

# David Sylvian, When Poets Dreamed Of Angels

She rises early from bed  
Runs to the mirror  
The bruises inflicted in moments of fury  
He kneels beside her once more  
Whispers a promise  
"Next time I'll break every bone in your body"  
And the well-wishers let the devil in  
And if the river ran dry they'd deny it happening  
As the card players deal their hands  
From the bottom of the deck  
Row upon row of feudal houses blown away  
Medicine for the popular complaint  
When the poets dreamed of Angels  
What did they see?  
History lined up in a flash at their backs  
When the poets dreamed of Angels  
What did they see?  
The bishops and knights well placed to attack