

Peter Murphy, Cool Cool Breeze

Cool cool breeze
Rivers flow below
The darkened room is closing down
A light emblazoned within a breast
Extracting from the sun
My hand is reaching for the stars
Your hand is swooping low

A long long journey
Wuthering heights
A goal dead center clear
A lamp is here
To guide the way
Far away yet so close
These words I know are bound and stuck

These words I know are bound and stuck
But use them much I know we must
To paint a collage blue and gold
To touch each others touch
I clasp invisible motion waves
Of stories from your house
Your eyes look like emeralds
With you I'm in no danger
Your eyes look like emeralds
With you I'm in no danger

And if I die before you go
And if I cannot reach you'll know
A bird of feathers white as snow
I'll send beyond the breach
My message will endow it strong
This journey's one way ticket long
I'll tell you in the silent zone
The story of The Moor