

David Sylvian, Pulling Punches

If heaven watches over me
Sowing seeds back in the soil
With eyes that see, hands that feel
Why am I the last to know
Sheltered lives spent partially breathing
Are gathered together under new religion
Pulling punches, sleeping on our feet
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me
Raised in summer days of splendour
Who would've dreamed of love never ending?
A better world lies in front of me
A sketch of life in the books I read
Then as I walk where heaven leads
Why am I the last to know?
Simple lives spent partially breathing
Are gathered together under new religion
Pulling punches, sleeping on our feet
Pulling punches, I needed someone to comfort me
Raised in summer days of splendour
Who would've dreamed of love never ending?
Nature feeds this nausea
Deep inside the heart of me