

Marc Almond, The Town Fell Asleep

The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
At the spring
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
And night fell gradually
And time stood still
And my horse so muddy
And my body exhausted
And night shown blue
In the waters of fate
And some cries of hate
Poured out by the old
And the oldest of old
Those women without sleep
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
At the spring
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
And horse bent drinking
And me stood watching
And my thirst taking care
That she never sees my stare
And the fountain sings
And exhaustion sinks
It's knife in my back
And I play the role
Of the all powerful
I'm awaited somewhere
Like one awaits the king
No, no one waits for me
And I know it's hard
But we die by chance
While leading a merry dance
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
At the spring
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
Sometimes a dusk
It's true that birds resemble waves
And waves are birds
And men are laughs
And laughs are psalms
More often it's true
That the sea no longer sings
I want to tell you
That it sings of the songs
That those mothers sing in books of our childhood
but women are still only ever women and the fools among them only ever fools
And I'm not so sure that the song states
That she is the future of man
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
At the spring
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned
The town fell asleep
I forgot what it's called
And you have died
My unknown mate

On the brink of the naked
Beneath the sheets
As they danced