

David Sylvian, Mother And Child

Shadows form knights and pawns
Upon the squares
Blood is drawn up from the well
Secret signs brought the crime
Right to your door
An innocent guilty as hell
Oh, the cot is open wide
Damp with milk and honey
Gone the mother and the child
In Jesus name
Should they be waiting there
On my return
I may run into their arms
Walking on a razor's edge
Unconcerned
Game is lost again
I'll never learn