

Peter Murphy, Crystal Wrists

Crystal Wrists

I can't see the light
I'm thrown in disgust
They speak of feats
The housed forever
A howling wind
Changed my course
It blew me out
Of bounds so sore
All the walls
All the walls that bound me
Descending bleak and put upon
I chew my cheeks
To wake up from
The vase grows bigger
To my eyes
These eyes that snigger
And despise
The wall grows taller up to doom
Shoes in my room
Thrown in disgust
At how I fall
To my worst
Of course you say
You don't understand
Your words your fiction
Your crooked hands
But clearly now
I tell you man
That all I say
Is all I can
For I am nothing
But my sin
Until I learn
To caste them in
While young girls fangs
And crystal wrists
Wait patiently
For me to twist
I look away
To distant rains
To water falls
And honey days
And boys in black
And blue rinse eyes
Gaze whistly at my slender thighs
I twist a shade to my right
And spit at beelzebub on sight
And go on loving all I see
For here I live on patiently
Clearly now I tell you man
That all I say is all I can
For I am nothing but my sin
Until I learn to caste them in