

The Church, Perfect Child

In a garden, in a kitchen
On an earth beyond adventure
On an island in the sea
As a message from the future
As a man who held the answers
As another man comes crashing as me

Inside your eyes I see the blackness of dead space
A man could float forever and never find this place
Lie down my perfect child, this is but a dream

From a time when sorrow was set free
From a land of doubt and misery
From a suburb listed locally
When the sun was blotted out 'the sky
When the wind will refuse to die
There was only you and I