

# 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