

# David Sylvian, The Devil's Own

The night is dark and cold  
The strong winds and the rain  
Crack the branches upon my window  
The devil beats his drum  
Casting out his spell  
Dragging all his own down into hell  
The ticking of the clock  
Inexorably goes on  
The howling of the stray souls of heaven  
The treasures of the cove  
Where the traders stored their gold  
Echo voices still dead to the world  
Underneath the vine  
Shaded by the leaves  
I still hold you close to me  
Beneath the open stars  
Beneath the pillows and the sheets  
I still hold you dear to me  
The ticking of the clock  
Surely sunrise won't be long  
When darkness hides inside it's own shadow  
The devil beats his drum  
Casting out his name  
Dragging all his own down into shame