

Peter Murphy, Canvas Beauty

Here stands the canvas beauty at her door
Calling beneath the blockade floor
See him turn bedeviled and blacked
For the canvas beauty had locked him back
Away from the king of hearts so pure
In with temptations alluring pour
Away from her his compass mass
The everglade the bonny lass

The actress love that he mistook
A siren for his aging look
The actress love that he mistook
A siren love for his aging look

Here stands Dorian at her need

In Hedonisms shaft like look
He wears the id the painter mistook
And with her flame he'll burn its flesh
Burn the freeze transcend the mesh

Riders wings you give me back
The siren for his aging look
The actress love that he mistook
The siren love for his aging look

Here stands Dorian at her need