

# Peter Murphy, Your Face

Water Lily  
Freedom  
Where does the  
Spirit lay?  
Freedom  
Lying in shadows  
Of light and clay

I trace your feet  
Like transparent thrones  
I dream of your clinging  
I am not alone  
I glide with you  
Draw you with kole  
Your paint the river  
I am not alone

That lover  
in the crash  
That scent  
lingers now  
Your face

Your face

I trace your feet  
Like transparent thrones  
I dream of your clinging  
I am not alone  
I glide with you  
Draw you with kole  
Your paint the river  
I am not alone