

# John Cale, There Was A Saviour

Words: Dylan Thomas

There was a saviour  
Rarer than radium,  
Commoner than water, crueller than truth;  
Children kept from the sun  
Assembled at his tongue  
To hear the golden note turn in a groove,  
Prisoners of wishes locked their eyes  
In the jails and studies of his keyless smiles.  
The voice of children says  
From a lost wilderness  
There was calm to be done in his safe unrest  
When hindering man hurt  
Man, animal or bird  
We hid our fears in the murdering breath,  
Silence, silence to do, when the earth grew loud,  
In lairs and asylums of the tremendous shout.

There was glory to hear  
In the churches of his tears,  
Under his downy arm you sighed as he struck,  
O you who could not cry  
On to the ground when a man died  
Put a tear for joy in the unearthly flood  
And laid your cheek against a cloud-formed shell:  
Now in the dark there is only yourself and myself.  
Two proud, blacked brothers cry,  
Winter-locked side by side,  
To this inhospitable hollow year,  
O we could not stir  
One lean sigh when we heard  
Greed on man beating near and fire neighbour  
But wailed and nested in the sky-blue wall  
Now break a giant tear for the little known fall.  
For the drooping of homes,  
That did not nurse our bones,  
Brave deaths of only ones but never found,  
Now see, alone in us,  
Our own true strangers' dust  
Ride through the doors of our unentered house.  
Exiled in us we arouse the soft,  
Unclenched, armless, silk and rough love that breaks all rocks.