

Peter Murphy, His Circle And Hers Meet

As if afloat
As if afraid
The spirits meet
Waited for an age
It was a lesson sent

Abstract and numbed
Abstract and bleak
Patience lent
His test of patience lent

Horizontal yet erect
Yearning lying in wait
Oneness floats about
Unity served on his plate

Circling round about
The lover he will meet
Dripping mellow stains of long
M M M M Melting in her heat

The lover he must meet
Circling round about
Dripping mellow stains of long
Melting in her heat

Without a blink
Without a sigh
His circle and hers meet
Synchronised split
Split seconds beat

She killed his past
With her kiss
All past was but a lie
She killed his head
She killed his mouth
And opened up the sky

She killed his past
With her kiss
All past was but a lie
She killed his head
She killed his mouth
The he-she joining
The moment now
Would be the only sound
No front no back
No present tense
No milk from no holy cow

She killed his past
With her kiss
All past was but a lie
She killed his head
She killed his mouth
And opened up the sky