

David Sylvian, Promise (The Cult Of Eurydice)

The silence of the park
The moonshine after dark
Came to keep her company
The tiny golden cross lay upon her throat
Hands clutching tight her rosary
The rain upon her lips
Eyes opened with a kiss
Just too late for us to see
She sits upon the ground
Face covered by a shroud of midnight canopy
And when the lightning starts
The secrets in her heart
Merge within the rain patterns
And when the shadows fall
The promise of it all Is lost inside the tears that linger on
All the things we'd hoped
Would always keep us close
Stand between us now, as fences
The letters that we wrote
Have all gone up in smoke
And now you're just too far to listen in
When all but hope is lost
You believe at any cost
In things that make the living lighter
And when the shadows fall
The promise of it all
Is lying in the bed besider her