

Peter Murphy, Jungle Haze

You smile at me
With your lost eyes
In awe of what you think
Your heaven thick with wanderlust
Your gold
Just cold cold steel

Where is love in that Jungle Haze
You're building temples made with sand

You call on them
to kiss your feet
When you should kiss their hand
Your heaven thick with dust
Your wishing
Still so clean

Where is love in that
Jungle Haze
You're building temples
made with sand
Leave your city
Leave your dream
Let the silent sway

Come hear the silent sway