

Peter Hammill, The Noise

I loved the Noise,
electric breath;
Noise filled the emptiness,
roared in the emptiness.

A noise to strip the paper clean off the wall,
a noise to crack the masonry like a breaking-ball,
the cutting edge of sonic, the wave that never breaks
and the heart and soul are pumping
me awake, me awake, me awake.

I loved the Noise,
shake to the core;
that's what the Noise is for.

Nothing came of nothing except what was left behind
in the barrage of the bombard, under organ grind.
I'm caught there in the moment, bug-eyed overnight drive
and the heart and soul are pumping
me alive, me alive, me alive, me alive.

And in the rush of the silence with my arms wrapped round me warm
I'm holding breath, impatient for the dark before the dawn...
Just at the crack of daylight that'll be the curtain torn,
that'll be the ground in a forewarning murmur
of the Noise, of the storm.

I loved the Noise,
electric breath,
Noise filled the emptiness.
I loved the Noise,
I loved the heat
pump-pulse that priming beat.

A statement of intention, an elemental plan
the Noise is in the temple, the Noise is out of hand;
the needle on the end stop, crescendo in the choir...
yes, and the heart and soul are pumping
me on fire, me on fire, me on fire, me on fire,
me on fire, me on fire, me on fire, me on fire.

I loved the Noise,
I've drunk my fill;
the Noise is with me still.
I loved the Noise
though now it's gone
some glorious echoes of the Noise still linger on.

Power on.