

# Murphy Peter, Should The World Fail To Fall Apart

Should the world fail to fall apart  
And lock off in a remote sky  
Ideas can matter too much  
Can't hear for lack of sleep  
Breathing in the smoking ruins  
The rockets in the shadows whispering  
Singing in the underground  
Love and the never men  
Can't hear for lack of sleep  
Looking for the past  
Try to slip the script  
Gun the lowest plane  
Hidden all eyes know  
Try to slip the script  
Gun the lowest plane  
Hidden all eyes know  
There's some use in treating courage  
As a remote friend  
Learning what it is to lie  
Stop crash fall  
On a leper mass of swelling glass  
Cleaning up the swamps  
You are the heart of hearts  
Wonder dig and try  
Tear it up and learn to bless the readers eye