Peter Murphy, My Last Two Weeks

My Last Two Weeks When I returned

You buried my last two weeks

My last two weeks

Of my new times

So it didn't seem like

A wasted mouthful

A wasted mouthful

Because of a trip

That was trapped inside you

I was trapped inside you

And always imagined

That I could

I always imagined

Imagined I would

Conjure you up

Conjure you up

So it didn't seem like

It didn't seem like

I was conditioned

I was conditioned about that

So it didn't seem like

A wasted mouthful

Am I untruthful

Am I untruthful

As a result of being

Maybe

Maybe it was too soon

The red rose

I liken it to the flicker of the pure

Fleeting moments

Precede our actions

Light that's not burning

Light that's not burning

No more lost sinking feeling

Tethered to your shoe

Tethered to you

We ask the controller

He sends us flames

Our lying bodies sleep

His whispered word says

Ah this is how

This is how it looks

From where we weep

Tethered to red rose

Tethered to your shoe

To the seven of cups

Tethered to you