

# David Sylvian, Firepower

He beats the door and breaks his watch  
Raids the fridge and eats the lot  
No room for silence, pause of thought  
To ease the hurt inside him

They placed a barrel at his head  
Raging blind and rising  
Cursed by saints and all the rest  
He can't stand up for trying

Shot through with anger and desire  
A mouth to feed, a room for hire  
He drinks 'goodbyes', the bottle dry  
Brutalised but smiling

Causing casualties by the hour  
Outweighed by stars  
And Firepower

Causing casualties by the hour  
Waylaid by stars  
And Firepower

He beats the door and breaks the lock  
Afraid to sleep he won't let up  
No room for silence, pause or thought  
To ease the hurt inside him