

Peter Hammill, Oasis

Beside the pool of clear water,
fed by a secret spring, your lips are sealed,
but in your body language
angels sing.

I swear on the Bible,
swear on the sacred and profane
I think I'm drowning in the vortex
your eyes contain.
Your secret face,
show me your secret face.

With stars and moon light for shelter,
your breathing close in my ear,
the wind is whispering a mystery
for me to hear:
your secret name.

Tell me your secret name,
oasis in a desert world,
tell me your secret name.

Let me drink from the well of secrets,
pluck the fruit from the tree
and feel your secret world envelop me.

Your secret face,
show me your secret face.

Show me your secret face,
naked as the sun,
silent as the stars,
secret oasis in a desert world.