

# David Sylvian, Thoroughly Lost To Logic

When the little one came  
A hole was blown open  
A partial surrendering in the midst of knowing  
And for an instance the constant heart shed its own tears  
Wave upon wave carried me over  
Beyond the peripheries of hope and fear  
Deadening the voice of relentless biography  
I stood at the centre and danced at the extremities  
Mapping the cizy as subtle as silence  
Then on, outwards, into the darkness

When the crazy one came  
She placed her finger on my forehead  
And pushed on through  
I woke up, face on fire  
Spitting out diamonds  
Thoroughly lost to logic  
Craving her madness