpheus sleeps on his back still dead to the world  
Sunlight falls, my wings open wide  
There's a beauty here I cannot deny  
And bottles that tumble and crash on the stairs  
Are just so many people I knew never cared  
Down below on the wreck of the ship  
Are a stronghold of pleasures I couldn't regret  
But the baggage is swallowed up by the tide  
As Orpheus keeps to his promise and stays by my side  
Tell me, I've still a lot to learn  
Understand, these fires never stop  
Believe me, when this joke is tired of laughing  
I will hear the promise of my Orpheus sing  
Sleepers sleep as we row the boat  
Just you the weather and I gave up hope  
But all of the hurdles that fell in our laps  
Were fuel for the fire and straw for our backs  
Still the voices have stories to tell  
Of the power struggles in heaven and hell  
But we feel secure against such mighty dreams  
As Orpheus sings of the promise tomorrow may bring  
Tell me, I've still a lot to learn  
Understand, these fires never stop  
Please believe, when this joke is tired of laughing  
I will hear the promise of my Orpheus sing