

Peter Murphy, Blind Sublime

Blind Sublime
It looks a dream
And feels the same
I could conquer it
And still feel sane
The soft hills and shores
Beguiled and silent nights
The sun waits softly
We talk a lot
Too much to say
We're still too proud
It looks a dream
And feels the same
I could conquer it
And still feel sane
(Repeat X 1)
The people best
Are simple here
And thoughts escape me
No fear, no judge
No burning fear
Their eyes don't pierce
Slowly worked
Smoke ringed arms
It's too hot to mention
Slowly worked
Smoke ringed arms
Luck turned an ear
I shout to time that nothing stays
Nothing lasts and damn to change
Though then I read a book a line
Which says we sleep in blind sublime
Deaf and dumb in human lands
To break and free needs different hands
To pull us to a different space
Where things are wider, out of place
It looks a dream
And smells the same
I could conquer it
And still feel sane
It looks like a dream
And smells the same
I'd submit to it
And still feel sane
I'd submit to it
And still feel sane
I'd submit to it
And still feel sane