

David Sylvian, The Blinding Light Of Heaven

I count the tables, she counts the trees
I tell her stories, she speaks of everything she sees
I'm in the shade, she's in the blinding light of heaven

Her fire raised my paper boats
And now she stands before me opening the buttons of her coat
I find myself wrapped in the open arms of heaven

She's giving me everything she owns
Electricity

Now he has worked these idle hands
I've turned my back while she's done everything she can
I've lied awake eaten by the poverty of anger

She's giving me directions home
I don't see a thing
Just this gentle glow of halos

He told me of the grace I lacked
He clipped my wings, but now my strength is coming back
I'll lay my case before the open heart of heaven

She's giving me everything she owns
I don't see a thing
Just this gentle glow of halos

She's giving me everything she owns
I don't see a thing
She's giving me directions home
I don't hear a thing
Just this [.....] of halos