

David Sylvian, The World Is Everything

The world is everything
The world is everything

And I move close
And you move closer

And out of the spring
And into the summer
And out of the dark
Into the blessing of others

The table of goods
The bright board of lightning
And she loved him there once
But she's still not through fighting

And you can't swallow it
But you can't spit it out
Is there inner hell
It's coming out of her eyes
To taste her is bitter
But the world is alive

And the world is everything
The world is everything
The world is everything
The world is everything