

Peter Murphy, Shy

One day you will be the one
to say I'm sick of empty fun
It means if your faith is strong
it means you are no longer astray...
See I see all the light It comes straight from the sun
And I want to get near so I can be clear

Soon I will merge with the one
Soon I will be with the love
One day when the lights turn green
There is no time... this love I thirst

Don't get shy, don't get caught with the world and its thoughts
I'm not asking for worship or lazy sleazy thoughts

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(The Sister of Sleep)

He was thought of as strange... a good looking man
And shallow eyes like two hidden from view and empty puddles of hue
His views on death spread like two anecdotal tales
Although he, reclining, declining, to disclose in public...
These opinions in public; the tales held the key

Death is the surname of sleep, but the surname unknown to us
Sleep is the daily end of life; a small exercise in death
Which is it's sister, but not every brother and sister are equally close,
Giving to the enemy a small exercise in submission
And holding onto nothing

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