

Peter Murphy, I'll Fall With Your Knife

"To the crowd
to the world
you were so dry
and with a token bird I made
sent it to fly
right to your side
with a broken wing you sail
oh like winter in july
a barren river wide
I'll pray for the flood
to wash on you
it's here, I'll be with you
Well if the birds
can reach the sky
to this land
I'll be with you
till the sun bursts from your side
with my hands
I reach to you
when you think your chance is passing by
when you blow your moon away
I'll bleed like the reed
fall with your knife
it's here I'll be with you
to the crowd
to the world
you were so dry
and with a token bird I made
sent it to fly
right to your side
with a broken wing you sail
oh like winter in july
a barren river wide
I'll pray for the flood
to wash on you
it's here, I'll stay with you
it's here, I'll be with you
I'll fall..."