

Peter Murphy, Cascade

We have no image
We're just called the good friends
We call the madmen back
As they fly to the ant hills
We never know, we never know
We sleep in satin nights
Throwing energy like bluebirds
In twilight
We call to stillness
As we kiss the water king's hand
We hear the one same name
As the darker the land gets
We never know, we never know
We're fueling for the light
Cascading like the rain
In twilight
Waiting for you, you look so close, we walk
a thousand stairs
Aching for your hand, our love a distant
voice, we have no image - we are light
We are not asking
No favors from the dead
We wash with moonlit hands
On the shores of our island
We never know, we never know
We sleep in satin nights
Throwing energy in silver curves
In twilight