

# 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 I 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 men 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