

Peter Murphy, The Line Between The Devil's Teeth

A white light blazing deep
Through the wasteland searching we
Soaring birds now hunt the brow
As thirsty gripped with hunger now
Clear sighted painful ends to win
The battle of the me so wafer thin
The line between the devil's teeth
And that which cannot be repeat

Push me in take me t'ward
The subject in the subject taught
A war without a war within
Join head and heart for to begin
Bemused we flinch no easy work
For invited me are loath to shirk
The line between the devil's teeth
And that which cannot be repeat

War Work
War Work
War Work

Hey man, how will you feel
When all you have and all you own
Is your only true friend
When above you in the firmament
Flow the blood of the prophets
Out of your reach
From your aching speech