

# Marc Almond, The Very Last Pearl

The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
At the spring  
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
And night fell gradually  
And time stood still  
And my horse so muddy  
And my body exhausted  
And night shown blue  
In the waters of fate  
And some cries of hate  
Poured out by the old  
And the oldest of old  
Those women without sleep  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
At the spring  
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
And horse bent drinking  
And me stood watching  
And my thirst taking care  
That she never sees my stare  
And the fountain sings  
And exhaustion sinks  
It's knife in my back  
And I play the role  
Of the all powerful  
I'm awaited somewhere  
Like one awaits the king  
No, no one waits for me  
And I know it's hard  
But we die by chance  
While leading a merry dance  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
At the spring  
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
Sometimes a dusk  
It's true that birds resemble waves  
And waves are birds  
And men are laughs  
And laughs are psalms  
More often it's true  
That the sea no longer sings  
I want to tell you  
That it sings of the songs  
That those mothers sing in books of our childhood  
but women are still only ever women and the fools among them only ever fools  
And I'm not so sure that the song states  
That she is the future of man  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
At the spring  
Where it wept a corner of sky drowned  
The town fell asleep  
I forgot what it's called  
And you have died  
My unknown mate

On the brink of the naked  
Beneath the sheets  
As they danced