

Peter Murphy, Strange Kind Of Love

A strange kind of love
A strange kind of feeling
Swims through your eyes
And like the doors
To a wide vast dominion
They open to your prize

This is no terror ground
Or place for the rage
No broken hearts
White wash lies
Just a taste for the truth
Perfect taste choice and meaning
A look into your eyes

Blind to the gemstone alone
A smile from a frown circles round
Should he stay or should he go
Let him shout a rage so strong
A rage that knows no right or wrong
And take a little piece of you

There is no middle ground
Or that's how it seems
For us to walk or to take
Instead we tumble down
Either side left or right
To love or to hate