Peter Murphy, Tale Of The Tongue

The time is coming ripe
We are running fast
I see you coming closer
Closer to the mask
Come closer treat me softly
Where can the dreamer be?
How far we've come to know
How much we've come to see
And when I ask you softly
Oh what the real men saw
As I hit the roof again
Oh what the dreamer saw

The street still screams

The street still screams of garbage thoughts
The stain of anxious guys
Still we glimpse the faintest note
Of some battered somnambulant men
Of the desire to know the whys

The street still screams

Fixed notions fashion them
Their rules police the street
No chance of Latin way
Hold down to crude belief
Lassoed in the charges' web
Locked inside the nation's pride
To boast the red of freedom's move
They take the purple side
I'm told from day to day
Gaol slip from behind
We are the guards of our mistakes
Off and running blind
So the dreamer speaks in time drunk wine
Take the coming day
If I seem to lag behind
Whisper me the way

The street still screams